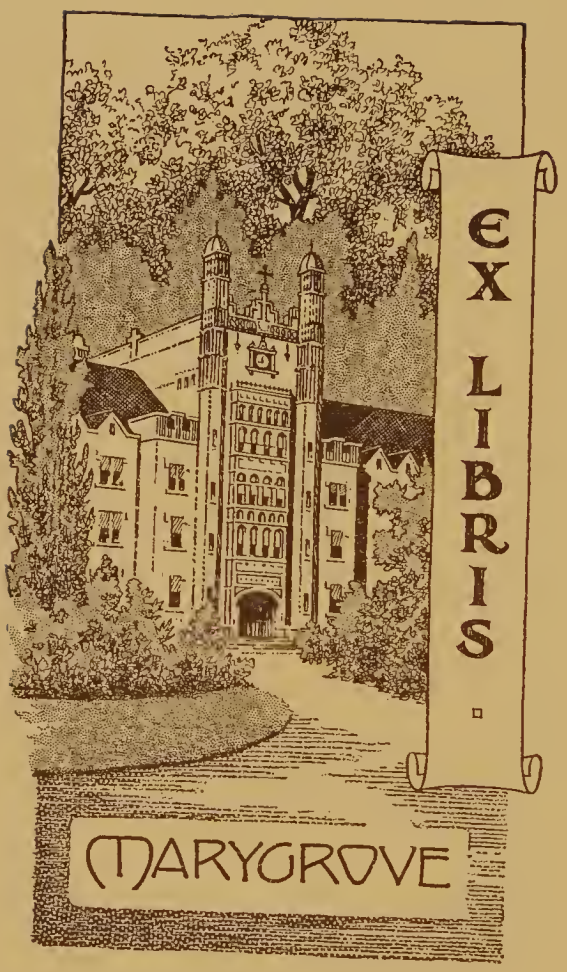
# MESSAGES OF MUSIC

BRENNER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# MESSAGES *of* MUSIC

## Mood Stories of the Great Masterpieces

*With an Appendix of Explanatory Notes*

by

HENRY BRENNER
O. S. B.

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THIS WORK IS DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF

THEODORE THOMAS

WHO TOILED ALL HIS LIFE THAT THE ELEVATING INFLUENCE OF THE MASTERS OF MUSIC MIGHT EVER INCREASE IN THE HEARTS OF AMERICA'S MILLIONS

# FOREWORD

*(Very important for the proper understanding of the volume)*

## Apology

The author of the ensuing pages has proposed to offer something to his fellow countrymen worthy of the high possibilities of the American name and ambition. It must not be thought that he is a professional musician; he has only endeavored to make a practical study of music's artistic side, in order to help in throwing broadcast over the land its much neglected seeds.

What he has here gathered together refers primarily to music, but a careful perusal will show that it contains much more; for, as was said before, he has endeavored to make a 'practical' study of the subject, one that will enter into the very life and purpose of our human and national existence. His motto—'Deeper and higher'—alone has spurred him on to devote the many necessary hours of labor to so wide a subject. The purpose of the book is directed chiefly to the musical education of those who 'listen' to music; whether it may also include those who create or render it, he leaves to the judgment of those concerned, merely asking their indulgence for quoting the following words of Mendelssohn, uttered as far back as the beginning of the foregoing century: "If music is to be your profession, you can not too early accustom yourself to regard the subject-matter of a composition as of greater moment and importance than its outward form."

## Theodore Thomas

Theodore Thomas once pronounced the following judgment on American music-lovers: "It is a great drawback in this country that the 'musical public' is either too busy or too phlegmatic to treat music as an art, but look upon it only as an amusement and a pastime." Thomas was a man who worked prodigiously for the development of higher musical education and appreciation in this country, and our 'musical public'—both professional and otherwise—owes him a debt not to be expressed in mere words. The writer himself, remembering the magnificent Theodore Thomas Orchestra of some twenty years ago, feels greatly indebted to its conductor for the first awakening of the principles which have

inspired these pages, which principles he feels are contained fully and concisely in the passage quoted above.

It is indeed some years since these words of the great conductor were given utterance; and in the meantime our 'musical public' has not failed to make headway against its malady. Still the progress has been slow. We still treat music as an 'amusement,' as he said. We are superficial; whatever can satisfy our senses is accepted at its face value and paid for with avidity; but we seldom go deeper. Music is rather a 'pastime' to us, as he added, for we always expect it merely to entertain us, whereas its instructive capabilities only now and then make a passing impression on our mind.

### Music as an Art

'To treat music as an art' was the ideal set up by Thomas. Art goes deeper than mere technique or sound. The artist interprets. And in order to interpret he must deal with mental pictures and interior emotions; his soul must be alert to any feeling which may be found hidden in the piece he essays to play. This of course requires a wide education—a sympathy with human nature, a knowledge of historical influences, a feeling for places and persons, a poetic instinct, and last but not least the power to appreciate not only the extremes of things, but also the finest shades of variety which nature so profusely contains. Now, our artists are such; the interpretations they give us of the masters are perfect. But their audiences are not always such; we catch only the surface, the depths remain unexplored, perhaps even unsuspected.

### Art Requires Time

Theodore Thomas not only pointed out the malady, but also fearlessly put his finger on the causes. We are not an artistic nation, he said, not because we lack the necessary mental acumen and emotional equipment, but because we are 'either too busy or too phlegmatic' to make ourselves artistic. "Art is long," said Longfellow, that is, it takes study in order to enter into and appreciate its hidden depths. And it is precisely this which we Americans have not the time to do. We are perfectly willing to sit down and listen to a beautiful concert, perhaps for hours, but to read and digest the meaning of what we hear, we consider a waste of time. Here is the mistake, said Thomas—here is the infection that must first be healed!

### Mood

But we are also 'too phlegmatic,' he added. We fail to see that, in order truly to enjoy music, which uses as its proper means of expression emotions or feelings, we must allow our souls to be like mirrors that reflect these feelings perfectly. In one word, we must arouse our energy and try to throw ourselves into the mood of every strain we hear.

Phlegmatic folk feel little, and if they do, it is only in one vein. Thus there are also many music-lovers who can enjoy their favorite sentiment in music, such as tenderness or affection, but for whom all the rest of music's masterpieces are a cold, uninteresting blank. The 'art' of music is for them a subject, at the most, of pitiable consideration, and they never condescend to examine or even treat seriously this part of the inhabited world. They are narrow and undeveloped, and unconsciously contribute more to the depreciation of true art and culture than they imagine.

### The Story Form

The following pages have therefore been written as an attempted complement to the foregoing expressions of Theodore Thomas. They give in popular story form, couched in simple language, the 'stories' of the more familiar among the higher class compositions, presenting the idea of the composer as a short poem in the dress of prose. They cover the whole field of music, though of course they do not exhaust it, and simply aim to help blaze the way for the accomplishment of much greater things along these lines. They may be utilized in different ways: as a help to appreciate concert programs more intimately; as a welcome supplement to one's phonograph or player-piano collection; or as a guide in choosing new records or player-rolls. These modern inventions have done wonders toward opening up to the popular enjoyment and appreciation the great masterpieces of art. By their aid a person entirely unacquainted with the technicalities of music, may successfully and even intimately enter into the study of any one of, or all the departments of music, including the grand orchestra with its great symphonic literature, the more delicate chamber music, the cream of the violinist's and pianist's repertoire, not to speak of the whole field of vocal music, from the standard soprano, contralto, tenor, baritone, and bass solos to every combination thereof, inclusive of the full oratorio choruses. To spend a part of one's

income on gathering a collection of these masterly recordings and arrangements, will pay more than might be thought; for they will bring culture and true education into the household—things worth more than money! Music will thus begin to mean more to the American public than mere dancing, marching, and sentimentalism.

### Our Interpretations

Regarding our interpretations, as presented in the stories, it must not be thought that everything we have written is to be taken necessarily as an accepted idea in the matter concerned. By no means. The pictures we present are meant only as aids to unravel in some pleasant manner the moods contained in the music. Thus, for instance, in Dvorak's 'Humoresque' we have sought to excite in the soul the tender mood evidenced in the selection by personifying certain flowers and making them utter words in keeping with the delicate trend of the strains. But this subjective method we have made use of only where there was nothing else left to do.

Where songs are concerned, the interpretation is of course as the composer intended it, since the story always follows the words or text. Moreover, where the very title of the piece furnishes the keynote of the interpretation, our story endeavors to carry out this principal idea as closely as possible. For the convenience of the reader we have added after every title the word 'authentic,' thus: —A—; or 'suggestive,' thus: — S —; the former denoting that the interpretation is founded either on the words of the original song, or on the title of the piece; the latter meaning that the interpretation is merely a personal suggestion aiming at a clearer understanding of the moods. Sometimes both are joined.

We have also prefaced each story with a literary quotation, that will enable the reader to perceive at a glance the principal mood of the selection or story. Regarding the other quotations, particularly those referring to the words of the compositions, we have paraphrased many for the sake of avoiding the stiffness of formality. Where Holy Writ is concerned, we have followed the version made use of by the composer in question; in various other cases the Douay version is quoted.

### The Appendix

As the making of these stories progressed, we realized that they would be incomplete without some notes of explanation, not so much on necessity's score but because many might merely 'read' them, which would unfortunately frustrate to a great extent their

real purpose. For in writing these stories we did not put down the next best idea that struck us, but patiently waded through the whole mass of the listed compositions, extracting whatever we could and consulting many volumes for counsel. This labor consumed a good many hours during an extended period of five or six years. Hence, to enable the music-lover or even the musician to draw out all the fruit contained in each story and to avoid wasting time, we have deemed it good to supplement the volume with an Appendix covering by way of explanation all the stories in a critical though popular manner. These explanatory notes will also prove very opportune for educational purposes, since we are here dealing with a science which must be learned either by one's own efforts or by those of a teacher.

### Enjoyment

In general the stories should not be read while the music is heard, but rather perused and digested beforehand, together with the appended notes, so that one may sit leisurely and listen thoughtfully, without undue encumbrance of the written word. For music —we must not overlook this—is primarily something enjoyable, though indeed the more it teaches, the more enjoyable it becomes,— for then the beauty of meaning is added to that of sound.

### Acknowledgment

We can not close these remarks without gratefully acknowledging the principal source which enabled us to gather the material of our volume. This was the excellent library of classic, romantic, and modern music which the Victor Talking Machine Company and their superb artists have with so noble and high a standard built up within the last decade or two. As an earnest of this gratitude it seems fitting that we add at the end of the volume a list of the records together with the names of the artists whose interpretations we have used. If there is anything in our book worthy of commendation, all the praise is due to these two sources; for without them the work could never have been brought to a successful conclusion.

It only remains for us to express our deepest gratitude to the following persons for the most valued assistance and kind encouragement tendered by them during the composition of this work: Mr. James Francis Cooke, Mrs. Frances Elliot Clark, and Mr. Walter Shackleton.

The Author

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## 1. THE MAN AND THE TREE

### (HANDEL'S 'LARGO')

—A—

*"A kind heart is a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity freshen into smiles."*—WASHINGTON IRVING

There was once a beautiful tree, under which a certain man often took his rest and sought shelter from the hot sun. He became so attached to the tree that at length it seemed to him like a person; whence he thus addressed it: "O loving and comely leaves of my dearest tree, may yours be a propitious fate!" And the tree seemed to look down upon him with great gratitude and lovingness.

Then gazing upward at the beautiful tree, the man thought that it looked very peaceful, like a white cloud in the summer sky; for its branches were unruffled. So he said to it: "May you escape all thunders, lightnings, and tempests!" The tree, as if it appreciated this heartfelt benevolence, again looked down on its lover with great pleasure and joy.

The man, inflamed more and more with love for the tree, now cried out aloud with much dramatic energy and burning affection: "Never have I found such delight in the shade of any other tree as I have found in thine, O dearest tree of mine, O most beautiful tree!" And the tree, smiling like the sunshine, looked down upon him and seemed to whisper words of thankfulness into his ear. From that day they were the best of friends.

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## 2. APOLLO AND HIS GREATNESS

### (ANCIENT GREEK 'HYMN TO APOLLO')

—A—

*"Music can noble hints impart, engender fury, kindle love, with unsuspected eloquence can move and manage all the man with secret art."*—ADDISON

Apollo was the Grecian god of music. He was also believed to be the inspirer of the oracle at Delphi, where the people gathered to ask questions. Thus the Greek singing maidens used

to narrate of him: "We sing thy praises, O thou glorious son of Zeus, who hast thy dwelling on the peak of the hill, where thou givest forth thy holy oracles to mortals, messages prophetic, from the sacred tripodic seat."

But one day a great dragon took possession of the entrance to Apollo's oracle, and no one could approach. The god therefore armed himself, came out to meet the intruder, and with a powerful blow severed his head from his body. This glorious feat the singing maidens thus commemorated: "Thou hast driven out of his hole the dragon that threatened the shrine, and with thy sharp darts thou hast compelled him to hide his head in the deep underbrush."

Then came the friends of Apollo, the Muses, (who were women appointed as patrons of the arts and sciences, especially poetry and song) and, to the accompaniment of the lyre they congratulated him on his prowess: the Grecian singing maidens told of this happening in the following words: "Muses come from the deep woods of Helicon, fair daughters of the strong-voiced god who dwells there; they praise Phœbus, their noble relative, of the golden hair; they accompany their songs on lyres."

Now again the pilgrims began to flock to the oracle; but first they washed in the waters of the sacred spring of Castalia. For this Apollo required, before he would allow anyone to approach. The singing maidens told of this in the words: "He hovers over the peak of Mount Parnassus, and dwells in the rocky caves about Delphi and Castalia's bountiful springs, where the water is deep and crystal-like; he presides over Delphi, where thou prophesiest." Beautiful were the gestures with which the maidens had embellished their singing, and everyone was well pleased.

## 3. THE BEAUTIFUL SWAN

### (Saint-Saens' 'Le Cygne — The Swan')

—A—

*"In all ranks of life the human heart yearns for the beautiful; and the beautiful things that God makes are His gifts to all alike."*

—H. B. Stowe

One day a little girl sat on the bank of a quiet stream, gazing on the clear water as it rippled along and glittered with the sunbeams.

Of a sudden she beheld a most beautiful sight; around the bend in the stream came a milk-white swan. The little girl thought she had never before seen such dignity and grace. And indeed most solemn and inspiring was the advance of the snowy water-queen, as she lowered and raised her shining neck, while the water painted her trembling reflection in its sparkling wavelets.

Nearer and nearer the beautiful bird approached, her snowy whiteness seeming to shine in all its splendor, like some majestic sail ship at sea, riding over the waves without excitement of any kind, gliding along as smoothly as a cloud over the sky. The little girl was quite enraptured as she gazed upon that wonderful neck, lifting itself aloft and descending again to the water with such graceful motion. She thought to herself: "Surely God wanted to make the very picture of grace and beauty when He made the swan!"

But now the swan was floating down the stream and fast disappearing from the little girl's sight. Distance seemed to lend enchantment to the view; the longer the little girl observed the milk-white bird, the more graceful did its movements appear, and the more captivating seemed its whole being. "Ah," she sighed, as it at last vanished among the distant trees, "I wish I were as white as the swan!" And from that day she resolved on becoming a better little girl. Thus whoever studies and admires the beauties of nature will always grow better and happier.

## 4. THE STORY OF FIDELIO

### (Beethoven's 'Leonore Overture No. 3')

—A—

*"Solid love, whose root is virtue, can no more die than virtue itself."*
—Erasmus

Florestan, a Spanish nobleman, after being unjustly made prisoner, was cruelly cast into a deep and dark dungeon; slowly and sadly he descended the stony steps to the very lowest cell, and there began to pine away in misery and grief and starvation. His heart throbbed as he thought of his loving wife, whom he had to leave: filled with despair, he grew more unhappy with every hour. But of a sudden he heard a little bird begin to chirp outside; this little

bird was soon answered by another, until the two so cheered him with their loving duet that he regained hope, saying to himself: "Surely my faithful wife will not forget me; she will find a way to save me." And wonderfully strong did his soul grow, as this thought took possession of him.

Florestan did not have confidence in his wife in vain. For in the meantime she had been busy inventing some suitable means whereby she might bring about his escape. She had disguised herself, and, under the name of Fidelio (her real name was Leonore) had ingratiated herself with the keeper of the prison. One can imagine the anxiety, the nervousness, the caution, the expectancy, and longing which flooded her breast; for she had indeed struck out on a bold path. But on the other hand it can also be guessed with what joy and hope Florestan was filled when he found out what his wife was about. High emotion, lion-hearted courage, watchfulness, and the fiery heart-work of determination alternated in the breasts of the two heroic lovers, all of which feelings were multiplied to white heat when it was discovered that the Governor had resolved on Florestan's death. However, of a sudden was heard the trumpet of the Minister, whose presence meant that the Governor's perfidy must now be exposed. Great joy and confidence now ruled in the hearts of Florestan and Fidelio. Again was heard the refreshing trumpet-call. Redemption was near!

As the Minister, named Fernando, entered, Fidelio threw herself at his feet, revealing her identity, and, showing the innocence of her husband, begged the intervention of justice. Shame and confusion covered the face of the Governor as he heard the conversation between Fidelio and the Minister, and saw the smile upon the face of Florestan. Fernando ordered his men to seize the guilty Governor, and put him in chains; they did so, and amid the beating of drums he was led away in disgrace. Then everyone burst forth in a loud expression of joy and jubilation, congratulating Florestan on his delivery, and above all praising Fidelio for her courage and faithful love. As the pair left the prison, amid their well-wishing friends, Florestan cast one more look back at the prison-door, and said: "O awful dungeon, thou art now passed away, and by the love of my faithful wife I again enjoy the sunshine of life!" They then embraced each other and went on their way, happy and blithe as the little birds.

## 5. THE BRAVE YOUNG MAN

(Bach's 'Gavotte in E-Major')

— s —

*"The falling drops will at last wear the stone."*—Lucretius

There was once a young man, whom, when duty called, nothing could thwart. For he said to himself: "I am determined." Then, lest he should forget, he said to himself again: "I am determined." But now a friend, if such a one can be called a friend, endeavored by sweet words and decoying smiles to draw him away from his duty. But the young man only answered: "I am determined."

Is the tempter dismayed? No. He now begins to grow more importunate than ever, shedding tears to move the young man, who only answers: "I am determined." Next he calls attention to the pleasures that must be forgone if the young man persists in his course, and even threatens him with disdain if he refuses to yield. But for the fifth time, the young man answers simply: "I am determined."

Seeing that his own efforts prove futile, the tempting friend calls upon help, and enlists another like himself to do all he can to shake the other's resolution. Both together use all the vehemence of their eloquence; but all their arguments and promises prove in vain. For the sixth and last time, the young man answers: "I am determined," and, regardless of all human respect and fear, he begins to labor, preferring his duty to all else—a beautiful picture of constancy of purpose in the performance of duty.

## 6. THE CLOWN'S ADDRESS

(Leoncavallo's 'Prologue')

—a—

*"It was the saying of the ancients, that 'truth lies in a well'; and to carry on the metaphor, we may justly say, that logic supplies us with steps whereby we may go down to reach the water."*

—Watts

A clown, about to appear in a tragedy, thought that it would be too bad if the audience only came to be pleased, so he watched his chance, and before the curtain rose, went out on the stage and spoke

to the people thus: "Pardon me, ladies and gentlemen, for my singular intrusion. Behold before you—the Prologue!" Then politely he continued: "The author of the ensuing play loves the old custom of having a prologue to introduce the dramatic action; wherefore, desiring to revive the ancient way of doing things, he sends me here to speak to you for him." The audience listened with great interest. Then he grew very humorous and good-natured, saying: "But do not think that this prologue is simply here to say that the tears of the actors are all sham, and that the hero only speaks and prattles but does not mean a word of what he says." Here he laughed aloud, as if to say: "How foolish this would be!" Immediately growing earnest, he added: "Oh no! our dramatist will this evening set before you a picture of real life with all its motley phases, both joyful and sorrowful. Is not an actor also a man, with a heart like his fellows? Our author has written for men, and his tale is a true one." Tenderly then he continued: "Deep memories one day in his heart were resounding, a tale of tender reminiscences, and forthwith he seized his pen; trembling, he wrote it down, marking the accents with sighs and tears." The people, thinking he had ended, began to clap loudly, but he made a gesture of silence, for he had not yet finished.

Growing very passionate, he thus began the second part of his speech: "Now attend. Here you see us as we actually are—men with human manners; you shall behold the sorrowful effects engendered by passionate love and faithlessness. You shall see before your eyes weeping and languishing hearts, you shall hear the raging cries of the suffering, as also their bitter ridicule." The audience was now beginning to feel very serious, and he thus continued with sad emotion: "Thus you must think, dear people, as you look on us, that our hearts are real hearts, though we be clothed in various colors and ornaments; that we are indeed actual men like yourselves; that, whether joy or sorrow be our dole, it is the same sun that shines on us, the same valley of exile in which we live." This was the powerful climax of his words, and the audience was awed by his great eloquence. Seeing that it was now time for the curtain to rise, the clown merely added: "Do you wish, therefore, to hear our tale, as it proceeds from scene to scene? Then attend." With this he gave a signal to the curtain-puller, and the stage opened on the people's gaze, while his last words resounded: "The

curtain rises!'' Everyone present, being fully prepared for the seriousness of the play, thought it was one of the best they ever witnessed, and especially that they had never before heard such a fine and logical prologue.

## 7. BABY'S DREAM

### (Chopin's 'Berceuse')

—A. S.—

*"A babe in the house is a well-spring of pleasure, a messenger of peace and love, a resting-place on earth, a link between angels and men."*—Tupper

The shades of evening were falling, and little baby was growing sleepy. His mother laid him carefully in the cradle and began to rock it to and fro. Then she began to hum a beautiful lullaby; it was filled with the tenderness of maternal love, developing by and by into a song of sweet solicitude, keeping time with the rocking of the cradle, so that the little dreamer might have a pleasant journey into the land of nod.

Gradually mother's baby-boy began to doze; he heard his mother's voice indeed, humming to him as before, but now his little brain was starting to swim in a sea of beautiful imagery, as yet undefined and unraveled to his half-conscious soul. Soon fairies came tripping along before him, rising out of nowhere, and soaring aloft like clouds of delicate smoke, then dancing in the air a few moments, till, descending again to the earth, they began a series of fantastic movements that captivated the whole being of the little babe and made him forgetful of all reality. Tripping along, light as feathers, the wee limbs of the fairies hurried about, passing to and fro like sunbeams, but always in wondrous accord with the rhythm of the rocking cradle, and in still more wondrous adaptation to the soft humming of his mother's lullaby.

Now the fairies' wings seemed to glisten in the sunlight, as their owners raced after one another on gossamers. Little by little, however, a lull became noticeable. Baby was forgetting all about the fairies. Gradually the glittering wings and gossamers vanished from view; all that remained was the murmuring voice of the mother accompanied by the ever gently rocking cradle. Lower and lower, softer and softer grew the tones of the lullaby. Baby was

now sound asleep; with a farewell kiss the bending mother bade the little sun of her life good-bye till he should once more rise to brighten her heart and home with his loving rays.

## 8. THE DREAMING POETS

### (Schumann's 'Traeumerei')

—A. S.—

*"The highest graces of music flow from the feelings of the heart."*
—Emmons

There once lived two poets, the one powerful with the pen of verse, the other with that of music; though they did not know each other, the former (Keats) dying when the latter (Schumann) was yet a little boy, still both dreamt the same dream, wonderful to say, and told it as follows. The poet began by saying: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." The musician said the same thing by a beautiful melody rising slowly to a high note, then descending again, then rising once more and descending once more—so beautiful that it has indeed remained 'a joy forever.' And thus the poet continued: "Its loveliness remains; it will never pass into nothingness." The musician continued with his two rises and descents, their repetition not by any means rendering them monotonous, but on the contrary only making them the more beloved.

Then the poet said further of the 'thing of beauty': "But (it) will still keep a bower quiet for us, and a sleep full of pleasant dreams." The musician, expressing the same thought, made his music once more soar aloft and descend, so that it seemed to take the soul right into the most interior 'bowers' of meditation; and repeating the rise and descent still again, he seemed to take the soul into the very heights of heaven, then send it down again to mother earth. "And health, and quiet breathing," concluded the poet, which the musician expressed by one more double ascent and descent, seeming to tell us that true beauty is health, for it belongs not only to the visible but also to the invisible things—to the soul; and that security is the effect of real refinement and spiritual excellence, such a soul soaring to the heights of contemplation and resting again in the depths of earnest thought.

## 9. SINDBAD THE SAILOR

(RIMSKY-KORSAKOW'S 'SCHEHERAZADE—FESTIVAL OF BAGDAD')

—A—

*"Toil and pleasure, in their nature opposites, are yet linked together in a kind of necessary connection."*—LIVY

There was once a Sultan who decreed that all his wives should die; one of them, Scheherazade, contrived to save herself by telling him every night for one thousand nights a new story, especially concerning Sindbad the sailor. She said that Sindbad was full of adventure, delighting in travel; but that he also loved his home city—Bagdad—where he spent many a pleasant time. She quoted him as saying: "I associated with friends and companions, . . . and ceased not to enjoy a pleasant life, and joyful heart, and dilated bosom, with sport and merriment." But she went on to tell the Sultan that Sindbad was never satisfied with staying at home; she quoted him again as saying: "Then my soul became desirous of travel and diversion, and I longed for commerce, and gain, and profits; the soul being prone to evil." Scheherazade, to impress the Sultan, grew more and more nervous, as she proceeded.

Her voice sounded like the wailing of a violin, while her excited words were punctuated with passionate expressions like the blasts of horns; for now she began narrating the harrowing dangers and close escapes of Sindbad as, for instance, in his sixth voyage, where she continued quoting him thus: "The wind became violent upon the ship, and drove her back, and her rudder broke near a lofty mountain. . . . The vessel drove upon that mountain and went to pieces; its planks were scattered, and all that was in it was submerged. . . . Some were drowned, and some caught hold upon that mountain. I was of the number of those who landed upon that mountain." As might be imagined, the Sultan listened to this lively narration with the deepest interest; as the Sultana paused for breath, the Sultan asked: "And what happened to him then?" To which Schcherazade thus replied:

"After his adventures, O Sultan, Sindbad ever and again turned his thoughts homeward to his beloved Bagdad; his heart would begin to grow nervous and full of longing, and his memory brought back to him echoes of the merriment and content which he always enjoyed at home; so after every journey he was never at rest till he had returned again to Bagdad, discarding from his heart

the anxieties of travel, . . . betaking himself once more to pleasures and joy.'' As Scheherazade finished, the Sultan asked her: ''Was not this Sindbad a very strange fellow?'' ''Oh no,'' answered Scheherazade, ''he was a picture of human nature, which is never satisfied; to-day it wants rest, to-morrow labor; to-day it craves virtue, to-morrow goes forth to sow its 'wild oats'; to-day it is wise, to-morrow foolish.'' And the Sultan said to her: ''All that you have said is very true. I see that you are very far-seeing and wise, and by no means worthy of death; therefore you shall live and not die.''

## 10. THE STORY OF WILLIAM TELL

### (Rossini's 'William Tell Overture')

—A—

*''We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights; and that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.''*—Jefferson

It was dawn in the Alps; over the highest peaks William Tell saw the sunbeams slowly extend their rosy fingers. Night was quickly vanishing. The east soon took on a golden aspect, like the shining shield of some advancing conqueror. Then Tell felt with silent admiration the atmosphere of liberty and freedom in which he was enveloped, and spoke thus to himself: ''Switzerland *must* be free!'' But then again he thought of Gessler the tyrant, and a rumbling in the distance pointed out to him that, like nature's gathering storm, there was also a storm brewing in his own breast. He therefore said: ''Let it come; Tell is ready!'' Everything again grew quiet—it was the lull before the storm; only the leaves of the trees trembled slightly.

The storm broke. The wind began to moan, the lightning flashed, the foliage of the trees rustled in wild agitation, like Tell's emotions, now growing vehement and nervous, representing his energy, his constancy and decisiveness. Full and loud burst the terrible gusts of wind, while the rain fell in torrents. Tell said to himself: ''Thus must I battle with Gessler. He is indeed strong; but I am stronger, for God is with me.'' The stormy combat grew more and more exciting, the two principles—tyranny and liberty—fighting for the supremacy in their respective

representatives—the angry winds on the one hand and the immovable trees and rocks on the other—that is, Gessler and Tell. Soon the storm began to abate, nature had won her battle, the trees and rocks were victorious. Tell, seeing in this his own victory over Gessler, rejoiced in his heart, while the little birds from the tree-tops joyfully sang his praises.

After the storm had passed away, the beautiful rainbow appeared, and the Alpine shepherds answered each other on their pipes. Tell listened with wrapt attention, and spoke thus in his interior: "O happiness of liberty! O peacefulness of a free land! This peacefulness, this liberty *shall* be Switzerland's!" And as the little birds began twittering their accompaniment to the sweet melodies of the shepherds' pipes, his heart bulged with a new joy and his face shone with the bright light of patriotism's fire. As the shepherds' music died away in the distance, Tell's heart said to him: "Delay no longer; it is time to act!"

The alarm was sounded. At Tell's encouraging word all the peasants rose as one man, their trumpets sounding the charge and their hearts answering with a most brave and undaunted determination. They fought with a consciousness of victory that meant victory itself; and it was not long before the tyrant Gessler was lying at their feet pierced by the arrow of Tell's unfailing aim, while Switzerland was freed forever from the yoke! With intense jubilation they gathered around their hero and applauded and shouted with all their strength. They lifted him on their arms and bore him away amid the deafening cries of the grateful people, who hastened from every side to show their heartfelt appreciation. Thus it is ever the will of Him above that all good things must be gained by a strong conflict; and he is justly considered the hero who is brave enough to take the lead therein!

## 11. THE SONG OF THE JOLLY HUNTERS

(Bishop's 'What Shall He Have Who Killed the Deer?')

—A—

*"Frame your mind to mirth and merriment, which bar a thousand harms and lengthen life."*—Shakespeare.

A band of hunters belonging to a Duke's estate one day made chase after a deer. After some time one of them came close

enough to shoot. He aimed, and struck the deer. As is usual with hunters, the whole band now rejoiced greatly, and bearing their trophy in triumph, (though it was not much of a triumph for the poor deer), sang the following song, accompanying it with their hunting horns: "What shall he have who killed the deer? His leathern skin and horns to wear." They then placed the horns of the deer on the head of him who had killed it, with the words: "Then sing him home, then sing him home; take thou no scorn to wear the horn; it was a crest ere thou wast born. Thy father's father wore it, and thy father bore it. The horn, the horn, the lusty, lusty horn, is not a thing to laugh to scorn." Thus they went along, till, reaching the Duke's presence, they presented him with the deer. As may be imagined, they received from the Duke a most pleasant reward—especially the hunter who had killed the deer.

## 12. THE MERRY MUSICIANS

(Goldmark's 'Rustic Wedding Sym.—Garden Serenade')

—A. S.—

*"Benevolent feeling ennobles the most trifling actions."*

—Thackeray

One night, shortly after the wedding of a country couple, a number of men with instruments under their arms were seen stealthily making their way through the trees to the house of the pair. They placed themselves right under the bedroom window, and began to play. The bride and bridegroom woke as if out of a dream. What were those sweet and joyful sounds that came wafting through the fragrant night-atmosphere? Soon enough, the bridegroom, peeping through the window, recognized in the moonlight some of his jovial friends serenading him. With great pleasure he and his bride listened. The melody now grew tender and sweet, as if to represent the happiness of the lately-joined lovers, then again energetic, as if thus speaking to the pair: "Affection is sweet; but do not forget to remain faithful; be courageous through all the storms of life!"

After this the music began to grow hilarious; the musicians poured out their jovial spirits with lavish hand; the violins sounded to the ear as a shower of roses would look to the eye. Humor and

good-will overflowed in the refreshing strains, so that the musicians seemed to be saying: "Never allow grief to get the upper hand; but open the windows and give the sun a chance to shine in! This makes a happy married life, and this alone!" Then the instruments again began to speak in tender accents, sounding to the couple like most sweet voices whispering, through the night-air, of joy and happiness. They were about to open the window and applaud, but waited a little.

And indeed the musicians had not yet finished their beautiful serenade. Continuing with great energy, they seemed to picture life's earnestness, speaking as it were of time and eternity with a power which the most eloquent tongue might envy. Indeed, after a while they even increased in strength and energy, ending abruptly with a deep bass note, as if they said: "Be decisive and firm!" Upon this, the merry musicians neared the end of their welcome song; so joyful did their strains wax, that the bridegroom and bride seemed to hear them say: "May you live a long, happy, and useful life, and have a joyful end! *Ad multos annos!*" Then the lights were lit, the bridegroom invited his friends within, and amid pleasant speech and laughing all partook of the best that was in the house.

## 13. THE TIRELESS LITTLE BEE

### (SCHUBERT'S 'BEE')

—A—

*"The love of knowledge in a young mind is almost a warrant against the infirm excitement of passions and vices."*—H. W. BEECHER

There was a little boy, who hated to study; one day, watching his chance, he ran away from school and went to the country. Flinging himself under the shade of a tree, the little fellow thought he would take a fine nap. However, a continual buzzing around him in the meadow aroused his curiosity, and he went to see what caused it. There he saw any amount of little bees, darting from flower to flower; some, loaded down with honey, left like lightning for the beehive far away; others, returning, began to get another load, wasting not a moment and never resting till they were off again to deliver their honey faithfully at the beehive. It was such a lesson of profitable zeal and labor, that the little boy, ashamed

of himself, quickly retraced his steps, went back to school, and began to study more diligently. He then first realized how much time he had been really wasting, and from that day made up for what he had lost, becoming by and by one of the most studious among his companions. When he grew up to be a man, he never regretted that he had taken the lesson taught him by the little bees; for he had thus amassed much honey, that is, knowledge, by means of which he was always sure of his daily bread. For, as Bacon rightly says, "knowledge is power."

## 14. THE DEAR LITTLE WREN

(Benedict's 'La Capinera'—The Wren)

—A—

*"Poetry is something to make us wiser and better, by continually revealing those types of beauty and truth which God has set in all men's souls."*—J. R. Lowell

A poet desired to write a beautiful poem on spring; he searched far and wide, but could find nothing new to write about, since so many poems had already been written about the trees, the flowers, the brooks, and so forth. As he stood meditating, he heard a sweet little piping near him, and, gazing in the direction whence it came, spied on a limb a dainty little wren. He was immediately inspired, and sitting down on the velvet grass, wrote his poem from start to finish. These were the thoughts it contained: "April has again returned, and thou, gentle bird, art here once again! I hear once more thy cheerful song in the midst of the verdant foliage. Thy warbling brings me exceeding great pleasure, and my heart would fain sing along with thee, I too would fain sing of joy, of youth, and of love." He read his lines aloud, and the little wren, seeming to hear, sang for him a most delicious bit of song. He then wrote a second verse, while the wren continued inspiring him with its sweet notes. "Every floweret welcomes thee, telling its affection. The soft breeze, sighing, betrays its love for thee. And wheresoever there is a heart near to thee, it rejoices greatly. Such is my own heart, O dear little wren, and I would fain sing of joy with thee, of joy, of youth, and of love." Then reading again his lines, the

poet was rewarded by such a wonderfully sweet and lengthy song from the little throat that he found it very difficult to leave the spot. At last, before going, he asked the wren: "Dear little creature, tell me how I can be as happy as thou art?" And the wren answered: "By being as innocent as I am." And thus, expressing his gratitude, the poet bade his little friend farewell.

## 15. IN THE DEPTHS OF AN UNDERGROUND CAVERN

(Dvorak's 'Largo from American Symphony')

— s —

*"There is something in the nature of things which the mind of man, which reason, which human power can not effect, and certainly that which produces this must be better than man. What can this be but God?"*—Cicero

An adventurer one day came upon a great opening in the ground; taking along a torch, he entered, and found that he had discovered a wonderful cave. Of course the cave was very dark; but this was not all—it was also very large, so that the least sound reverberated in its great vaults and made the most solemn music. Thus an underground stream, by its ripples and its little waterfalls caused so beautiful a symphony, that the man thought he had never before heard anything like it. First he seemed to hear the distant sounds of some mediaeval church choir singing in antiphonal fashion their solemn, deep, and religious song; in fact, the tones fell upon the ears of the man like the awful voice of God Himself. Then he seemed to hear a melancholy instrument, with its deep and earnest voice, telling of the depths of the cavern of thought, dim and dangerous unless lighted by the torch of heavenly inspiration. As he thus mused, his own torch called his attention to something above his head; for its rays shone on the deep-vaulted ceiling, where a hundred thousand diamonds seemed to shine, glistening like the stars in heaven. Then he trembled from the awfulness of the scene, and felt that he was standing on the sacred floor of a temple—of God's temple; and his heart was forthwith lifted aloft to Him who dwells there all alone in the solitude of mother earth's bosom. Unable to hold his peace any longer, he gave free

rein to his feelings and prayed thus to his Creator: "Almighty Lord of heaven and earth, Thou art indeed everywhere!" And the echoes of his words made such a beauteous music throughout the vast chambers that he again became silent, listening and listening. He would fain have remained there longer, but he knew that he was wanted elsewhere. So retracing his steps, he again emerged from the wonderful cavern. As the bright sunbeams fell on the ground before him, he realized that he had been in the deep cavern of thought—in the unfrequented depths of his own inmost soul!

## 16. THE ARTISANS' COMPETITION

(Beethoven's 'Fugue, Op. 59')

— s —

*"It is good to rub and polish our brain against that of others."*
—Montaigne

Four artisans, one day coming together at the same time in the open market, began selling their wares. The one ran after a customer, explaining how good his wares were; but right upon his footsteps the second artisan followed, and, while the other was still talking, began to use the same words regarding his own wares; thus the third followed the second, and the fourth the third, till all together were crying and shouting and making a great ado. Of course this drew a large crowd around, everybody wanting to see what made so loud a noise. By and by each of the artisans began selling his wares with much success; for the people enjoyed hearing them thus imitate one another, and felt great delight in seeing them chase after one another as soon as a customer was found. And indeed it was fine sport to see them thus compete for every sale, as if their life depended on it. This merry sport continued till all four had made off with their wares and left for home, each with a pocket full of coin. An old woman, observing the whole affair, thus remarked to her neighbors: "If they had not competed with one another, they never would have sold their wares; for they thus drew a crowd; their wares were worth very little, but the purchasers paid them rather for the fine noise they made!"

## 17. TRUE AFFECTION

### (Nevin's 'Rosary')

—A—

*"Of all earthly music that which reaches farthest into heaven is the beating of a truly loving heart."*—Beecher

A man who loved his wife very tenderly wished to express to her his love, and said: "The hours which I spent in thy company, my heart, are like to a string of pearls; I count them, each one—my rosary!" The manner in which he said these words was very solemn and prayerful, for he wished to show his earnestness and reverence, since it behooved him to love her who loved him, and to revere God who gave him such a boon companion.

Then he continued: "Each hour I take as a pearl, each pearl as a prayer, to comfort a heart saddened by absence; at the end a cross is hung!" Slowly and convincingly he spoke, wishing thereby to remind his spouse of his fidelity; for even while absent from her, he loved her still, and kept his affection pure and white as a pearl. But he knew that life is beset with trials, and therefore he was prepared for them, calling them a 'cross.'

With tears in his eyes—tears of love and resignation—he thus concluded: "O barren gain, O bitter loss, I kiss every bead and try even to learn—to kiss the cross, sweetheart, to kiss the cross." The words 'to kiss the cross, sweetheart,' he said with a very strong emphasis and seemed to mean something very sad. His wife wondered, but said nothing. Soon after she found out the meaning of those words; for her loving husband was claimed by death.

## 18. A BED OF FIRE

### (Wagner's 'Magic Fire Scene')

—A—

*"Crime and punishment grow out of one stem. Punishment is a fruit that, unsuspected, ripens within the flower of the pleasure that concealed it."*—Emerson

Wotan, or Odin, a great and strong god of northern mythology, had nine warlike daughters, called Valkyries, who rode through the air on fleet-winged horses, and brought to Valhalla—the abode of the gods—the heroes who fell in battle. Brunhild was the

favorite among these nine daughters of Wotan; whence he chose her for very important missions. Thus on one occasion he sent her to help a certain knight who was in conflict with another. But she, instead of helping the knight designated, helped his opponent. This made her father very angry and he determined on punishing her. For this purpose he cast her into a deep sleep, then caused great flames of fire slowly to envelop the place; at the same time he doomed her to remain there until a hero could be found brave enough to go through the flames. Terrible and awe-inspiring was his invocation of the fire-god; pointing to a huge rock with his spear, he said in solemn tones: "Loki, hear me! I bound thee once, hence be ready now to obey me; appear, flaming spirit, and spread thy tongues of seething fire around this hill. Loki! Loki! I bid thee obey!" As he uttered the last words, a soft glow became visible in the rocks and trees around; gradually the flames began to break forth; brighter and brighter the fiery flood waxed, while Wotan waved his spear in great circles; at length Brunhild was surrounded on every side with a molten sea of fire, and Wotan, bidding her farewell, said: "No one shall ever pierce this wall of fire except the hero who hath no fear of this spear!" With these awful words he disappeared, and Brunhild slept in the midst of the fire, till the hero should arrive who was to rescue her.

## 19. A PLEASANT WALK

(Titl's 'Serenade')

— s —

*"I have often thought what a melancholy world this would be without children; and what an inhuman world, without the aged."*

—Coleridge

An old grandfather, white with years, one day took his little grandson for a walk. Of course he went very slowly, and the little boy thought he had never before had so slow a walk. As soon as ever he could, the lad broke away from his grandfather's hand, and started to run ahead; but he was soon called back, and made to keep the same pace as before. However, it was not long before the youngster broke away once again and began to dance around in great glee, waiting a few moments for his grandfather, then running ahead again. The old grandfather walked ahead just as

steadily and as slowly as before, till, as he caught up with the boy, he of a sudden grasped his hand and held him tight, walking now even more slowly than usual. This was too much for the lively youngster, who pulled and pulled till the old man, quickening his steps, said: "All right; I can go faster than you think." At this the little boy was delighted, and took his old grandfather on a merry walk; his grandfather was as much pleased as he was. But now they had reached the end of their walk; the little one embraced his dear old grandpa tenderly, and as the latter returned the loving adieu, he pressed into the lad's hand a piece of money. Thus ended the pleasant walk of hoary winter and budding spring.

## 20. THE MIDNIGHT VISION

### (Sibelius' 'Valse Triste')

—A—

*"Through the shadowy past, like a tomb-searcher, memory ran, lifting each shroud that time had cast o'er buried hopes."*—Moore

It was dark and still in the dying woman's bedroom; only her death-rattle could be heard, while a single candle cast its dim shadows around the room. The doomed, fever-stricken woman lay on her couch of anguish, her glassy gaze hinting at the approach of death. O how sad was everything in that household! Those who watched at her side expected every moment to see her enter her last agony. Suddenly the clock struck twelve. As its last tones died away, the dying woman's eyes seemed to look at something in space; for in her mind now awoke memories of the past. Life, with its many reminiscences, opened like a book and swam before her half-conscious reason. Childhood, maidenhood, wedding-day, first-born, life's activities, pleasures—all passed before her like a panorama.

She starts. In her delirium she now sees wondrous things grow out of her wandering thoughts. Dancers enter the room—acquaintances and friends of the long ago. They have brought their musicians along; the waltz begins. 'Ah,' thinks the feverish dreamer, 'am I young again?' But, just as she endeavors to rise to join the dancers, the music dies away, the vision slowly vanishes,

she sinks back on her pillow. All is again dark and silent. She was but dreaming, she is not young again, but withered and pale, her strength is spent, her journey ended. The clock now seems to tick like a funeral march, as if the last spark were about to expire. The beads of death stand on her forehead. Is she dying? No; once more she rallies.

Again before her delirious gaze the dancers begin flitting to and fro; she feels a new impulse; the same question presents itself: 'Am I young again?' With a desperate effort she raises herself to join the merry company, but—of a sudden the glitter and music vanish like a bursting bubble from her sight and hearing. A moment of uncanny silence reigns; with a heavy thud she falls back upon her couch, while at the door, beckoning to her with his bony finger, she beholds the pallid form of Death. "Hurry," he says in a hollow tone, "your end is come!" A gasp—a sigh—and she obeys the summons. Those in the room begin to weep; but their tears are not altogether those of sadness; no, some are tears of joy, for in her countenance is discerned a smile that tells her friends of a better life, whither her soul, as they hope, has taken its flight forever.

## 21. THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL

### (Gounod's 'Even Bravest Heart')

—A—

*"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."*—Bailey

A soldier of the name of Valentine, who loved his sister Marguerite very much, had to leave for war. He addressed her in the following fervent words: "Even the bravest heart will swell when saying farewell!" Filled with a most tender love for his home and all it meant for him, he added: "I leave behind the loving smile of a kind sister and a quiet home." Then, to express his affection for his sister more strongly, he said: "I shall often think of thee whenever the cup is passed around; keeping watch all alone, while my comrades sleep—resting on their arms—on the tented battle-field." Both he and his sister were weeping.

However, Valentine now remembered that he was a soldier;

therefore, it did not behoove him to act merely like a sentimental songster; whence he dried his tears, grew very firm, and with true soldierly spirit said: "But if danger calls me to glory, I will be the first in the fray, the first in the fray, as brave as a knight in his bridal garments, in his bridal garments." To which his sister replied: "Yes, dear brother, be true to your duty above all." And he, not without a sad presentiment in his voice (for he was afterward actually killed) said: "Careless what may happen to me, when glory shall call me."

Then sister and brother bade their final farewell; their tears flowed, and their hearts almost broke with grief. Valentine said: "Yet the bravest heart will swell when saying farewell; I leave behind the loving smile of a kind sister and a quiet home." Then promising his sister faithful remembrance and affection, he thus assured her in the most tender words: "I shall often sadly think of thee, when far away." Then they parted.

## 22. A ROMP IN THE ORCHARD

### (DITTERSDORF'S 'SCHERZO')

— S —

*"A light heart lives long."*—SHAKESPEARE

One day in beautiful May, when the trees were at last wearing their full dress of green, a little boy and a little girl went out to play. As they entered the orchard, the little boy began to run for very joy, while the little girl followed right after him. Around this tree and around that they whirled, hiding for a moment, then darting away again, laughing and teasing all the time. Tiring somewhat, they rested a few moments under an apple tree, till they regained their breath. But youth cannot rest long; off they sped once more, as if they were wound up with springs.

Now the little girl it was that took the lead; the little boy soon found that he must do his best if he expected to catch her, so swiftly she ran. Once he almost caught her, but before he could think, off she was again, gliding among the trees like an eel in the water, chattering and laughing at her pursuer. However, being out of breath, both soon again had to declare an armistice and throw themselves on the downy grass to rest.

Of a sudden the little boy rose, and with agile movements began the race anew. The little girl, however, seeing he had a good start, feigned to be too tired to run, and fell exhausted on the ground. This caused the lad to halt, and, while he was looking up in a tree for birds' nests, his sly companion quickly rose and ran after him. This of course gave rise to a still livelier chase; around and around they whirled, till at last their strength could endure no longer, and both together sat down on the grass to cool off. Such are the innocent delights of childhood; and if everyone were as happy interiorly as the children are exteriorly, how joyful a world this would be!

## 23. SHAKESPEARE AND THE CUCKOO

### (Arne's 'When Daisies Pied')

—A—

*"Like a poet hidden in the light of thought, singing hymns unbidden, till the world is wrought to sympathy with hope and fears it heeds not."*—Shelley—*'To a Sky-lark'*

One day—so the fairies narrate—the great poet of nature, the immortal Shakespeare, feeling the pleasant joy of springtime (for it was April), took a walk into the country. The fleecy clouds above him, the feathery foliage all around, the hum of the insects and the songs of the little birds—all served to make his heart bulge with a certain indescribable feeling of happiness and interior bliss. So he took out his pencil and thus began to write: "When daisies pied and violets blue, and snow-drops decked in silver-white, and cuckoo-birds of yellow hue, do paint the meadows with delight,"—here he paused, thinking with himself how he should continue. Of a sudden above his head in the branches of a tree the little bird known as the cuckoo started to sing: "Cuckoo, cuckoo!" Immediately Shakespeare seized his pencil and wrote: "The cuckoo then, on every tree, hails the sweet spring, for thus sings he—cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo!" Then feeling the joyful effect of the bird's song, as it reverberated in his own heart, he concluded his verse thus: "O pleasing sound, while echo answers far around."

The great poet rose to leave, while the cuckoo bade him fare-

well with its pretty song. As he walked along, he passed the meadow, where sheep were grazing, attended by some shepherd boys; the boys had cut some straws from an oat-field and had made little flutes of them, whereon they played very joyfully. Shakespeare, feeling himself again inspired, took out his pencil and wrote a second stanza to his song, as follows: "When shepherds pipe on oaten straws and merry larks are ploughmen's clocks, when turtles pair, and rooks and daws, and fields are scattered o'er with flocks," —as he reached this place he heard the cuckoo's voice in the distance still singing its merry song, so he continued thus: "The cuckoo then, on every tree, hails the sweet spring, for thus sings he— cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo." And then, using for the conclusion the same words he had used for the end of the first verse, he wrote: "O pleasing sound, while echo answers far around." As the great poet turned his steps homeward, a faint echo in the distance continued to say: "Cuckoo, cuckoo," etc. Afterwards he used this song at the end of one of his great dramas —'Love's Labor Lost'—and a clever musician composed some beautiful music for it. Thus is all nature full of poetry and music.

## 24. A GRAND INSPIRATION

### (Key's 'Star-Spangled Banner')

—A—

*"Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable."*
Daniel Webster

During the war of 1812, when America was fighting for its rights, a young lawyer, named Francis Scott Key, wishing to obtain the release of a friend, took a flag of truce and boldly approached an English vessel. He was received civilly; but as a bombardment of Fort McHenry had been planned for that night, the British would not allow him to depart till morning. As he kept watch during the night, he could see in the distance the bursting of the bombs and rockets where the fight was hottest; and right in the midst of the glare he could observe the American flag flying. This sight so stirred his heart that he seized his pencil and wrote the following beautiful words: "O say! can you see by the dawn's

early light, what so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming, whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight o'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, bombs bursting in air, gave proof through the night that our flag was still there!" Then placing himself in spirit many years in the future, he added: "O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?" And a mystic voice seemed to answer him and say: "Yes!" Whereupon he rejoiced exceedingly. Next day, when he was again on land, he composed another verse, as follows: "Oh, thus be it e'er, when freemen shall stand between their loved home and wild war's desolation; blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land praise the power that had made and preserved us a nation! Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just, and this be our motto, 'In God is our trust.' And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave." His words ever after continued to serve his countrymen as their national anthem, and have always been the means of keeping bright the fire of patriotism in the hearts of the American people. Certainly his inspiration on that night was something grand!

## 25. A HAPPY FAMILY

(KREISLER'S 'CAPRICE VIENNOIS')

— S —

*"A happy family is but an earlier heaven."*—BOWRING

A young mother was playing with her sweet little babe. To draw baby's attention she smiled and winked; then she began playing peek-a-boo with the little chap. Baby was beginning to smile; with great tenderness the fond mother gazed a moment enraptured on her treasure; then, unable longer to control herself, she clasped him tightly to her heart and gave him all sorts of signs of her maternal affection.

Rock-a-by baby, rock-a-by baby,—thus she sang, while the babe nestled snugly on her breast, half dozing. And oh! the burning thoughts which coursed through that mother's mind—tenderness,

sadness, joy, delight, content, and a host of other feelings flooded her soul as she hummed sweetly to her little prince.

Suddenly baby's father appears in the room; mother, interrupting her lullaby, calls the cherub's attention to him. Papa's tickling immediately begins; he is not so gentle as mother! He bounces baby up and down like a ball, makes faces, chatters and grins, shakes and jumps, and even rides a broomstick around the room! Foolish—one might think—yet papa knows how to communicate with baby, causing the little mouth to widen and the wee voice to chuckle, which is the all-important thing under the circumstances! However, he must now leave for work; mother is once more left alone with her precious jewel.

Mother resumes her sweet lullaby, rocking baby to sleep on her breast. The burning thoughts once more course through her maternal breast, while the little eyelids, like the waxen petals of a flower at night, slowly close themselves, wafting their owner into the pleasant nowhere of dreamland. Such are the sweet joys of life in a happy family.

## 26. A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT IN VENICE

### (Offenbach's 'Barcarolle')

—A—

*"In her starry shade of dim and solitary loveliness, I learn the language of another world."*—Byron

The moon was just rising above the horizon; its pale light was reflected in the placid waters of the lagoons with most pleasing and delicate contrasts. The grey clouds were riding over the sky like huge white birds, while the moonbeams painted the outlines of the buildings with beautiful silver light. From the distance a voice began to sing; so sweet and delightful were its strains that they seemed to melt into the very beauty of the surroundings; then another voice joined the first, and a most delicious duet ensued.

Nearer and nearer the gondola approached with its sweet-throated occupants, and as it rocked on the waves, the little ripples in the water seemed to play a most entrancing accompaniment to the song, like the chords struck on a harp, reverberating most

pleasantly through the soft night atmosphere. All who heard this sweet song and saw the glorious scene thought they had never before experienced anything quite so lovely. They listened spell-bound, never moving till the gondola had quite disappeared from view in the hazy distance and the pleasant voices could no longer be heard. It was all like a sweet dream!

## 27. THE MUSIC OF THE TREES

### (Chopin's 'G-Flat Etude, Op. 25, No. 9')

— s —

*"There's music in the forest leaves, when summer winds are there."*
—Halleck

A great musician, who knew how to compose music especially for the piano—for he was a wonderful pianist himself—was one day walking along through a little grove of trees. Everything was music to him, and so even in the trees he discerned nature playing a sweet concert. Turning to his friend who accompanied him, he said: "Fancy a tree with its branches swayed by the wind; the stem is the steady time, the moving leaves are the melodic inflections." As he spoke, a little breeze started to blow; it soon turned into a wind, and it was now plain that the branches of the trees were indeed waving as it were in steady time, while the leaves were moving in every sort of way, up and down, back and forth.

After they had returned home, the great musician, to show all the world how much music there is in the trees, composed a little piece for the piano, a very short piece, but one that showed his words, as quoted above, to be very true. For in the rhythm of the piece, that is, the counting of the beats, could easily be seen the swaying of the trees' branches. Nature has so arranged the wind that it comes in gusts, or—as we say in music—in accents, occurring quite regularly at short intervals. We hear this with our ear, for every gust causes a slight noise, a push as it were, to which the whole branch must give way. Thus in the piece which the great musician composed could be heard at regular intervals a gust or accent, which represented the beginning of each measure,

and this accent was made more strong by the character of the melody which it adorned.

But this wonderful little piece also showed how the leaves make music too. For just as the branch, in giving way, causes its leaves to be jerked now this way, now that, so that a hundred little motions arise, so quick and minute, as to be almost unrecognizable; so also the pianist, when he plays this piece, must make so many and small modulations with the fingers of his right hand, that we can scarcely catch one of them, so quickly do they rush ahead, just like the successive photographs in a picture-show. But by this very swiftness they describe something in nature, and very truly. So whoever wishes to hear the music of the trees, must listen to the little piece composed by the great musician. These things the fairies have told us, and if all the facts are not true, yet they show us true things!

## 28. A GYPSY-REVELING IN HUNGARY

### (Brahms' 'Hungarian Dance No. 6')

— s —

*"The greatest flood has soonest ebb; the sorest tempest, the most sudden calm."*—Socrates

In Hungary the gypsies are always roaming from place to place. Thus, one morning a company of them were leaving a village, bound for another not far distant. With a sudden whoop they mounted their horses. But just as suddenly they grew very silent and went along very slowly. But with an unexpected impulse, they cracked their whips, and away flew their high-mettled steeds, plunging madly forward like war-horses. However, this fine pace did not last long till they again settled down into their former slow movement. Thus they went along, now quickly, now slowly, again with energy, again with lassitude; for this is the nature of the gypsies—one moment they are resting in their melancholy spirit, the next they are racing with one another in reckless glee, filled with a certain warlike enthusiasm.

Is there any majesty in the gypsies? To have seen them on this occasion would have answered this question. For they began

to move solemnly along on their high-stepping steeds, as if they were the rulers of the earth. Yet all too formal was this carnestness; in a moment they spurred forward their horses—the whole company, as one man, plunged forward, and their pride was turned into exultation and jovial rivalry. After a few more characteristic halts and eccentric paces, these wild children of nature set up an exceedingly brisk racing competition, urging their horses on at breakneck speed. Horses and riders rushed by in a noisy gallop, the gypsies shouting and crying, while the sound of their cracking whips mingled with that of the clattering hoofs of the steeds; the dust flew in thick clouds, and the atmosphere resounded with a hundred weird echoes. Thus they passed out of view.

## 29. THE WEEPING WILLOW

### (Old English 'Willow Song')

—A—

*"Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not speak, whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break."*—Shakespeare

We often speak of the weeping willow, and often behold its waving branches. But few men have ever succeeded in so learning the simple language of nature as to detect the words spoken by inanimate beings. Only the great poets and musicians can understand these hidden words. Thus did a poet one day observe how the wind passed through the branches of a weeping willow; and desiring to know what the willow said, he listened closely, and, with his pencil, wrote down the words he perceived. They were these: "A poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree; O willow, willow, willow! With his hand in his bosom, and his head upon his knee: O willow, willow, willow, willow! Of willow, willow, willow, willow, my garland must be. Sing, O the green willow, willow, willow, willow, amid the green willow my garland must be. He sighed in his singing, and made a great groan. Sing willow, willow, willow! I'm dead to all pleasure, my true-love is gone; O willow, willow, willow, willow! Of willow, willow, willow, willow, my garland shall be. Sing, O the green willow, willow, willow, willow, amid the green willow my garland must be." Afterwards a certain lady,

Desdemona by name, who by the wicked plottings of a most insidious man named Iago had been placed in a very sorrowful predicament, sang this song in the midst of her grief; and it so fitted her circumstances that everyone who heard her could not help but shed tears. For music is the language of the soul.

## 30. THE GOLDEN WEDDING

(Gabriel Marie's 'La Cinquantaine—The Fiftieth Anniversary')

—A. S.—

*"I chose my wife, as she did her wedding gown, for qualities that would wear well."*—Goldsmith

The occasion had been looked forward to for a long time. White with their seventy-odd winters, the aged couple presented an appearance as venerable as it was rare. Gathered around them were all their children and grandchildren—young and old, rejoicing in the long life of their grandparents.

First came the congratulations and the gift-making. Loving words, dear little trinkets, beautiful verses, useful articles—all these brought tears of joy to the eyes of the happy pair as they sat in their armchairs, the center of undivided attention. The little children climbed over their shoulders and showered kisses on them. The elderly among the throng sat around and talked of olden times; and many was the oft-told anecdote they recalled and once more laughed over with heartiest mirth.

But the young people were not satisfied with all this; as usual, their hearts instinctively thought of dancing. And since with them to think is to do—into the corners went the furniture, off to the side were rolled the rugs, the orchestra was forthwith seated, and all was ready for a pleasant whirl.

However, before starting the dance, one of the elderly men requested silence, thus addressing the gathering: "Upon such a happy occasion as this, it surely behooves us one and all to rejoice; but it is not for us to take all the pleasure to ourselves—our dear grandparents are the king and queen of this assembly. Hence, all in favor of seeing grandpa and grandma start the dance, signify by

saying: Aye!'' Never did a merrier 'Aye' resound than that which filled the room at this invitation.

So grandpa and grandma, flushed with satisfaction, graciously yielded, and, stepping forward, most gracefully and elegantly introduced the dance. All others were still as a mouse and eagerly viewed the delightful spectacle. As soon as the first movement was concluded, the old couple, amid the loud applause of the whole throng, bowed (in the old-fashioned way) and took their seats. Then the party began in real earnest—the young people continuing the dance, their elders conversing with the celebrants. Thus the evening passed away,—amid music, social pleasure, and refreshments. Many a one thought to himself: 'Shall I see the same blessèd day?'

## 31. LOHENGRIN AND HIS SWAN

### (Wagner's 'Lohengrin—Swan Song')

—A—

*"To pity distress is but human; to relieve it is Godlike."*
—Horace Mann

Elsa of Brabant was accused by Duke Frederic of having slain her little brother. The King, in order to find out the truth, ordered that Frederic should fight with another knight, saying that if Frederic won, Elsa would be considered guilty, but if his opponent conquered, she would be cleared of all suspicion. However, no one dared to fight with Frederic, and Elsa, falling on her knees, prayed that a certain knight, whom she had seen in a dream, might come to fight for her. Sure enough! Hardly had she ceased praying, when in the distance was discerned coming up the river a shining knight in silver armor, his little boat drawn by a swan! Everybody was dumbfounded. Nearer and nearer he approached, till coming to the very place where all were assembled, he disembarked, and bade his swan a touching farewell, thus: ''O my dearest swan, receive my thanks! Now return, retrace the way we came; thou hast faithfully done thy duty. Farewell, farewell, my dearest swan!'' So the swan turned and left, amid the wonderment of all present. Then Lohengrin (for such was the knight's name, though he did not divulge it) solemnly offered to fight against Frederic for Elsa,

the reward being that in the event of his victory, she should become his bride. However, he first made her promise that she would never demand of him his name or the place whence he came. To this she assented.

## 32. THE PRAYER BEFORE THE COMBAT

(Wagner's 'Lohengrin—King's Prayer')

—A—

*"I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom, and that of all about me, seemed insufficient for the day."*

—Abraham Lincoln

After Lohengrin had offered to fight against Frederic, and Frederic had accepted his challenge, the King ordered the soldiers to mark off the lists. They did so, segregating a place before the King, placing four spears to mark the four corners of the square. In this square the two were to fight. The King now descended from his throne and solemnly called on God to direct from heaven the combat. Powerful was his voice and imposing his appearance. He said: "My Lord and God, now do I call upon thee!" Everyone seemed to see at once the majesty of him who prayed as well as the omnipotence and infinity of Him to whom the prayer was offered. Then he continued very reverently and humbly, requesting God thus: "Be thou present at this combat." Next, his words took on much confidence, begging God thus: "By the victory of the sword pronounce here a judgment that will clearly show us where is the falsehood and where the truth; to the arm of the pure one lend a hero's strength, but let the false one's power be weakened." So terrible was his expression on "false one's" that everybody shuddered, as if judgment were already being hurled against the loser. Then letting his voice sink lower and lower and grow softer and softer, as if to acknowledge the uncertainty of human wisdom and the dependence of man on God's omniscient guidance, he thus finished his prayer: "So help us, God, in this moment, because our own wisdom is naught but folly." After the King had again ascended his high throne, the sign was given and the combat began. Lohengrin came out victorious.

## 33. THE COURTLY WEDDING

### (WAGNER'S 'LOHENGRIN—3D ACT, INTRODUCTION')

—A—

*"The Creator has gifted the whole universe with language, but few are the hearts that can interpret it. Happy those to whom it is no foreign tongue, acquired imperfectly with care and pain, but rather a native language, learned unconsciously from the lips of the great mother."*—BULWER

The marriage between Lohengrin and Elsa was soon arranged, and great preparations were made for its solemnization. The court musicians taxed their powers to the utmost to make the occasion as grand as possible. They had increased their orchestra by the addition of many instruments, so that when they gave vent to their full capacity, loud and overpowering was the effect. As an introduction to the royal festivity they had planned something very elaborate and altogether novel. The whole orchestra entered with the first measure, leaping like a flame of fire to the higher register; soon the trumpets, trombones, and tubas began to blast and the cymbal to crash. The court listened with wrapt attention; they had never heard anything like it. The old King remarked: "Surely, I never thought an orchestra could be made to speak like that!"

Then came the horns and bassoons, together with the 'cellos, intoning a very eloquent theme, climbing by degrees, while the violins and violas kept up a triplet motion in the high treble. Then the horns, bassoons, and 'cellos were reinforced by the trumpets and trombones, while the triplets above mentioned seemed to pour forward like the bubbles on a madly-rushing stream. The old King said, as he shook his grey locks: "The man that made that music is certainly a genius!" As he spoke, the orchestra again returned to the original theme, with all their instruments playing as loudly as possible, so that the King, not knowing what to say, sat still in silent wonder.

At this point a great contrast became noticeable; the music grew very sweet and tender, and reminded the King of the bridal couple, Lohengrin and Elsa, who were about to be joined in wedlock; and a tear was discerned in his eye, as he said: "Like a rainbow after a storm, so these delightful strains soothe the nerves."

He listened again with much delight, and, as the orchestra again returned to the original imposing themes, he rose from his seat, and demanded to see the composer of the piece. A courtier replied: "Sire, he is in exile!" But the King, when he heard these words, said: "Bring him back to his native land immediately." And his words were forthwith put into execution.

## 34. THE WEDDING RECEPTION

### (Wagner's 'Lohengrin—Bridal March')

—A—

*"Friendship improves happiness, and abates misery, by doubling our joy, and dividing our grief."*—Addison

By this time Lohengrin and Elsa, with all the lords and ladies of the court and their acquaintances, had arrived. The lights in the great hall were now lit, the bridal pair were led to a beautifully decorated seat near the King's throne, and the singers were arranged. The women, divided into sopranos and altos, and the men, into tenors and basses, now bowed toward the bridal pair and thus greeted them: "Remain faithful, be true; we lead you forward, love triumphant shall put on your heads the crown of joy. Ye are the flower of the earth, be blest and free." The men here threw a shower of roses at Lohengrin, saying: "Victorious conqueror, advance, go thou before." And the women, casting beautiful white lilies at the feet of Elsa, said: "Most glorious and bright maiden, advance." Then addressing both, all the singers together said: "The revel of mirth ye have now forsaken, tender delights now await you. A fragrant dwelling will enshrine you, bliss and joy will now be your share." Then, repeating their first salutation, the singers made a deep bow.

The women, taking Elsa by the hand and leading her around amid the flowery surroundings, as it were in triumph, brought her to Lohengrin, while the musicians played some very sweet and tender music. After this, the women walked around the pair, singing thus: "As your marriage vows now unite you, we wish you all joy! Bliss pure and joyful will now repay you!" At this point they took both Lohengrin and Elsa and led them to the King,

who, bending over them, gave them his paternal blessing. The ceremony being thus concluded, the musicians again struck up the first theme, and the singers one and all ended as they began: "Remain faithful, be true," etc. The procession slowly formed and filed out of the immense hall, followed by Lohengrin and Elsa who were accompanied by the King himself. Into the royal dining-rooms the whole throng was led, where the tables, loaded to their greatest capacity, invited the merry company to a most gorgeous feast. Needless to say, all partook with great pleasure, and many were the toasts drunk to the happy knight and his fair bride!

## 35. A SAD REVELATION

(WAGNER'S 'LOHENGRIN—NARRATIVE')

—A—

*"Eve, with all the fruits of Eden blest, save only one, rather than leave that one unknown, lost all the rest."*—MOORE

Ortrud, the envious wife of Duke Frederic, instilling seeds of distrust into Elsa's heart, at last accomplished her purpose, which was to have Elsa demand of Lohengrin his name and origin. This was contrary to the promise made before the combat, and Lohengrin tried by all means to dissuade her from asking him this fatal question; but all in vain. Elsa had no rest, but begged and begged. Therefore, before the King and all the court, Lohengrin solemnly revealed his identity, saying: "In distant lands, far away from men, there is a mountain called Montsalvat: there is a shrine, closed to the profane; more precious thing there is not on the whole earth; it is enthroned in light and holds a chalice immortal, the sight of which cleanses every soul from sin. The angels bore it from the heavens high—and with its advent came a glorious reign. Once a year a dove descends from heaven, to strengthen it for its works of grace; 'tis called the Grail; moreover heaven's hand defends the Knights who guard this sacred place. Whoever is chosen by the Grail to be its special servant, is henceforth armed with wondrous might; all power of evil flees before his face, the demons hide themselves from his countenance. Nor will he ever lose the power he possesses, even though he be called away to far off lands to defend the cause of virtue: as long as he remains unknown, he is still master of the magic spell, and keeps his power." As he uttered

these last words, all began to look at one another in fear and expectancy. Then he continued: "The holy Grail is surrounded by dangers, and no stranger may rashly see its light; the knight who serves it is protected only as long as he remains hidden and unknown; if known, he must flee." As he said this, all wept. And he then concluded: "Now mark me well, I'll not deceive, but tell the truth; the Grail commissioned me to protect Elsa's name; Percival, my father, reigns; I am his knight, Lohengrin is my name." With this, the swan again appeared, being suddenly changed into Elsa's lost brother, and Lohengrin was drawn away in his magic boat by a dove.

## 36. NAPOLEON'S FAITHFUL SOLDIER

### (Schumann's 'Two Grenadiers')

—A—

*"The patriot's boast, where'er we roam, his first, best country ever is at home."*—Goldsmith

Two soldiers, fighting under Napoleon, in his unfortunate Russian campaign, were made captives. It was long before they obtained their freedom; setting out for France, they reached Germany, and found that Napoleon had been defeated and sent off into exile. The one, weeping, said: "O woe to me that I must hear such news! It makes my old wounds burn afresh!" The other, deploring Napoleon's fall, said: "All his labors are now for nothing; would that I were in the grave with him! Yet I must to my home, where a family is waiting for me." The other, all overcome with affection for his former General, exclaimed: "All else seems little to me, when I hear that my Emperor is taken! I am faint and weak, and cannot live; I beg thee, dear comrade, take my body along with thee to France, nowhere must I rest but there. Place on my breast my cross of honor, in my hand my musket, on my belt my dagger. Then shall I slumber in my tomb, like a sentry, till the cannon once more roar and the horses rush madly forward to the fray. Then, as my Emperor rides by my grave, and the swords are clashing, then will I rise, all armed, and ready to defend my Emperor, my Emperor!" The last words he sang to the tune of the

French national anthem, and fervent indeed was his voice; as he uttered the last words, he fell into the arms of his comrade—dead. The latter fulfilled the dying man's wishes, and so he sleeps in France, as he desired, ready as it were to defend his Emperor—in whom he saw all the glory of his dear country—at a moment's notice.

## 37. A SYMPHONY OF THE SEA

### (Mozart's 'Magic Flute Overture')

— s —

*"Music, once admitted to the soul, becomes a sort of spirit, and never dies. It wanders perturbedly through the halls and galleries of the memory, and is often heard again, distinct and living, as when it first displaced the wavelets of the air."*—Bulwer

A poet once stood on the seashore. The grandeur of the scene impressed him with great power. As he contemplated the majestic stretch of water, he beheld in the distance a sail ship riding the waves. Closer and closer it approached; and suddenly his attention was attracted by a little rippling wave breaking on the shore at his feet. The little wave was soon followed by another, raising itself a little higher and as it were swallowing the other. Then the waves began to increase, and on their tops could be seen every now and then little caps of white foam.

The poet, lifting his eyes once again to the distance, saw there the majestic ship, now coming closer and closer to him. Ah! he thought, there lies the cause of the breaking waves that are chasing one another so merrily. And as he gazed, lost in deep reverie, the hidden beauty of the whole scene dawned upon him—the rocking ship was playing music on the waves, and the vibrations were reaching to his very feet!

Suddenly his whole attention again reverted to those wondrous wavelets—they were now subsiding—the ship was receding; he turned away and resumed his walk, but the memory of the ship and its delightful music grew louder and louder in his soul till, overwhelmed by the grandeur of the experience, he cried out in the words of the Psalmist: "How great are thy works, O Lord! Thou hast made all things in wisdom: the earth is filled with thy riches!" (Ps. 103)

## 38. A ROYAL PAGEANT

### (MEYERBEER'S 'CORONATION MARCH')

—A—

*"Music is the child of prayer, the companion of religion."*
—CHATEAUBRIAND

A great festivity was once held to celebrate the coronation of a King. The cathedral was decorated with the most gorgeous festooning and flowers. Hundreds of knights, in all their regalia, their armor and helmets shining brightly, stood along the principal aisle, waiting to welcome the monarch. Here and there through the immense space could be seen groups of brilliant banners, heavy with gilt trimmings, and bearing the emblems of their patrons. The great organ, with its many pipes, was reinforced by a large assembly of musicians, who sat in their places ready to burst forth with the triumphal march as the King should enter. Everything was grandeur and magnificence.

At length a shout was raised on the outside: "Long live the King! Long live his Majesty!" This was the signal. With a power and pomp that was seldom heard in the sacred edifice, the whole orchestra, together with the full organ, burst out in the first strains of the wonderful march composed for the occasion. Imposing indeed was the entrance of the King, accompanied by all his nobles and suite—great lords bending with velvet and gold, prim ladies fitted out with all the inventions of feminine charm, little pages with their golden hair and rosy cheeks. And as they slowly wound their way through the broad aisle, the rolling waves of music from the organ-loft lent an ineffable solemnity to the scene. As the King bowed to his subjects and they bent their knee, the music grew very tender and delightful, a charming melody taking the place of the former pomp. Then, as the procession advanced, the strains again took on their powerful and grand character as before, till the whole cathedral seemed filled with their message.

After the celebration was over and the King had retired, he spoke with his intimate friends concerning the festivity. "The ceremonies were unexcelled," said one; "The decorations exquisite," added another; but the King, while acknowledging what they said to be very true, said: "But the music was the finest of all; for without it, everything else would have seemed much less wonderful; it placed everyone right in the mood, and made every soul feel the

spirit of royalty and pompous ceremony." And he forthwith ordered that in his household there should ever be kept a full band of musicians, ready at a given notice to render music for any occasion.

## 39. THE SUCCESSFUL SINGER

### (Wagner's 'Prize Song')

—A—

*"The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object—this, this is eloquence."*—Daniel Webster

Eva, a beautiful maiden, was offered as a prize to the singer who should sing the most beautiful song. Many tried, but among them all a certain singer called Walter came out successful. The judges were all seated around, while Eva was in their midst, ready to give herself to the winner. When Walter began his song, everyone grew attentive, for it was indeed something extraordinary, not only in regard to the music but also in regard to the words and their beautiful moods. After a few introductory phrases on his harp, Walter began to tell of a wonderful dream he had experienced, wherein he had seemed to be surrounded by the blissful rapture of a morning sunrise, and to be invited into a delightful garden. Here he played a few measures of interlude.

Then he continued to tell how, after wandering through the wondrous garden till evening, he came upon a steep place, where he beheld a fountain gushing forth and as it were enticing him with its laughing voice. While he sang these words he played on his harp in a most delightful manner, so that the sound made one almost see the sparkling water. Then he continued, saying that he next beheld beneath a laurel tree a most entrancing sight—a beautiful woman who, in his poetic dream, sprinkled him with the cooling waters of the fountain. He called her "Parnassus's glorious Muse." At this point those around Walter could restrain their admiration no longer; they broke out in expressions of wonder at his beautiful strains and poetic ideas, saying that he made the whole scene so natural that it appeared actually present.

Having influenced his audience in this manner, Walter now turned from his dream to the present reality, asserting that the garden he saw was now really before him. Growing elated, he referred to Eva, saying that the gurgling waters of his affection had pointed out to him the glorious presence of her who was soon to be his bride. He then rose to the highest enthusiasm of pure affection. He bowed to Eva as the living Muse that had inspired his music and poetry, calling himself happy indeed for having at last reached the Parnassus and Paradise of his heart's desire; his voice soared as it were into the very heavens. Then advancing, he knelt before Eva, who, bending down, crowned him with the coveted wreath of victory,—which meant that he had won her heart and hand. With great sweetness she said to him: "Surely, no one could woo as you have done!" And all the throng approved of her words, congratulating both Eva and Walter with their whole heart.

## 40. THE CONVERSATION OF THE FLOWERS

(Dvorak's 'Humoresque')

— s —

*"What a pity flowers can utter no sound! A singing rose, a whispering violet, a murmuring honeysuckle,—oh, what a rare and exquisite miracle would these be!"*—H. W. Beecher

Deep within a woodland dell there grew some most beautiful flowers, side by side. Here was a bed of sweet-smelling violets, there a group of pinks, while not far away a solitary stalk of daisies lifted its head from amongst the waving blades of grass. A little breeze came along and, as it gently swayed the bed of violets, played a most delightful melody—a melody that seemed to dart from one violet to another, as if the tiny flowers had souls, modest and pure, loving and kind. The little pinks near by, symbols of pure affection and solid friendship, when they heard this sweet melody, answered with one of their own, as if they wished to make friends with the violets; and delightful indeed was their voice as it wafted over the air into the ears of the listening violets, saying: "The friends thou hast and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel." (Shakespeare)

These loving words were soon answered by the violets, their sweet voices sounding sweeter than ever and their modesty seem-

ing to take on a certain confidence which was before not noticeable. Hardly had the violets concluded, when from the shady nook across the brooklet came the words—spoken rather meditatively: "True friends tell their troubles to each other, and thereby derive comfort, advice, and strength; for the fruit of true friendship is always mutual betterment and happiness." The violets and pinks looked to see who the speaker was; and there, half hidden in the grass they spied the daisy. "Sweet and beautiful daisy," said the violets, "we thank you for your kind words, for they are very true; friendship, if it be real, should unite us for ever and ever." Likewise did the pinks answer, spreading their delicate perfume, as a fitting finale to the little episode of forest life just enacted; they said: "The proof of real friendship is perseverance till death, perseverance till eternity—the end of all." Thus ended the conversation of the little flowers. All these wonderful things were noted down by a little fairy who was hiding behind a fern; for many years he kept them to himself, till one day he told them to a great composer, whose piece we all know.

## 41. THE GHASTLY ROBBER

### (SCHUBERT'S 'ERLKOENIG')

—A—

*"Be still prepared for death."*—SHAKESPEARE

Among the myths of ancient days there was an old king, who, strange to say, took a very strong liking to a little boy. He watched his chance, and one stormy night, as the father of the little boy was riding home on horseback with the lad clasped in his arms, the old king approached. The little boy, noting a peculiar wail in the wind, as it howled around them, gazed into the darkness, and there—hardly visible—he beheld the face of the old king; his father, noticing how the boy grew frightened, asked him why he hid his face, to which the lad answered: "Father, do you not see the Erl-king, with his crown and cloak?" But his father replied by assuring him that he was only imagining a vision. Thus they hurried on, the horse galloping at full speed, and the old king continuing in hot pursuit.

Now the boy shuddered, for he heard the king thus address him: "You dear little child, come with me! I'll give you play-

things, flowers, and all sorts of pretty garments." The pangs of the lad increased, and he thus spoke to his father: "My father, my father, do you not hear him? Do you not hear what he promises me?" But the father again said: "Be quiet, child; it is only the wind that you hear." And indeed the wind now began a most doleful moaning. The little boy again heard the king's terrible voice saying: "Will you not go with me, dearest boy? My daughters await you. They will make you happy in their dances and pleasures." Frightened more and more, the lad inquired of his father whether he did not see the old king's daughters. To which the father made reply: "Yes, my child, I see them indeed; but they are only the grey trees in the thicket yonder."

Closer and closer the old king drew, till the little boy could feel his breath; it seemed different from other breath, for it was cold! Awful now were the words he uttered: "I am in love with you, my sweetest child, and if you will not go along with me willingly, I will use force!" These last words were said very firmly, for the old king was never known to use words in vain! The little boy, now quite out of himself, cried out in the greatest agitation: "My father, my father, now he grasps me, the Erl-king drags me away!" The father, still thinking that his son was in a feverish dream, answered nothing, but spurred his horse on and galloped as fast as he could to his home. As he dismounted, he noticed that the boy's body was very heavy; indeed he examined more closely and found to his utter dismay that he was dead! Then it was that he realized who the old king was—it was Death!

## 42. BY THE FIRESIDE

(Mozart's 'D-Major Quartet—Andante')

— s —

*"Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force—that thoughts rule the world."*—Emerson

It was night, and all was still. By the fire sat an old man, lost in reverie. As he gazed into the fantastic shapes of the flames, he began to think of many things; half dreaming, half meditating, he thought he heard a faint melody arise. The melody was very peaceful, with no sign of commotion, energy, or excitement. It seemed to place him in a mood of pure interior content, leaving

his mind and heart as unruffled as a cloudless sky. Considering this tranquil state of soul, he mused thus with himself: "How restless some people are! They find it hard to think, and even shun mental concentration; yet a few moments of peaceful thought would prove a great relief and counterbalance to their active disposition. A tired body recuperates by a little nap; and a tired mind by a short moment of rest and thoughtful tranquillity."

Then he seemed to hear a little strain, as if a soprano voice were humming; immediately it was answered by a deeper voice. There was nothing elaborate, nothing intricate in the strain, but what a wealth of simple interior content did it not possess! It repressed in the old man's soul every vestige of excitement or worry that might have late arisen there; it soothed, it quieted, it rendered his whole being forgetful of nervous activity and centered his faculties for the moment on the beauty of contemplation. It was indeed the embodiment of that content which the soul so loves and desires.

Thus lost in the depth of his soul, the old man again heard the first sweet strains, now embellished as it were with decorative figures, as a poet decorates his lines with figures of speech. The character of the mystic music however remained unchanged. The content and tranquillity were unbroken. Thus the moments wore on, till the old man's eye caught a flame that shot up from the fire, followed by another, and these two flames captivated him with a strange feeling of joy, for they reminded him of two sweet songs filled with that happiness which elevates and ennobles man's being. Presently he began to realize that all was silent, and then he looked back upon his pleasant vagary with the utmost satisfaction and gratitude, saying to himself: "Surely there is much happiness to be found in the unexplored depths of peace!"

## 43. A MERRY SLEIGH-RIDE IN RUSSIA

### (Tschaikowsky's 'Troika en Traineaux')

—A. S.—

*"That is the happiest conversation where there is no competition, no vanity, but only a calm, quiet interchange of sentiment."*

—Johnson

Deep was the snow. The roads had already been plowed through, so that a path as smooth as glass had been worn, winding through the hills and dales, from village to village. Ah, what sound

was that on the outside? Old Peter with his three-horse sleigh had arrived to take us on a merry whirl. Wraps, cloaks, gloves, fur caps, and all other necessaries were quickly gotten together, and out into the winter's blast we stepped, losing no moment to slip into a cozy corner of the sleigh. Another moment, and off we sped. The sleigh seemed to glide along as smoothly as our thoughts. How pleasant was the whole scene! Presently old Peter cracked his whip, and the three snorting steeds quickened their pace. How clear was every sound in the brisk, cold atmosphere! The snow seemed to sparkle with a thousand diamonds. But now the horses were not giving satisfaction to old Peter; somehow or other, they seemed to be tired, and lacked life; indeed, they almost stopped.

Growing impatient Peter seized his whip and began cracking it right and left. Now the horses awoke from their lethargy. Off they flew, like the foaming steeds of Ben Hur, their bells jingling the while and keeping time to the merry scamper. Faster and faster they glide along, while the sleigh seems to fly through the air. Inside the sleigh everything is life and joy; every heart is filled with pleasure and warmest delight. Old Peter, with his red nose and smiling countenance, joins in with the rest, telling stories and laughing heartily. But now his horses are again forgetting to run. Crack, crack, goes his merry whip—snort, snort, go the three chargers; even faster than before we now glide over the glistening snow, the little bells ringing more merrily than ever, and playing a sweet accompaniment to our happy feelings. Is it possible we have ridden so far? We are almost home again. Old Peter stops before the house, wishes us a heartfelt 'good-day,' and is off again in the distance, while we, with our rosy cheeks and steaming breath, knock on the door, enter again our warm home, and are soon telling everyone of our grand ride.

## 44. THE TALKATIVE MAIDENS

### (Wagner's 'Spinning Song—Flying Dutchman')

—A—

*"O give me the man who sings at his work!"*—Carlyle

There was once a mariner, called the Flying Dutchman. On account of a blasphemy he was condemned to sail around the ocean in a phantom ship, never being able to land, except every seven

years in order that he might find the maiden who was willing to give herself to him and thus make satisfaction for his crime. This maiden—called Senta—was one among many who, while they sat spinning at their wheels, sang merry songs. Thus, one day, just before the Flying Dutchman had arrived, they were spinning, each at her wheel, and singing thuswise: "Hum, now hum, my wheel, go whirling; turn thee gaily round, O turn thee round. Spin on, spin on, my wheel, twirl thy threads, spin on, spin on, I love to hear thy hum. My beloved is roaming the tempest-tossed seas, he is thinking of home and of me, and all around him sings the gale, O may he soon come back to me!"

Then the sopranos sang alone: "O may he soon come back to me," but the altos, growing jealous, tried to overpower them, saying: "Spin lively, spin lively!" However, soon both joined in a merry "Tra-la-ra-la-la" etc., while the wheels made no pause, but kept whirling as fast as ever. Their leader, a rather old dame—Mary—now teased them, saying: "Yes, they are indeed spinning; for each a sweetheart would be winning!" But the maidens immediately retorted: "Hush, Mary, hush, for you know very well, our song must not be interrupted." So Mary answered: "Very well then; sing on, sing on, but ply your wheels."

Now, however, something attracts Mary's attention; it is the dreaming Senta, who sits in the corner looking up at the picture of the Dutchman which hangs over the chimney. "But wherefore, Senta, art thou still?" questions Mary. Senta answers nothing. So the wheels again are heard, marking time for the merry song of the maidens, for their tongues could never rest! Once more they sang their joyful and lightsome strains as at first, letting out the feelings of their young and buoyant hearts, while Senta still remained silent, gazing at the portrait on the wall, and thinking within herself of her heroic purpose.

## 45. VAINGLORY PUNISHED

### (Nevin's 'Narcissus')

—A. S.—

*"The cause of all the blunders committed by man arises from excessive self-love."*—Plato

Narcissus, the son of a Greek god, was very beautiful; becoming vain, he gazed with complacency into the water at his own

reflection, whereupon he was punished by being changed into a flower—known ever after by the name Narcissus. Every spring this flower repeats the story of the vainglorious boy. For, as it begins growing, it lifts its long stem—a picture of every man's childhood; then it develops a bud on its graceful stem, just as Narcissus grew into a handsome boy, and as every man grows in his 'teens. Next the bud on the stem opens into a most delightful blossom, even as Narcissus long ago waxed into a young man, and as men in general enter the prime of their existence.

The exquisite flower now looking into the waters of the lake, sees its own reflection and grows vain; thus did Narcissus himself do, and thus do all those who foolishly listen to the tempter and grow proud of themselves. Soon the beautiful petals of the flower begin to show signs of decay; pride receives its just retribution, just as Narcissus reaped his doom, and as every self-lover sooner or later reaps his own adversities. Yet the unfortunate little flower, though withered and dead, is not altogether forgotten; no, its seed will sprout in due time and bring forth new flowers, even as Narcissus was not annihilated, but was given at least the existence of a flower—and as Adam, though fallen indeed, was not left without hope, but was still given a Redeemer, by whose aid he can yet bloom in time and in eternity.

## 46. A MIDSUMMER DAY IN SPAIN

(Chabrier's 'Espana Rhapsodie')

— s —

*"You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people."*
—L. Child

The day was very warm; the sun was shining from the cloudless sky in all its southern splendor. As we passed into the city—it was Cordova—we caught the fragrant odors of the blossoming orange-grove that lay on our way. Everything around began to take on a picturesque character; in the distance we could hear tamborines, while here and there could be discerned the laughing voices and the gay sounds that always accompany a Spanish holiday.

As we went along, the balconies on the houses presented a beautiful sight, for in the midst of the vines climbing up the lattices

loaded with red roses, could be seen the women of the house, dressed in all their finery—bright-colored shawls with figures of birds and flowers embroidered thereon, the never-failing red rose in their jet-black locks, and the greeting smile on their countenances. Crowds of merrymakers, with toreadors in their midst, singing pretty songs, next met our gaze. Loud were their expressions of joy, emphasized now and then by the crashing of their cymbals.

In the wake of the toreadors came crowds of singing girls, with their guitars and castanets sounding through the atmosphere with a peculiar ring that, had we been blind, would have told our ears that we were in sunny Spain. Here preparations were on for an informal ball, there a picnic was planned, again some had taken to the waves and organized rowing-parties, not to speak of the innumerable fancy dinners that were cooking in the unseen kitchens! Delightful savors already reached us and regaled our senses with keen expectation! And so the day wore on; never shall its wonderful variety be forgotten! It was all like nature's own dance.

## 47. THE JOVIAL BARBER

(Rossini's 'Barber of Seville — Factotum')

—A—

*"A little nonsense, now and then, is relished by the wisest men."*
—Pope

There was once a wonderful barber who lived in the Spanish city of Seville. His name was Figaro. Besides being of a very jolly disposition, he was also not a little vain of his accomplishments and general importance. If anyone happened to step into his path, he would cry out with a merry voice: "Make room for the city's factotum! Tra, la, la!" Then he would wink his bright eye and say: "Ah, brave Figaro, hurry to thy shop, everyone is awaiting thy service. Tra, la, la! Tra, la, la!"

When he arrived at his shop, and threw open the doors, immediately his patrons began to pour in. Figaro was all action, nothing was neglected, all things were done in quick order, while he at the same time kept up the good spirits of the throng with his never-tiring singing. "O what a happy life," he would say, "what pleasure is in store for a barber of quality! Bravo, Figaro, bravis-

simo!'' Then he would laugh heartily, and everyone else would laugh with him. Thus his business ever increased, and he always had work.

One day the crowd was especially large. Figaro, with all his speed, could not serve them quickly enough, so to entertain them while they waited he sang thus: ''Heavens, what a crowd! Everybody calling: Figaro, Figaro! One at a time, for mercy sake! Figaro here; Figaro there; Figaro everywhere! I am the very incarnation of activity—like a streak of lightning! In one word, I am the all-important personage in Seville, the factotum of the whole city. O what a life, what a merry life!'' Then he would seize his guitar, and with wonderful skill play an interlude thereon, while the customers were getting seated in the chair.

## 48. AN ITALIAN CARNIVAL

### (Berlioz's 'Carnival Romain Overture')

— s —

*"If a straw can tickle a man, it is an instrument of happiness."*
—Dryden

Many were the attractions at this particular carnival; but the most interesting of them seemed to be the inimitable clowns, who drew great crowds around them from all sides. As they entered on the stage, or rather tumbled on it, a loud applause arose. Then the foolish-looking clowns began to giggle, then to laugh most ludicrously, till they shook from head to foot and had the whole audience laughing with them.

Now it happened that in the audience sat an old white-haired man, who in his younger days had himself been a clown. When he saw the antics of these carnival clowns, he closed his eyes in deep reverie; through his mind ran a beautiful melody, sung as it were by an instrument resembling the human voice. The sweetness and tenderness of this song seemed to point to the interior of a clown's life—his human sorrows, his trials, his longings—all hidden temporarily under a gaudy exterior. As the old man sat there, with his eyes closed and his ears captivated by this delightful melody, gradually other sounds began to make themselves heard—the song was little by little developing into a sort of triumphant hymn.

Suddenly a weird signal was given — long serpentlike runs,

played on shrill pipes. Three times it sounded, until the old man was thoroughly awakened from his dream. He opened his eyes. There before his gaze the merry clowns were dancing the wonderful 'Saltarello,' a dance known for its swift movement and lively character. With every minute the dance increased in interest and enthusiasm, while the old man grew nervous with past memories of his own clown-life. He felt like jumping from his seat and joining them!

A short moment of rest now ensued, after which the clowns laughed at each other, as if to say: "What fools these mortals be!" Then they made grimaces, taxing their powers to the utmost, until the old man and the whole audience were bubbling over with glee. Then, like a thunderclap, the dance broke forth in all its spirit and dash. Rising and falling, like the waters of a gushing fountain, it carried all the throng away with it, even as the dry leaves in autumn are hurried down the swollen streams. After the curtain had fallen, the old man was seen to wipe away a tear; for in this short span of time he had again lived a long period of his former life! The only remark he made was to his intimate friend, saying: "It was all very fine; but you ought to have seen how *we* used to do it!"

## 49. PADDY'S JIG

### (Grainger's 'Molly on the Shore')

—A. S.—

*"Leaves seem light, useless, idle, wavering, and changeable—they even dance; yet God has made them part of the oak..... So He has given us a lesson, not to deny stout-heartedness within, because we see lightsomeness without."*—Leigh Hunt

An evening in old Ireland, and a real Irishman dancing a real Irish jig to the tune of a real Irish fiddler! It was a treat long to be remembered. The fiddler, with a few magic turns and twists, had soon tuned up his fiddle and was ready to start; he needed no music, for he had it all in his head and fingers! Paddy, the dancer, had wrapped up all his troubles in a bundle, laid them far out of sight, and, forgetting for a while everything except the bright side of life, was only waiting for the signal to begin; he had already polished the floor and rubbed it till it was smooth as glass. Now the fiddler began. Paddy's impatient feet were put forward and immediately inaugurated their wonderful series of minute movements.

He seemed to be poised in the air, his toes only touching now and then on the floor. Indeed it was hard to say whether the music was interpreting the dancer's movements or the dancer the music's, both were in such perfect accord. One thing was sure—the rhythm of the music was made visible in every shade of action as exhibited in Paddy's flying feet. In fact, it almost seemed that the music was played by his feet. For as long as the music remained rather calm and even, his motion was in accordance; but as soon as the accents were marked with more stress than usual, he was right there, showing those accents by appropriate movements. Again, if the old fiddler brought out the staccato notes, (for these jolly musicians love staccato), Paddy's toes lagged not a beat behind—the faster the better for him! Thus he danced amid the admiring throng of his companions, and more than one old man among them felt like taking the floor and adding to the feat; for every Irish grandsire was once a master at dancing the jig! Just before Paddy came to a close, he stopped a moment, threw up his cap, and with a merry twinkle in his eye, cried: "Erin go bragh!" To which the fiddler played a chord that sounded as if he had struck two dozen notes at once.

## 50. AN INDIAN WEDDING-FEAST

### (Coleridge-Taylor's 'Onaway—Hiawatha')

—A—

*"There is no instinct like that of the heart."*—Byron

"Sumptuous was the feast." The wedding guests "were clad in their richest raiments, robes of fur and belts of wampum, splendid with their paint and plumage, beautiful with beads and tassels." After the meal, Pau-Puk-Keewis danced for the assembly. "Then they said to Chibiabos, . . to the sweetest of all singers, . . Sing to us, O Chibiabos! songs of love and songs of longing, that the feast may be more joyous. . . And the gentle Chibiabos sang in accents sweet and tender, sang in tones of deep emotion, songs of love and songs of longing; looking still at Hiawatha, looking at fair Laughing Water, sang he softly, sang in this wise." Here the singer, both by his words and his music, put the audience in a mood of love, as they had requested, saying: "Onaway! Awake, beloved! Thou the wild-flower of the forest! Thou the wild bird of the prairie! Thou with eyes so soft and fawnlike! If thou

only lookest at me, I am happy, I am happy, as the lilies of the prairie, when they feel the dew upon them! Sweet thy breath is as the fragrance of the wild-flowers in the morning, as their fragrance is at evening in the Moon when leaves are falling.''

Then, growing vehement, he placed them in the mood of longing, according to the other part of their request, saying: ''Does not all the blood within me leap to meet thee, leap to meet thee, as the springs to meet the sunshine, in the Moon when nights are brightest?'' Again, returning to his first mood of love, he said: ''Onaway! (an Indian word meaning the same as 'Awake') my heart sings to thee, sings with joy when thou art near me. When thou art not pleased, beloved, then my heart is sad and darkened, as the shining river darkens, when the clouds drop shadows on it! When thou smilest, my beloved, then my troubled heart is brightened, as in sunshine gleam the ripples that the cold wind makes in rivers.'' So beautiful were his strains on ''darkened'' and ''brightened'' that the Indians said one to the other: ''This is wonderful; for he describes darkness and brightness with his voice!'' But an old Indian, more thoughtful than the rest, added: ''Yes, he even made us feel sad when he spoke of darkness, and joyful when he spoke of brightness!''

At length the singer, joining both the moods, concluded thus: ''I myself, myself! behold me! Blood of my beating heart, behold me! O awake, awake, beloved, Onaway, awake, beloved!'' Loud and long was the applause that followed; for the Indians love to hear about the things they daily meet with. And this is just what Chibiabos did,—he spoke of the rugged simplicity of nature, as the Indians knew it, using such expressions as ''wild-flowers''—''sunshine''—''shining river''—''the ripples that the cold wind makes in rivers''— and so forth. He pleased them because he spoke the poetry of their own hearts.

## 51. THE MOCKING-BIRD

(Winner's 'Listen to the Mocking-Bird')

—A—

*"We love music for the buried hopes, the garnered memories, the tender feelings it can summon at a touch."*—Landon

A man, who owned a large plantation of cotton, was suddenly visited by the grim reaper Death, who took away his young and

much beloved daughter. They buried her not far from the man's house, in a little grove down in the vale. As he sat in the evening on his porch, he would gaze at the little clump of willow trees and listen to the song of a mocking-bird that had its nest there. Inspired by the whole scene he wrote a little song and sang it, the words of which were these: "I'm dreaming now of Hallie, sweet Hallie, for the thought of her is one that never dies; she's sleeping in the valley, and the mocking-bird is singing where she lies." Then he added the following chorus, and as he sang it, the mocking-bird, seeming to know all about the old man's sorrow, accompanied the words with a beautiful series of bird-calls. "Listen to the mocking-bird, the mocking-bird still singing o'er her grave; listen to the mocking-bird, still singing where the weeping willows wave."

Overcome with emotion, the old man improvised also a second verse to his song, thus: "When the charms of spring awaken, and the mocking-bird is singing on the bough, I feel like one forsaken, for my Hallie is no longer with me now." Again he added the refrain, and again the mocking-bird accompanied him with its delightful warblings. So, full of the fervor of nature's poetry, he made still a third verse, as follows: "Ah! well I yet remember, when we gathered in the cotton side by side; 'twas in the mild September, and the mocking-bird was singing far and wide." Once more he sang the refrain, while the mocking-bird, taxing its talents to the utmost, sang an accompaniment of wonderful variety. Then the old man, with tears in his eyes, mused thus with himself: "Truly, spring is like that future life where temporal trials will end and friends nevermore be lost; where the mocking-bird's spirit of joy, freedom, and song, spiritualized in the canticles of the happy elect, will live on for ever and ever."

## 52. THE SLAVE'S DREAM

### (Rachmaninoff's 'Prelude in C-Sharp Minor')

— s —

*We gain the strength of the temptation we resist.*—Emerson

In a deep prison-cell lay a languishing slave, condemned to punishment for immoral deeds. As he slumbered, he had a dream. A very strong and overpowering influence seemed to weigh down on his being; with all his strength he tried to free himself, but with

little success. The perspiration stood in great beads on his forehead from the exertion, and he heaved with the effort he made. But of a sudden he seemed to grow stronger and stronger, as if he were a waking giant. He seemed to see a terrible and ferocious wild beast above him, which was trying with might and main to overcome him. Straining every musele, he fought with the beast, driving it before him—as it were up a steep hill—the latter snarling and snapping on every side. At last both reached the top of the hill and plunged over the declivity, the slave pursuing the baffled enemy with relentless fury. Reaching the bottom of the abyss, they were again locked in awful combat; never flinching, the brave slave at length overcame, and heard the dying groans of the conquered beast.

Waking from his terrible dream, the slave looked around him and wondered whether the experience was true or only imagination. He was indeed in the prison-cell, but his thoughts were changed. The dream had been a messenger of wisdom to him; for he now began to enter into himself. The wild beast which tried so hard to overcome him, and almost succeeded, was his lower nature, that is, corrupt human nature, while his own efforts were the resolutions and good deeds by which he at last gained the upper hand. Revolving then within himself what kind of former life he had led, he struck his breast, and said: "What a fool I have been; I have enslaved myself to evil, and have become a slave in soul even more than in body." He promised betterment, was soon released, and made good his word so faithfully that his master finally gave him his full liberty.

## 53. NATURE'S VICTORY

(Beethoven's 'Egmont Overture')

—s—

*"The greater the difficulty, the more glory in surmounting it. Skilful pilots gain their reputations from storms and tempests."*

—Epicurus

A traveller, who was a diligent observer of nature and all her wonderful ways, one day found himself in a certain wild and woody solitude, filled with ponderous rocks and great gnarled trees, deep ravines and dense over- and undergrowth. As he gazed at the solemn scene before him, he perceived that the leaves

above him began rustling, yea in the distance he seemed to hear faint rumblings! Soon the little breeze grew into a mighty wind. He stepped aside under shelter and viewed the sky through the agitated branches of the trees; there he beheld what a dark cloud was gathering. Faster and faster grew the violent gusts of wind, louder and more terrible the rumbling thunder, while the lightning flashed in awful streaks, like angry serpents.

At length the cloud burst over him; overpowering indeed was the fury and the noise of the tempest. The great trees, bending as if they were about to break, moaned and groaned in their dense foliage like huge giants assailed by enemies. The torrents of water fell all around, deluging rocks and vegetation with their rushing rivulets. The traveller thought he saw a rift in the clouds, but it was only a lull; again and again the storm raged in its terrific heaving, depicting the earnestness and terror of nature with overwhelming effect. However, every storm will at length spend itself; and so, it was not long till the clouds did actually begin to break, and the blessed sunshine again shed its soft glow on the verdure, the rifts growing wider and wider, till full day was again smiling in all its beauty and brightness.

Then the traveller, viewing the scene in rapture, thus mused within himself: "The music of the storm was not so powerful as that of the victory; for it seems that I now hear the trees and the rocks uttering a symphony of triumph—a perfect whirlwind of power and activity, and saying to me: 'Creature of God, if you are born, you must battle; if you must battle, you must continue battling; if you must continue battling, you must win.' " With which the traveller went on his way, none the worse for his experience!

## 54. THE LARK'S FLIGHT

### (Glinka-Auer's 'Lark')

—A. S.—

*"The direct relation of music is not to ideas, but to emotions; in the works of the greatest masters, it is more marvelous, more mysterious than poetry."*—Giles

The lark, that is, the European sky-lark, has always been renowned for both its beautiful song as well as its graceful flight into the high heavens. Let us imagine ourselves in the country

just as the sun is rising. The dew is still on the meadow, and the verdure of earth stretches as far as the eye can reach. The lark—thus we muse even before we see the bird appear—how free and light is its whole being, rising into the skies almost without effort, soaring far above the earth and singing its sweet melody!—Oh, that also we may some day thus ascend into the heavens above, singing our last song—our swan-song—and enter into the morning of eternal rest!

But now before our eyes actually appears the bird of our searching; the first delicate flutterings of its wings are like a trill on a flute. For a moment it deftly rests on its outspread pinions, then takes a downward glide, in preparation for its real flight. Ah, what are those sounds we hear, faint and soft, but sweet as an angel's voice? They are the warblings and liquid melodies of the lark, sounding like the whisperings of a distant violin. We gaze enraptured at the ever higher ascending lark till our own feelings begin to return, and we stand in silence, awed by the simple beauty of the little creature of God.

The lark now takes another downward glide and remains almost stationary for a moment. Again we hear its sweet warblings, slower and slower the sound drags, higher and higher the lark's form rises till it almost seems lost to view; at which we again enter into the cavern of our own thoughts. Now the lark can hardly be seen at all and scarcely heard; our eyes and ears must strain themselves to follow its heavenly course. At last all is silent; the sky alone remains, while we gaze in reverence upon that blue expanse, our soul bulging with the thought: "Shall we too some day rise like the lark to heaven?"

## 55. THE EVENING PRAYER

### (Massenet's 'Angelus')

—A—

*"Behold in truthfulness of fond belief, they bow their heads, and lift their hearts to pray."*—Miller

The sun was just setting, and the whole western sky was one immense sea of gold. The peasants were loading their last barrow, making ready to depart for home. From the distance suddenly sounded the bell; it was from the belfry of the little village church. Immediately all hats were removed, all heads bowed. Thrice did

the bell ring, while the peasants silently prayed: *Ave Maria,* and echoes far and wide seemed to play a beautiful melody, now rising, now falling, one moment resounding on earth, another telling its sweet message high in the heavens above.

Again was heard the threefold voice of the distant bell. Again the peasants lifted their hearts in prayer: *Ave Maria!* And now they seemed to hear the echoes grow strong and firm, telling of the fortitude of the blessed Virgin Mary in carrying out her high appointment as the mother of the Redeemer. They seemed to behold her as she foresaw the sufferings of her Son and her own dolors. In the depths of their own devout prayer and the mellow light of the setting sun they meditated on these truths, full of gratitude and simple love.

For the third time the bell sang its sweet and melodious song, while the peasants prayed: *Ave Maria.* The dark shades of evening were falling fast; however, of a sudden the echo of the bells seemed to grow loud and energetic, for the sun (as the figure of the Redeemer Himself) had burst from beneath the last and lowest cloud before descending and had brightened the whole landscape around—as well as the very hearts of the devout—with his warm rays.

For the last time the bells resounded, and the peasants concluded their prayer as the sounds died away in the silence of eventide and the glowing sheen of the western sky cast a golden mantle over all objects far and near. In the air seemed to linger the poet's beautiful words: "O solemn bells! Whose consecrated masses recall the faith of old. O tinkling bells! That lulled with twilight music the spiritual fold! Your voices break and falter and are still; and veiled and mystic, like the Host descending, the sun sinks from the hill!" (Bret Harte)

## 56. THE SWEETEST COMFORT

### (Abt's 'When the Swallows')

—A—

*"Our sweetest experiences of affection are meant to point us to that realm which is the real and endless home of the heart."*

—H. W. Beecher

A mother who had lost her dearly beloved little daughter, was full of grief. The year was waning, and the coming of autumn and winter made the heart of the poor bereaved mother sadder

than ever. As she gazed out of the window, she saw the swallows flying southward and was immediately reminded of a beautiful song she had learned when a girl. Memory was faithful; and she thus began to sing: "When the swallows homeward fly, when the scattered roses lie, when from neither hill nor dale, chants the silv'ry nightingale; in these words my bleeding heart would to thee its grief impart, when I thus thy image lose, can I, ah, can I e'er know repose?"

Tears oozed from her eyes as she thought of her little daughter, who, like the swallows, had flown homeward! Then the second verse of the beautiful song came to her mind, and she sang it: "When the white swan southward roves, to seek at noon the orange groves, when the red tints of the west prove the sun has gone to rest; in these words my bleeding heart would to thee its grief impart, when I thus thy image lose, can I, ah, can I e'er know repose?"

Taking out her handkerchief she dried her tears, for now the third verse came into her mind, which taught her to lean on hope and to confide in the eternal reunion of those who love each other and serve God on earth. With a voice filled with comfort she sang: "Hush, my heart! why thus complain? Thou must, too, thy woes contain; though on earth no more we rove, loudly breathing words of love; thou, my heart, must find relief, yielding to these words' belief: 'I shall see thy form again, though to-day we part in pain.'"

## 57. THE SQUIRRELS' PICNIC

### (Mozart's 'Figaro Overture')

— s —

*"What unnumbered cathedrals has God reared in the forest shades, vast and grand, full of curious carvings, and haunted evermore by tremulous music."*—H. W. Beecher

It was midsummer. As the lover of the woodland flung himself on the soft grass beneath the verdant beeches, he dismissed all other thoughts from his mind and attended only to the music of the trees, the singing of the birds, and the frolics of the little squirrels. Soon a merry though deep voice began to sound; it was a sort of signal for the picnic. Hardly had it ended, when the trees, birds, and flowers started one of the most delightful conversations ever heard. There was no sadness whatever in their loving words,

but all was joy and innocence. The lover of the woodland dared not to open his eyes, lest the sweet music fade away; for he had never imagined that earth possessed such exquisite treasures of beauty.

But now he heard peculiar and swift sounds, as if the little squirrels were enjoying the music and were racing after one another in the boughs overhead. He peeped out of one eye, and behold! The little creatures, with their frisking tails and agile bodies were scampering up and down in hot pursuit of each other. Up one tree, down another, flying like magic over the limbs, they sported, and passed away the time. Some of them tiring, halted, and began to play with one another in the most friendly and amusing manner. But the music which the woodland furnished grew sweeter and sweeter, and proved more wonderful and captivating with every moment!

Gradually the lover of the woodland detected still more motion and jollity in the music. Where were the little squirrels? Before he knew it, they were chasing each other to and fro like living shafts of lightning; their picnic was no tame one! All their former agility was repeated, supplemented with ever new feats of celerity and gracefulness. After much glorious tumbling and frolicsomeness, descending from the trees to the grass, and back and forth again till their tired little limbs told them it was time to rest, they of a sudden hastened helter-skelter with one impulse to the tops of the trees and disappeared in their holes.

## 58. NATURE AND ART

### (SCHUMANN'S 'AT THE FOUNTAIN')

—A. S.—

*"Artists are nearest God. Into their souls he breathes his life, and from their hands it comes in fair articulate forms to bless the world."*—HOLLAND

A wealthy man, who delighted in all the beauties of nature and art, one day called his gardener—a master landscape artist—and said to him: "It is my desire that you decorate my premises with a very beautiful fountain. No expense is to be spared." The artist was soon busy, and when the plans were finished, work was immediately begun. Six months were consumed in the building

of the fountain. At last it was complete, and was exhibited to the public gaze. All that beheld it were struck with wonder.

Fashioned of the finest Italian marble, its delicately carved form rose aloft to a distance of at least twenty feet. From many little apertures the water issued forth. Some of these apertures were larger, some of them smaller; and the flow of the water was so regulated by a hidden clock-work mechanism that for a few moments the fountain would present this appearance, then for a few moments that. The combinations thus available were more than forty or fifty; whence it came that nearly always could be seen a throng of interested pedestrians stopping to view the masterpiece.

The water would descend in a fine spray, producing most beautiful rainbow effects; this spectacle always elicited the applause of the beholders. Then the little jets would shoot high up and fall low down into the basin below—while splashing drops would play magic music and a thousand atoms of mist would freshen the whole atmosphere round about.

Below were little waterfalls, where the trickling streamlets would make even more delightful music than the splashing drops. Basins were also provided, where the most brilliant and rare gold fish glided hither and thither in the clear water to catch at the crumbs that were thrown to them or to be deceived by an especially tempting morsel that turned out to be but a bubble!

A certain man, admiring the fountain very much, one day said to the proprietor: "You have so joined nature and art, that the one just doubles the beauty of the other." But the other answered: "You need not praise *me* for that; it was my gardener that planned the fountain. As a trained artist in his branch, he knew how to bring about such an admirable effect."

## 59. THE TRAVELLER IN ITALY

(Mendelssohn's 'Italian Sym.—Con Moto Moderato')

—A. S.—

*"Whatever expands the affections, or enlarges the sphere of our sympathies — whatever makes us feel our relation to the universe and all that it inherits in time and in eternity, and to the great and beneficent cause of all, must unquestionably refine our nature, and elevate us in the scale of being."*—Channing

A man who loved all the beautiful things in art as well as the

beauties of nature, resolved on taking a journey through Italy, concerning which he had heard and read so much. As he passed from city to city, his expectancy was not disappointed; for the reality far surpassed the report! The sun seemed to be brighter, the clouds appeared to travel faster, the trees were greener; all nature took on a new aspect that he never before had noticed. Genoa, with its reminiscences of Columbus; Florence, with all its renowned beauty and picturesqueness; Naples, with its gay life and many varieties of Italian classicism; all contributed their share to make of his journey a real pleasure and a rare wonder.

But it was Rome which especially captivated him. For there he saw the remains of ancient glory, the solemn and inspiring columns and stones, crumbling indeed, but none the less grand and awful in their sacred silence. There he stood before the matchless masterpieces of a Raphael, whose delicate brush once tinted the Eternal City with magic colors and forms, which seem as eternal as the City itself. There he stopped in bewilderment before the towering achievements of a Michael Angelo, St. Peter's Dome, the Last Judgment, the statue of Moses. There finally he saw flow together from every corner of the globe the cream of the universe—talented artists, admirable poets, learned divines, clever musicians. He was dazzled with the light!

Upon his return home he wrote a book, wherein he described his impressions. So extravagant were his sentences in praising Italy, especially the beauties of Rome, that many who read his words thought that he must surely be greatly excessive. However, there happened to be living then a great poet, Goethe by name, who himself had made a journey to Italy and Rome and knew by experience what the opinions of the traveller were worth. He therefore vindicated the book with the following noble words: "I cannot blame the good man for speaking of Italy with such enthusiasm; I well know what I experienced myself. Indeed, I may say that only in Rome have I felt what it really is to be a man. To this elevation, to this happiness of feeling I have never since arisen; indeed, compared with my situation at Rome, I have never since felt real gladness."*

* Conversations, Oct. 29, 1828.

## 60. AN ITALIAN PILGRIMAGE

(MENDELSSOHN'S 'ITALIAN SYM.—ANDANTE CON MOTO')

—S—

*"True piety hath in it nothing weak, nothing sad, nothing constrained. It enlarges the heart, it is simple, free, and attractive."*
—FENELON

During his sojourn in Italy, the traveller mentioned in the foregoing story was one day passing through a little village. His guide, hearing the church bell ringing in the distance and remembering that it was one of the Rogation days, that is, those days when the pious faithful assemble in procession to pray for God's blessing on their fields, turned and asked: "Should you like to witness a pilgrimage?" Not being of the faith of the Italian peasants, the traveller hesitated a moment in answering, for the truth was, he hardly understood what a pilgrimage was. So his guide, surmising the situation, kindly informed him thus: "A pilgrimage is a journey of greater or less length, made on foot by a concourse of pious people, to some shrine or church. Generally prayers are said in common by the pilgrims." This answer delighted the traveller, for he had often wished to see such a sight. So they sat down at the roadside and waited.

From the distance was now heard the announcement: "Procedamus in pace!" (Let us proceed in peace!) This was the sign for the pilgrimage to begin. At once the feet were set in motion, and to the traveller's ears they made music, like the steady strokes of the bass string instruments in an orchestra. Soon the procession began to pass by, and the prayers of the men and boys mingled in the atmosphere. So sweet was the melody they made, that the traveller was reminded of a beautiful song he had once heard, played by the oboe, bassoon, and viola, full of the spirit of faith and prayer. But an even more melodious strain now began to soar aloft; it was the prayer of the women and children, sounding to the traveller like a sweet and ethereal harmony of violins and flutes.

Then came more men and boys, while the constant beat of the feet, now going up hill, now down, pursued its steady course. Then came still more women and children, with their beauteous prayer full of heavenly music. What variety—thought the traveller to himself—men and women, youths and damsels, children, cross-bearers, acolytes, reverend clergymen, all with their different cos-

tumes and vestments, each contributing to the peculiar mixture of sight and sound flooding the woodland path! And what picturesque scenery—the rocky places here and there, the beautiful trees bending over to shade the pilgrims, the bright sunlight falling in spots on the motley Italian garments! Indeed the entwining branches above seemed to him but reflections of the souls of these pious peasants—one in heart, one in faith, one in aim!

Thus the procession moved on, the steps never wearying, the hearts of those simple folk never wavering. The traveller listened and listened, till the last sounds died away in the valley. Then returning to himself, he realized more than ever that he was in sunny Italy—the land of poetry, the home of piety, the dwelling of faith.

## 61. THE MORNING SERENADE

### (Schubert's 'Hark, Hark, the Lark')

—A—

*"Sweet is the breath of morn; her rising sweet with charm of earliest birds."*—Milton

A great composer once stepped into a cafè and found there one of his literary friends; beside the latter lay a volume of Shakespeare. The composer, picking up the volume, opened it, and his eyes fell upon some of the most beautiful lines he had ever read; they were the ones which the great dramatist had inserted into his drama of 'Cymbeline,' beginning: "Hark, hark! the lark!" where the clown, employing the services of some musicians, endeavors to arouse Imogen from her slumbers. The composer, seizing a bill of fare, immediately seated himself and began to set these lines to music. In a few moments he had completed the song, which proved to be one of the finest ever written. / Do you wish to know why his music so well expressed the mood contained in the words? Then hearken.

First of all he wrote a short introduction for the piano, choosing the gay six-eight rhythm, and marking it Allegretto (moderately fast), thus characterizing with one stroke the proper mood. Morning is full of budding life and the freshness of awakening nature; hence he made the music light and airy, employing for this purpose a little figure of sixteenth-notes, which he introduced

continually, now on the third beat, again on the second and the fifth,—a feature which more than anything else lent the song such a crisp character. If we read the words of the song, we shall readily see that his mood-delineation was very well planned. First we have the mood of daybreak—the lark's song, the rising sun, the flowers filled with dew. "Hark, hark! the lark at heav'n's gate sings, and Phœbus 'gins to rise."—here he described the "rise" with a fine ascent in his music,—"His steeds to water at those springs on chaliced flowers that lies."

Next, the mood of the words referred to the waking of the flowers, and of all living creatures,—most delightful ideas of poetic beauty invented by Shakespeare's genius, sounding thus: "And winking Marybuds begin to ope their golden eyes, with everything that pretty bin, my lady sweet, arise!" Here the composer finely described the general awakening of nature, the music rising higher and higher. "With everything that pretty bin, my lady sweet, arise!" On this last "arise" he placed the climax, continuing then with sustained tones, like a bird suspended in the air,—"Arise, arise, my lady sweet, arise; arise, arise, my lady sweet, arise!" Afterward another poet added a second verse; however, his effort was much inferior to Shakespeare's.

## 62. THE HEBREWS' LAMENTATION

### (Ancient Hebrew Chant—'Kol Nidre')

—A. S.—

*"The mighty hopes that make us men."*—Tennyson

A great musician one day took up his violin, and using an old Hebrew chant, composed a beautiful piece, which when played seemed to suggest to the ear the following words: "Oh! how sad is not our lot. We, the chosen people of God, are sent into exile; and, though it is our own fault, since we have sinned, still we are filled with grief and misery, and cannot be comforted. We raise our voices aloft; our hearts are bursting with sorrow and pain!"

Then the musician felt another and more joyful spirit pervade his soul; he heard as it were an angel of hope whispering to him, and he thus translated the angelic words on his violin: "But our

hope is in the God above; there is another and a better life beyond; He who created us will also save us, if we go to Him with confidence. We therefore leave this tearful earth, and soar in hope to heaven, where sorrow shall be no more. We rejoice, we grow enthusiastic over our new-born energy; we are renewed in the fervor of our first love."

Then, sinking deeper still into his inmost soul, the musician began to draw the bow over his violin and to speak of the most wonderful music of heaven, of those ineffable conversations between the immortal soul and its God. His emotional violin seemed to say: "O what is sweeter than the embrace of divinity? Our human weakness is now made strong by God's omnipotence. Heaven's confidence joins with our confidence. God and man have grasped hands. The divine love melts and becomes one with our love. Our soul is lifted upward; farther and farther it soars, till the dimness of time fades into the bright sheen of eternity. Hope has saved us forever!"

## 63. THE HUMAN WHEELS

### (Beethoven-Auer's 'Chorus of Dervishes')

—A—

*"A good ear for music, and a taste for music are two very different things which are often confounded; and so is comprehending and enjoying every object of sense and sentiment."*—Greville

In the far East is a certain class of Mohammedans that live in communities and practice religious exercises; they are called Dervishes. One of their best-known exercises is a wild dance, in which they turn round and round till exhausted. A certain man once witnessed one of these dances, and, as he happened to be a fine violinist as well as a talented composer, he improvised a piece describing this dance. Some people did not like the piece very much, because, they said, it had no beauty of melody. But the composer answered, saying that he had not intended writing a beautiful melody, for that would not be able to describe the dance, but that he had only wished to compose such melody and harmony as reflected perfectly the idea of the whirling Dervishes. After the objectors, heard these words, they listened again, and then understood and appreciated the piece.

The piece was as follows. First was heard a triplet; gradually

it was developed with much variety and descriptive skill, giving a fine idea of the whirling dancers. Soon was heard a most swift ascending run, which the violinist played with such delicate skill as to bear the whole audience along with him on the rushing stream of tone. Next the triplet was given out in loud octaves, while the violin seemed to heave and cry out at the top of its voice. The hearers seemed to see the Dervishes whirling before them like mad bubbles in a cataract. Again the bewitching upward run was heard, now as smooth in its course as a ray of the rising sun darting into the sky.

By this time the violinist had reached the climax, and he wished to show the height of the Dervishes' excited endurance in a special way. His violin therefore appeared to be whipped with a furious lash, yea to the audience's ears it literally shrieked. Then came a momentary lull—to express the incipient exhaustion of the dancers—soon however yielding to another and final effort. But now the panting Dervishes were weakening beyond a doubt; it was only a question of a few moments, when, collapsing, they fell to the ground with a thud, and the sound of their revel rose aloft and melted in the air. Their dance was finished. The audience with one accord proclaimed the piece a master-example of descriptive music, its author the prince of all composers, its arranger a wonderful genius, and the violinist that played it a wizard.

## 64. A FALSE BROTHER

### (Donizetti's 'Lucia — Sextet')

—A—

*"There is nothing makes a man suspect much, more than to know little, and therefore men should remedy suspicion by procuring to know more, and not keep their suspicions in smother."*—Bacon

Lucy, a beautiful and virtuous young lady, had a great affection for Edgar, a young man of upright and noble character. As they grew into womanhood and manhood, they decided to join themselves in matrimony; and never were there two happier hearts, as they awaited the day of their wedding. But alas, how wicked is man! Lucy's own brother, Henry, desiring for private ends that she marry a certain Arthur instead, had now the brazen daring to forge a letter, wherein Lucy might see that Edgar was a hypocrite and did not love her at all as he said. Lucy could hardly believe

the letter, but, not stopping to examine into the matter, trusted her brother, and agreed to marry Arthur instead. Just as she was reluctantly signing the contract, Edgar appeared on the scene.

Full of indignation, Edgar thus exclaimed: "What prevents me now from giving my wrath rein? Fear and grief now cover her face, proving that she is false and now repents! See how she blushes, 'twixt life and death. O how my heart melts at sight of thee, thou ungrateful one, yet I love thee!" While he thus spoke, Henry, Lucy's brother, spoke also, so that both seemed to be striving for the mastery. Then Lucy, gathering her strength, thus responded: "It seems grief never endeth, otherwise I had died; lo! death itself fleeing from sorrow, bids me live in torment! All too late is the truth revealed; both heaven and earth seal my doom; even tears, that often heal sorrow, refuse to flow at my bidding." Her words in turn were supplemented by Raymond the magistrate, who tried to comfort her meanwhile with better thoughts.

Next, Henry, whose villainy had caused all this trouble, cried out: "Ah! she is slain by me, standing 'twixt life and death!" And Lucy answered: "Ah! even tears, that often heal sorrow, refuse to flow at my bidding!" Then followed a repetition of the sad lamentations, till Lucy, all overcome, cried out at the height of her voice: "They will not flow at my bidding, they will not flow!" while Edgar responded: "I love thee still, thou ungrateful one!" Then all together joined their voices, the effect being a very dramatic one, for Edgar was heart-broken, Henry enraged, Lucy pierced with remorse, Raymond compassionate. Poor Lucy! After Edgar had departed, she rent her garments and tore out her hair, exclaiming: "O that I had not been so credulous!" But it was now too late to find a remedy.

## 65. DRIVEN TO MADNESS

### (Donizetti's 'Lucia—Mad-Scene')

—A—

*"A woman's lot is made for her by the love she accepts."*
—George Eliot

Lucy, breaking down under the strain, as above narrated, soon lost her mind and killed the husband of her compulsory marriage. In a state of delirium she then sang a most beautiful and florid love-song to the lost Edgar. Those who heard her

wondered at the flowery character of her strains, considering that her situation was a most tragic one; but when they recollected that her song was not that of a sane person in passion, but rather the wild dreaming of an unfortunate maniac, they came to the conclusion that her music was after all in perfect accord with the mood of her words.

"The incense arises," thus she began; and so soft were her tones that one could see the incense as it were arising through the delicate atmosphere. Then growing expectant, she continued: "Brightly shine forth the tapers, shedding their lustre." But her expectancy soon developed into exultation, as she exclaimed: "Behold the priest comes forth!" For she seemed to think that she and Edgar were now before the altar and about to be joined by the minister of God. Joy now beamed on her countenance. "Stretch forth now thy right hand," she said to the imagined Edgar. Then, overflowing with affection, she broke out in a most enthusiastic expression of her feelings, saying: "Oh! day of gladness." However, a slight shudder in her voice seemed to point to the fact that the miserable maniac had experienced a short moment of consciousness.

Yet another moment, and her glory returned. With emotion and triumph she cried out: "Thine am I ever, thou mine forever; heaven makes me thine now, heaven makes me thine forever!" The very air seemed now to ring with a melancholy sigh, as if pitying Lucy's sad state of deception. As she again addressed her imaginary Edgar with all affection, thus: "Dearest, all the world's pleasures henceforth shall we share together," a little bird, with a voice like a flute, played an accompaniment to her words from a near-by tree top. Overflowing with the highest exultation, Lucy saw in the little bird's voice her dreamed-of lover, and rose to the loftiest pitch of enthusiasm, saying: "If heaven be pleased to grant it, life shall now resemble a treasure." O the poor creature! How she was deceived!

## 66. PEER GYNT'S AWAKENING

### (Grieg's 'Peer Gynt—Morning')

—A. S.—

*"The morning hour has gold in its mouth."*—Franklin

There once lived in Norway a young man named Peer Gynt,

full of the love of adventure. When he was young he loved to gaze upon the rising sun, and then he would have wondrous dreams of all that he intended to do in life. Thus one morning found him standing on a high eminence, gazing eastward upon a magnificent landscape with its valleys and hills, its rich vegetation and lakes. The last shades of night were just receding in the west, while the horizon in the east presented a pale golden aspect. Now the colors began to play on the fleecy clouds. It seemed to Peer as if he heard a wonderful piece of music, where the key was forever changing, and the greatest variety of instruments was being used. He seemed especially to hear the oboe and flute, accompanied by soft instruments with sustained tones, representing the beautiful expanse of sky before him.

Next Peer seemed to hear several chords, vigorous and full of volume, introduced into the accompaniment of the mystic music. They seemed like a new and florid version of the original melody. They reminded Peer of sunlight, and indeed just then the sun actually began to peep above the hills. Then Peer's ear seemed to detect another melody, intoned as it were by a 'cello,—a theme of pathetic and soulful eloquence, as if the sun were sighing to himself and bewailing all the misery and evil which he was doomed once more to behold on earth's fair surface. Again he heard renewed changes of key, and graceful arpeggios, like harps playing, that reminded him of the fleecy clouds that caught the golden flood of light from the sun, pretty pictures in tone of the consoling features of the forthcoming day—the good deeds and profitable works to be accomplished by the virtuous and energetic.

Peer was by this time well-nigh in ecstasy; for he had never before heard such a symphony. It all reminded him of the high ambitions which were boiling in his heart. It seemed that the music now returned to the first theme, while in the treble the little arpeggios still sounded, picturing the fleecy clouds growing ever brighter and brighter. Soon a series of short trills, representing to Peer's imagination the heat of the rising sun, began to make themselves discernible. The color was gradually disappearing from the sky, the day's brightness was fast approaching. Peer, reviewing the whole scene with the utmost admiration, saw in it the awakening of his own life, and resolved to set out at once on his contemplated adventures. His first experience will be narrated in the ensuing story.

## 67. PEER GYNT AMONG THE TROLLS

(Grieg's 'Peer Gynt—In the Hall of a Mountain King')

—A—

*"A person who is too nice an observer of the business of the crowd, like one who is too curious in observing the labor of bees, will often be stung for his curiosity."*—Pope

Entering a deep cave, Peer Gynt found himself in the company of the trolls, a funny little people of Norwegian fairy-lore. He was held in such high esteem by the King of the trolls, that that important personage asked him to marry his daughter. But Peer, after thanking the King, politely refused. At this the trolls were highly offended, taking it as an insult to their race. Forthwith followed a scene of confusion and tumult. The darkness and solemnity of the cave, the short, stumpy figures, as well as the dark appearance of the trolls themselves, gave Peer not a little anxiety.

Gradually the trolls began to gather from every side, and, what made matters worse, they all seemed to look alike to Peer, to act alike, nay to speak alike. There was no variety except in the increase of anger and noise which was becoming more and more noticeable in them; little by little everything seemed to grow faster, even their speech. At last one old troll remonstrated angrily with Peer, then another; then some younger and bolder companions, followed by a crowd of very noisy and impetuous trolls, began to strike him and shriek horribly into his ears. Peer grew pale with fright. This only made the little creatures more impudent; they began leaping on his back and shoulders, threatening him on every side. Everything seemed whirling faster and faster to Peer, the trolls themselves appearing to tumble over one another, unable to keep pace any longer with the wild disorder. Suddenly Peer took heart, and, throwing up his arms wildly, stamped his foot furiously and shrieked in such a horrible manner that the trolls scattered in every direction; frightened half to death by what they thought was a terrible earthquake, they took quick refuge in their holes, glad enough to let Peer depart in peace; and certainly, we may be sure the poor fellow lost no time in making his exit!

## 68. PEER GYNT LOSES HIS MOTHER

(Grieg's 'Peer Gynt—Death of Ase')

—A—

*"The air is full of farewells to the dying, and mournings for the dead."*—Longfellow

After the exciting adventure with the trolls, as related in the foregoing story, Peer Gynt was wondering what his next adventure would be. Little did he think that it was to be such a sad one. For as he entered his home, he found his mother taken seriously ill, ready to die. As he gazed upon her and uttered some words of sorrow and sympathy, she spoke to him, and her voice was so musical that Peer seemed to hear another symphony, played by invisible musicians around him. It was the music of death which he heard; however, not of such a death as is full of harrowing anxieties, but rather of that which shows the death of the just—the last hopeful rally accompanied by the peaceful resignation of the yielding soul.

The music seemed to be very simple, consisting principally of a short strain of four measures, which was repeated over and over, the key sometimes changing, and the music gradually rising into the higher register till it reached a rather loud and energetic climax. This whole crescendo and ascent Peer understood, for it represented the final rally of life, betraying a certain weakness indeed, but nevertheless endowed with an effort true to nature. The climax itself appeared to indicate the body's remaining strength, all gathered into one intense groan.

Now a secondary theme made its entry, a soft and sad melody in the higher register, consisting of three tearful descending half-tones, representing to Peer's mind the final resignation to the inevitable, sad indeed to the observer, but not devoid of peace to the time-vanquished soul now trusting alone in eternity. Instead of ascending, the music descended; instead of increasing in tone and volume, it decreased. 'Death,' thought Peer to himself, 'will have his victory, he will wait no longer; slowly but surely his grip is tightening; slowly but surely the weary body is weakening.' As he thus mused, the heart of the victim fluttered, her pulse could scarcely be felt. One long drawn breath, and then another,—and the curtain fell,—the drama was ended!

## 69. PEER GYNT AND THE WORLD

### (Grieg's 'Peer Gynt—Anitra's Dance')

—A—

*"I have run the silly rounds of pleasure, and have done with them all."*—Chesterfield

Peer Gynt now resolved on tasting life to its fullest extent. Hence he betook himself to travelling, going from one country to another. Many were the dearly-bought experiences he had, only one of which we shall here narrate. When he was in Morocco, he met a beautiful young damsel called Anitra, who, with flattering words and actions, so wrapped Peer in her meshes that he was willing to do anything for her. Especially was he enamored of her dancing; knowing this, she arranged one day to dance for him one of her most delightful dances. To make her effort all the more dazzling, she had hired the best musicians she could find to accompany her.

First was heard a soft plucking of the string instruments; it reminded Peer of a background of glittering jewels. And the players plucked the strings in such masterly fashion and preserved such unison, besides exhibiting most exquisite control of tone, that Peer thought he had never before heard such wonderful music. Then the melody was of such striking beauty, ascending and descending like the soaring and alighting of a bird! Moreover, a most fascinating effect was obtained by following up the melody on the sweet-voiced instruments in the lower register, with counter-themes of sharp staccato notes forming a florid figure, the whole giving the dance a certain subdued piquancy and brilliancy reminiscent of sparkling gold.

As may be supposed, Anitra's dancing was in accord with the music. And as she finished, she gazed with smiling eyes on Peer, who, blinded by the glare of worldly glory, thought that she was sincere. But alas! As soon as ever she had a chance, this deceitful girl robbed the unsuspecting youth, fleeing with his money and jewels. With a heavy heart Peer considered how he had been duped; yet he could not complain, he had foolishly proposed to taste of the world, and he had not been unsuccessful! Full of remorse, he now turned his steps homeward, for home, he had learned by experience, was after all the best place!

## 70. THE JOVIAL COMPANY

### (Weber's 'Invitation to the Waltz')

— s —

*"Trifles make perfection, but perfection itself is no trifle."*
—Michael Angelo

It was midnight; the concert had been over only an hour or so, and the instruments of the orchestra were one by one going off to rest. The 'cello, restless and sleepless, suddenly said in a tone which awoke the dozers: "Always playing for others! Let us play something just for ourselves." The violins and violas forthwith approved of the plan, saying: "Fine idea! We second the motion!" Whereupon the flute, oboe, and bassoon replied with a hearty "Capital!" So Signor 'Cello thus began: "I just feel like giving full vent to my emotions; indeed I believe I could take the part of Hamlet." To which the violins responded: "Then we are surely going to have a treat!" But the wood-winds said: "Signor 'Cello, you and Madame Violin begin."

Signor 'Cello therefore, with a deep bow, intoned a beautiful theme, and Madame Violin echoed it in the higher register. Some of the other instruments kindly furnished the accompaniment. As they continued, the soloists grew more and more eloquent, till many of the audience lifted their voices in admiration. However, the wood-winds, yawning, said: "Ladies and gentlemen: this is all too slow and draggy, give us something lively." With a sudden impulse, the whole orchestra broke out into a theme of loud and boisterous recklessness. As the noise subsided, the violin took up the spirit thus engendered, and proceeded to regale the audience with a most delightful melody, while the other instruments furnished a novel accompaniment. This so pleased the audience, that another loud outburst of applause followed.

But now the violin intoned a delicious waltz-theme, inviting the assembly to select some especially graceful dancer to accompany the music's rhythm. All looked shyly at one another; no one had the courage to try. But lo! at last up stepped the least expected of the whole number—the bassoon—the clown of the orchestra! Spellbound for surprise and dumb for amusement, the audience looked on, while the audacious dancer regaled them with his awkward though well-gauged movements. Loud and spontaneous was the applause that followed on this spectacle! Some of the

instruments took a most exhilarating ascent into the regions of the treble, followed by a pleasant surprise — the harp imitating their curious movement with wondrous exactness. Again the trebles ascended; again the harp followed suit. The natural outcome of this was of course another merry outburst of applause.

But now someone said: "We have quite forgotten the violin and 'cello." Wherewith the two original soloists were again ushered forward and began a most beautiful duet. Overcome with admiration, the rest of the instruments gradually entered with their expressions of praise and delight. With a final ascending glide, the whole orchestra joined in for the Coda, everyone trying to outdo the rest, all together shouting at the top of their voices as the last note was reached. Loud were the congratulations which they dealt out to one another; the old bass fiddle, chuckling with delight, leaned over and said to his neighbor, the tuba: "That's what I call a bully good time!" Then everyone went to bed, and slept like a top.

## 71. THE ENCHANTRESS

### (Liszt's 'Die Lorelei')

—A—

*"Men are women's playthings; woman is the devil's."*

—Victor Hugo

A traveller was floating down the Rhine, when his guide, interrupting the conversation, asked: "Did you ever hear the story of the Lorelei?" Without waiting for an answer, he proceeded to tell the story. "The legend of the Lorelei is an old one," he said, "having a symbolic signification: the Rhine is life; the rocks in the water are the evils of life; the enchantress is woman; the fisherman is man." Taking then his harp, he began to sing the ballad, accompanying it with some very wonderful music.

His short introduction was full of emotional energy, pointing far off to the coming catastrophe. Then he sang, and sad was the mood: "I know not what it should mean, that I am so sad." Then the mood changed to nervous fear: "A legend of old plagues me, it will not leave my mind." After this he played an interlude, gradually leading over into a most beautiful theme — the Rhine theme, representing life, and picturing the waves glimmering in the sunset.

The mood was full of tranquillity. "The air is cool," he sang, "and darkness falls, and tranquilly flows the Rhine."

Suddenly the music's mood changed to brightness, according to the words that followed: "The peak of the mountain glitters in the sheen of sunset." Wonderfully did the singer's voice describe the sun's brightness and its final setting. But now was heard the decoying song of the Lorelei. "A wondrously beautiful maiden is seated there," he sang, as he pointed to a rock high up above the stream, "her golden tresses glitter, she is combing her golden hair." And beautiful was the description of the sunbeams in the accompaniment. "She combs it with a comb of gold," he continued, "while she sings a wonderful and stirring melody."

Now came the catastrophe theme, and the mood was full of excitement. "The fisher in his small boat," nervously sang the voice, "listens to the song spellbound." Grand was the climax which now gradually developed. "He sees not the threatening rocks, he only stares aloft." Suddenly the singer began on his instrument a description of the gurgling waters, as they buried the fisherman in their depths, adding: "It seems now that the rolling waters swallow both fisherman and boat." Then his harp seemed to paint the spreading circles in the water, which alone were left to tell the sad tale. "And this is what the Lorelei did by her singing," he concluded, the mood being filled with the intensest sadness, sorrowful and wailing cadences ending the song.

## 72. THE SONG OF THE ANVILS

### (Verdi's 'Anvil Chorus')

—A—

*"We enjoy ourselves only in our work—in our doing; and our best doing is our best enjoyment."*—Jacobi

A colony of gypsies had spent the night in a forest glen, and were just awaking with the first dim light of the morning dawn. The atmosphere was fresh and invigorating; here and there little birds began chirping in the dense foliage of the trees; all was life. The more the morning broke, the more active became the gypsy community; one by one they made their appearance, some starting a fire for the morning meal, others chopping wood for fuel, others again singing to themselves with joyful freedom and simple words.

Gradually the men assembled, and began to sing in unison, saying: "Behold how the night's shadows fly! Dawn cometh, heaven reveals its glory." And their melody described their words perfectly; for, like the rising sun, higher and higher mounted the music, growing warmer and warmer, brighter and brighter. Then they continued in the same manner: "Like to a widow, fatigued by her sighs, who lays aside her garments of mourning and sorrow."

But now some of the men, arising, said with energy: "Arise! Begin work! Each to his hammer!" Wherewith the whole band did as they were told. The anvils were put into position, the irons were heated, and the work began. While they worked they sang, keeping time with the music of the anvil-strokes. "Who makes the gypsy's life one of pleasure?" they said, while the men swung their hammers according to the rhythm of their song. "Who makes the gypsy's life one of pleasure? Who? Who is it that adorns the gypsy's life? Who makes his life one full of pleasure? The gypsy maiden." Then laying down their hammers, they rested, and cried out to the women: "Fill us a bumper." Whereupon the latter came forward with pitchers, out of which they poured the ruddiest wine, that sparkled in the sunlight most cheerily. Quaffing the delicious beverage, the men sang: "Both arm and hand derive new strength and courage from flowing beakers."

By this time the whole wood seemed ringing with bird-symphonies and a thousand other harmonious sounds. The men, strengthened by their cups of wine, took up their hammers with renewed energy and sang again with lusty lungs: "Behold how the night's shadows fly," and so forth, as at first. Truly here was a picture teeming with the busy hum and bustle of life. Here was sunrise; here was man awaking from his slumbers; here was labor; here was refreshment; here was joyfulness; here was energy! Especially grand and imposing was the chorus of the hammers striking on the anvils. It all seemed like one mighty hammer, swinging to and fro like a huge pendulum, the voices striking the first beat, the anvil-stroke the second, so that there resulted two simultaneous and yet contrary rhythms, both together forming a wonderful picture of the swinging motion of the many arms. The scene could not but remind the spectator of those well-known words of Carlyle: "Give me the man that sings at his work!" For through it all ran a golden vein of joy!

## 73. A FAIRY DANCE

### (Weber's 'Oberon Overture')

—A. S.—

*"Amusement to an observing mind is study."*—Disraeli

Softly through the deep wood sounded the mellow horn; how sweet was its tone! It was soon joined by other fairy instruments, and a rustling sound gave evidence that the fairies had, in their sleep, heard the faint summons, and were slowly waking up. Again the horn sounded; the fairies now began to rub their sleepy eyes and to realize at last that the signal was meant for them. Softly and sweetly the woody bowers rang with the melodious echoes of the horn. Of a sudden the calm was broken by the entrance of a merry troupe of fairies, springing from the dark foliage like sparkling drops of rain, from branch to branch, from leaf to leaf. This troupe was quickly followed by another, as merry and as nimble as their forerunners. The music of the forest leaves then proceeded calmly, as if waiting for more troupes. However, no more arrived. So the sign was given and a significant silence fell on everything around. It was the lull before the storm.

Without further notice or introduction the dance began in full swing. The fairies, leaping and bounding, carried their nimble little limbs to and fro like insects, while the gauzelike wings glittered in the morning sun. Gradually the music grew softer; the dancers were seating themselves for a rest. As they were about settled down, lo! again resounded the magic horn-call. Were there still some fairies missing? Yes, certain little rogues had been hiding and watching the proceedings, waiting for an opportunity to surprise their companions. With a laugh and a shout they began now to leap right into the midst of the rest, followed in a moment by a second boisterous reinforcement. The music of the woodland now rose and swelled with a series of very full chords, which of a sudden came to an abrupt end; it was the signal for the renewal of the dance.

Once more the merry dancers arose; all now joined forces. Wildly they swung around, one vying with the other for the honor of being the fleetest. Some of the fairies seemed to be playing on flutes, regaling the ear with some of the most mellifluous runs imaginable. Up and down the fairies now glided, like eels in a clear

stream. As to the conclusion of the dance, it was rather noisy than beautiful, seeming to consist of fast scales in the melody, and a series of heavy chords in the harmony. But it served its purpose, and left all who heard it under the impression that fairies, once fully aroused, are capable of quite a deal of boisterous fun and unbridled jollity.

## 74. A SUMMER NIGHT

### (Chopin's 'F-Sharp Major Nocturne')

— s —

*"It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy; and the two can not be separated with impunity."*—Ruskin

All was quiet, and nightfall had crept over creation. Every soul was asleep except one individual, who, struck by the beauty of the scene lay gazing aloft into the deep blue heavens. The day had passed, with its toil and worry, and he was at rest; his work had been successful and therefore gratifying, and the mood in which he found himself was that of a refined and delicate joy. His poetic fancy seemed to hear some genial spirit singing softly through the night-air a song of peacefulness and rest. Gradually he began to perceive other sounds around him — a slight hum, a buzzing, a piping voice here and there. It was the insect-world that now impressed itself upon his attending brain, that little, yet (in its way) great world of innumerable creatures, filled with activity and unending vigor.

At this point the man seemed to hear a threefold ascent in the mystic music, reaching a fine climax, then descending again. A wonderful passage was this; it was a vivid picture of that sensation people experience when the sounds of the insect-world begin to increase (as it seems to the ear), causing the mind to think that the silence of night is after all only imaginary. Now the song increased in speed. In the midst of this miniature insect-world the dreaming man's spirit arose—man, the king of creation, the immortal, the heir of everlasting joys, destined for the glory of eternal activity! Peaceful thought now yielded to lively enthusiasm; the ruler of earth thought of his plans, his ambitions, his hopes; his breast swelled, his mind soared, his heart sighed;

all was glory, all was success, all was wealth; till the spirit of reason, with her low, warning voice, sounding like the wailing half-tone of a singing wind, solemnly said: "Castles in the air! Castles in the air! Go earn your dollar ere you spend it!"

Enthusiasm had had its hour, reality returned; the dreamer again became conscious of the little insect-world around him, busy as it was without boasting, joyful without elation, persevering without pride. The lesson sank deep into his soul; yea, deeper and deeper it penetrated; he was convinced, he was moved, he slumbered in the arms of wisdom!

## 75. CHRISTMAS

### (Gruber's 'Stille Nacht')

—A—

*"As the print of the seal on the wax is the express image of the seal itself, so Christ is the express image—the perfect representation of God."*—S. Ambrose

It was Christmas morning; the spotless snow lay on the ground and the little stars, still faintly sparkling in the sky, looked down like angels on the placid landscape. From the distance was heard the sound of chimes, and here and there could be seen a group of people on their way to church. Soon the organ's sweet tones also made themselves heard, and, as we approached the church, we could notice that the services were about to start. We shook the snow from our shoes, entered the hallowed portals, and quietly took our place among the devout faithful. There to the side we beheld the beautiful Christmas-crib, with its stable and shepherds, its sheep and moss-covered landscape. In the center was the little Babe. Our hearts began to bulge with that rare joy—the joy of Christmas day!

From the choir-loft suddenly sounded angelic voices, singing: "Silent night, holy night, all creatures sleep, only the comely and holy pair are awake, Joseph and Mary." Filled with reverence, we listened spellbound. Then the voices continued: "Beautiful Babe with curly hair, slumber on in thy heavenly rest." And, as the chimes repeated the last strains, we dried the tears that gathered in our eyes. The second verse followed: "Silent night, holy night, first made known to the shepherds, through the Alleluja of

the angels resounding from far and near, saying: Christ the Redeemer is here!" Filled with emotion, we buried our heads in our hands and wept. That little song, so simple and so short, had pierced us with a never-to-be-forgotten nobility, wrapped up as it was with the very principles and ideals of our Christian heritage, representing the foundation of our religious convictions, and therefore closely joined to our practical, everyday life.

## 76. HOPE'S TRIUMPH

### (Gottschalk's 'Last Hope')

—A. S.—

*"Music wakes the soul, and lifts it high, and wings it with sublime desires, and fits it to bespeak the Deity."*—Addison

A lady lay on her death-bed. At her side watched a young man, who had often entertained her with his wonderful piano-playing; for he was a master on that instrument. Turning to him, she softly said: "In pity, dear Moreau, one last little melody—the last hope." He took a seat at the piano and began to improvise. His introduction opened with two solemn strains, as if an organ were playing, while delicate little embellishments like distant silver bells were heard high in the treble. These little bell-sounds reminded the lady of the angels, as if they were playing on sweet-voiced instruments that wafted their echoes from the far away land of promise. After these heavenly echoes had ceased, the music developed a series of very beautiful ascending figures, picturing the longing of the soul to break away from the body; these figures ended in a powerful and high climax, whence the music again descended, growing very solemn and grave; it was the soul's meditation on inevitable death: "Dust thou art, to dust returnest!" The lady was slowly breathing her last.

The tinkling of the heavenly instruments was now heard closer, and the angels seemed approaching nearer, while the soul advanced as it were to meet them. In the lower register was heard the real theme of "The Last Hope," pursuing its placid and beautiful course, like a crystal stream,—a melody of great appeal, containing the remembrance of life with all its romance and facts, its joys and sorrows, its dreams and realities, and last but not least —its final hopes. After a short transition, there was heard again

the silvery tinkling of the heavenly instruments, now returning with increased energy and greater volume of sound, while the "Last Hope" melody was repeated with a fuller and brighter movement, the treble being added to the lower register. Higher and higher the soul of the lady mounted, louder and louder the angelic music grew to her ears, earth was slowly swallowed up by the ever-increasing joys of the next world. Indeed, it was the 'last hope,' but also the 'best hope.' The lady's soul was rejoicing in its coming immortality.

The angelic instruments had almost ceased; but the melody remained in the treble, always growing more ethereal and heavenly, especially toward the end. The departing soul was now entering the skies; dimmer and dimmer grew the scene to her human eyes, farther and farther was she wafted upward to her "home, sweet home." At last time faded away, eternity alone remained; the 'last hope' had become a reality!

## 77. A SOUL PHOTOGRAPHED

### (Rubinstein's 'Kamennoi')

—A. S.—

*"Truth makes the face of that person shine who speaks and owns it."*
—South

Rubinstein, the great Russian pianist and composer, once met a very beautiful and clever lady, whose well-defined face so impressed him that he proposed to draw it in music. This novel feat he accomplished in the following manner. He began by putting the melody in the bass, while the accompaniment he placed in the treble—rather an unusual process, and one which must therefore have had some reason. He argued thus: Depth of feeling is more properly expressed by low tones than high ones; hence, if I wish to express the lady's soul above all, my musical instinct tells me to set the melody in the deeper register, using the higher register only for the exterior features, even as an artist who paints his subject with heavy shadows, allowing the high lights to fall on the unimportant parts of the facial surface. But the melody itself the great composer very carefully fashioned, causing it to indicate a soul full of peace and composure, with the refinement of exterior etiquette to set off to advantage its reflected interior beauty.

Next, the piece developed a choral-like strain, indicative of the spirit of seriousness, religion, piety, prayer, solid principles, there being no lightness whatever in its make-up. By listening to it, one might imagine its counterpart in the lady's face, more particularly in the brow, bespeaking noble motives and an elevated spirituality. Soon the choral-like strain was followed by a loud brazen passage, giving us to understand that the face of the lady was not one of dullness and weakness, but evidencing rather a soul fired with energy, determination, power, and impetuosity. Then was repeated the soul theme, as at first, but more elaborately, effecting thus a powerful climax, not by increased tempo or added excitement, but by its straightforwardness and firmness, hinting at the soul's solidly-fashioned character. In one word, Rubinstein seemed to paint with tones in the same manner as Byron with words, when the latter wrote: "Her eye . . . was large and dark, suppressing half its fire until she spoke; then, through its soft disguise flashed an expression more of pride than ire, and love than either."

## 78. A FAIRY WONDER

### (Poldini's 'Waltzing Doll')

—A. S.—

*"He who esteems trifles for themselves is a trifler; he who esteems them for the conclusions to be drawn from them, or the advantage to which they can be put, is a philosopher."*—Bulwer

A little girl having received a beautiful doll for her birthday, thought that there was nothing in the world so beautiful. Day and night the doll had to go along with her, and she thought of hardly anything else. One night she had a dream. She thought she saw her dolly come to life and stand before her smiling and bowing. She wondered what dolly would do; and she soon found out. Immediately a band of doll musicians entered, and began playing a most delightful waltz. Dolly allowed them to continue while she stood by very gracefully, as if waiting for her chance.

One, two, three, and off she glided, like a jumping-jack, so that the little girl could not help laughing. However, as the dance progressed, she began to admire her dolly, for she found that with all her peculiar twists and turns, she possessed much grace and agility. Indeed, she grew so exultant over the talent of her dolly that she began to applaud loudly. The noise she made brought all

the dolls of the neighborhood to the scene, who, when they saw the wonderful dancing of the little girl's doll, themselves began to dance along, so that soon there was such a confusion of saw-dust legs and arms and broken heads that the little girl, fearing for her dolly, rushed right into the midst of the dancers and seized her, crying out: "O my dearest dolly, come along with me, and when we get home we can dance to our heart's content."

The little girl opened her eyes. The sun was just peeping through the window-shade, and the smiling old nurse was standing over the bed saying: "Mary, what's the matter?" The little girl then realized that all that had passed was only a dream; beside her lay her dolly, but lifeless as a stone. Then the old nurse said: "Mary, you'll have many another dream before you die; come, it's time to get up." That was Mary's first experience in the fickleness of life's happiest expectations!

## 79. THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

(Herbert's 'American Fantasie')

—A. S.—

*"Of the whole sum of human life no small part is that which consists of a man's relations to his country, and his feelings concerning it."*—Gladstone

It was the Fourth of July. The whole city was decorated with red, white, and blue, while great crowds were waiting for the procession to pass. At length it made its appearance. The band in the lead struck up a very spirited strain, full of the true American spirit—loud, bold effects, with a dash and rhythm that reflected most excellently the nation's progressive temperament and wide-awake nature.

Then came the second band. With all its power it intoned "Hail Columbia," as if to indicate the union of all the states sending forth their voice of freedom to the whole world. The people, moved with great power, thus sang along with the strains: "Hail Columbia, happy land! Hail! ye heroes, heaven-born band, firm, united, let us be, rallying round our liberty! As a band of brothers joined, peace and safety we shall find."

By this time a third band made its appearance. The atmosphere changed; tenderness and poetic sentiment now began to make

themselves felt. For through the air wafted the sweet strains of "Old Folks at Home," or "Swanee River." The melody was played languidly on an instrument that sounded just like a human voice; one could almost hear it sing the following words of the song: "Way down upon de Swanee River, far, far away, dere's wha my heart is turning ever, dere's wha de old folks stay. All de world is sad and dreary, everywhere I roam," etc.

As the strains of "Swanee River" were echoing in the distance, another band neared; the drummer was beating his drum with as typical and snappy a beat as was ever dreamed of by the most red-blooded Yankee! It set the patriotic nerves in motion, and made the marching soldiers keep the step with an excellent precision. How the people cheered them as they passed by with their brisk step and smiling faces! But just then the fifes began the old favorite: "The Girl I Left Behind Me." The people grew more and more enthusiastic. So the bugles also entered, one company contrasted with the other. The atmosphere was as patriotic and as American as could be, the four elements—the drum, the fife, and the two counter-calls of the bugles—all together expressing a glorious picture of unity! The populace waved and shouted as the flower of their youth passed by. But hark! their enthusiasm waxed still more intense as the drum gave the customary signal, and the next regimental band intoned the never-to-be-forgotten "Dixie."

In the fascinating rhythm and melody of "Dixie" is couched the American phase of joy and sunshine, haste and restless striving. This just suited the throng, and the words came irresistibly to more than one: "I wish I was in the land of cotton, old times dar am not forgotten, look away! look away! look away! Dixie land! In Dixie land whar I was born in, early on one frosty mornin', look away, look away, look away, Dixie land! Den I wish I was in Dixie, hooray, hooray! In Dixie land I'll take my stand, to live and die in Dixie, away, away, away down south in Dixie! Away, away, away down south in Dixie!" As the last note of "Dixie" sounded, the drummer summoned up all his strength, while the bugler vigorously sent forth his shrill notes; something greater than ever was pending—what could it be? The breasts of the populace were now bulging with expectancy. And not without reason; for there in the distance the 'Red, White, and Blue' waved in the breeze. Without further ado another approaching band burst forth with the moving strains:

"Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." All eyes were strained upon the sublime sight, as they gazed in the distance at the waving banner. The words of the song instinctively entered every heart: "O Columbia, the gem of the ocean, the home of the brave and the free, the shrine of each patriot's devotion, a world offers homage to thee. Thy mandates make heroes assemble, when liberty's form stands in view; thy banners make tyranny tremble, when borne by the Red, White, and Blue, when borne by the Red, White, and Blue," etc. By this time the flag had come quite near, and was waving in the breeze before the eyes of all.

The last and largest band of all now intoned the thrilling strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner." All hats were reverently removed, every eye grew moist, a thousand voices were lifted with the emotion of unbounded patriotism, as together the whole throng accompanied the band with the words: "O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light, what so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming, whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight, o'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, gave proof through the night that our flag was still there. O say, does that star-spangled banner still wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?"

## 80. THE LITTLE BOY'S DREAM

### (Chaminade's 'Les Sylvains — The Fauns')

—A. S.—

*"The essence of poetry is fiction."*—Cardinal Newman

A little boy who had been poring over a book of ancient mythology, fell asleep and had a dream. He thought he was in a dense wood near Athens, where he saw the swaying branches and heard the rustling leaves all around him. Moreover it appeared to him that some shepherd was playing a beautiful melody on his pipe. Of a sudden, while he was dreamily gazing and listening, he beheld not far away some queer little creatures, looking just like the fauns described in the tales of mythology he had been reading. They glided quickly here and there, leaped about with incredible agility, made comic grimaces, now appeared and again disappeared, but always very gracefully and cunningly.

Then he thought he heard the shepherd's melody again, echoing through the branches of the verdant trees. Nature seemed to be singing to him of the delights to be found in her woody bowers, and of the pleasures of her green nooks, of the sweet-throated songsters inhabiting her secret solitudes, of a thousand and one joys never tasted by the busy city folk. Here the fauns again made their appearance suddenly. To and fro, up and down, forwards and backwards, hither and thither, like sparks of living animal activity they flitted, till they melted away like dreams. And such they really were.

Still again the shepherd's beautiful melody persisted in returning, with all its grace and tender appeal. Moreover, the very breezes seemed now to be playing melodies on the æolian harps of the tree tops, while the gusts of wind marked the accents with playful variety. The sunshine, peeping through the foliage, smiled on the whole scene, as if to say: 'How beautiful is nature!' Then the music seemed to come to a conclusion with some beautiful chords and figures, decorated with dainty embellishments; the fauns were bidding a naive farewell! Waking from his dream, the little boy found himself on the sofa. He thought his dream was one of the prettiest he had ever had; and it never after left his memory.

## 81. LAZY HANS

(Dukas' 'L'Apprenti Sorcier')

—A—

*"Troubles spring from idleness, and grievous toils from needless ease."*—Franklin

Once upon a time there lived an old magician, who by certain charms could cause inanimate things to act as if they were alive. Hans, his apprentice, whose duty it was to sweep and scrub the premises, was a very lazy lad. He had often heard the old man utter his incantations and had by sheer force of habit learned some of them by heart. So one day, when the other members of the household were absent, this lazy Hans resolved on practicing some magic himself!

One of his duties—which he thoroughly detested—was to fetch water from a near-by creek. Aha—he conceives an idea! Standing like a general in the army, he thus addresses the broom: "Sirrah, I command you to take the bucket and fetch water for the tubs

in the kitchen." Then, uttering the magic formula, he beholds the broom actually step forth, moving solemnly from its corner and proceeding to obey the behest. The bucket is carried to the creek, filled, and returned; the contents are poured into one of the tubs.

Hans, much delighted, views with extreme satisfaction tub after tub filled to the brim, while he himself has but to sit down at his ease and quietly look on. But now the last tub is full. Horrors! Hans forgets the formula necessary to break the charm. The broom, continuing faithfully to carry water, begins to deluge the whole kitchen, despite the protests of Hans and his frantic efforts to withhold the zealous laborer from further activities.

Of a sudden an idea flashes across the lad's mind. An axe—a blow—and the broom flies into two pieces. But lo! In two parts, it begins to double its labors. Everything is flooded; the cat and her kittens leap to the top of the cupboard and set up such an unearthly whining and mewing that the old magician is brought in a hurry to the scene. "Klix-nix, becka-lecka, woof-bing!" he cries out, and at the word the broom is made whole, returning peacefully to its corner.

"Rascal, see what you have done!" Thus did the angry master address his apprentice. Then, after thoroughly spanking him, he ordered him to straightway repair the damage. It was twelve o'clock midnight when Hans finished his task! He went to bed with the resolution never again to evade his work by shoving it upon the shoulders of others!

## 82. THE HOMESICK BOHEMIAN

### (Smetana's 'Bohemian Fantasie')

— s —

*"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."*—Payne

Seated on the corner of a street was an old ragged Bohemian, with his fiddle under his arm. His face seemed to be joyful despite his penury, although a slight trace of homesickness could be discerned in his haggard brow. Putting his violin to his chin, he began to play. His introduction was full of vim and fire, the sharp ascending figures of the music seeming ready to mount to the highest treble, full of the spirit of energy and joy. Then he started a most beautiful bit of song, that seemed to close his

dreaming eyes, and take him back in spirit to his 'home sweet home.' There can be a tear of tender memory even in the midst of gayety!

It was not long however before his beautiful song rose like a bird to the higher register with a great increase of energy and a touch of sunny joy, as if the Bohemian were beginning to think of the good fellowship left behind at home—in his dear Bohemia! Of a sudden there was a twinkle in his eye. His violin was soon twittering like a bird. He was borne back on the wings of memory to his former surroundings, and his heart broke forth with a flood of innate brightness. His joy literally overflowed; his feet began to move irresistibly; his fingers impatiently twitched as they raced up and down the finger-board of his dear old fiddle—a friend of almost synonymous meaning with his very country! As he grew more joyful, the music waxed faster.

Now some fond recollection seemed to flit momentarily across the old man's memory, as he played a delicious bit of melody. Then he returned to his previous joy. Again his feet kept time, faster and faster he played, till he was bubbling over with joy and vivacity, nay, the notes seemed to fly like sparks from his nimble touch. He ended his performance with one of those good old-time endings—a bombastic repetition of loud chords, his face all smiles and full of gayety, as if he were conscious of a whole world's admiration, though there were only a handful of pedestrians standing near. One of these reached him a small coin for his music; for which the simple old fellow gave hearty thanks, then went contentedly on his way.

## 83. THE RIVER OF LIFE

### (Raff's 'Cavatina')

— s —

*"Life is before you; not an earthly life alone, but an endless life; a thread running interminably through the work of eternity."*

—Holland

One evening as a lady, seated in her room, was reading the poet Longfellow, her eye fell upon the following beautiful lines: "Our lives are rivers gliding free, in that unfathomed, boundless sea, the silent grave. Thither all earthly pomp and boast roll, to be swallowed up and lost in one dark wave." As she meditated on these deep words, a violinist, who lived next door, began

playing a beautiful melody. The lady listened attentively, and thought thus to herself: "The melody of this piece is a musical duplicate of the words of Longfellow that I have just read."

"Our lives are rivers." She read the first lines again, and the music seemed indeed like a river, sometimes high, sometimes low, but always flowing on, never abating, hurrying to its basin without fail. Thus time hastens, she thought to herself, and nothing can withhold its onward course. "Gliding free," she read further, and the music rose still higher, picturing to her mind how time glides away, free and unhindered by man's endeavors. "In that unfathomed, boundless sea." Here the music reminded her of a high eminence, as if she were standing thereon and gazing down into the yawning abyss of life's inevitable end — "the silent grave!" Indeed the music seemed tinged with sadness as this point was reached.

Finally she read: "Thither all earthly pomp and boast roll — to be swallowed up and lost in one dark wave." The music presented now a bold picture of life's painted greatness, a panorama as it were of all its 'pomp and boast'; however, gradually growing brighter, the strains seemed to tell her that life, though doubtful in its course, can still end well. Thus she listened, and long after the violinist had put aside his instrument, the beautiful melody still rang in her ears and suggested the undying truths of Longfellow's lines. Thus we see that poetry and music are most closely allied, and that love for the one always promotes love for the other.

## 84. RECOLLECTIONS OF HOME

### (Foster's 'My Old Kentucky Home')

—A. S.—

*"There is no happiness in life, and there is no misery, like that growing out of the dispositions which consecrate or desecrate a home."*—Chapin

Many years ago, when slavery was still allowed in our American republic, there stood in the heart of Kentucky a grand old mansion, called "Federal Hill." Thither there came for an occasional visit a young man, whose love for poetry and music made him always anxious to find some spot or other that might inspire him with fine thoughts and pleasant melodies. "Federal Hill"

just suited him. For there he saw the old negro slaves, as they lived together in those times; and carefully studying their whole manner of life, both their joys and their sorrows, he committed his observations to paper, afterwards arranging them in verses, and composing for these verses a most beautiful and fitting melody.

In these verses he gave expression to the following sentiments. First of all he spoke of his reminiscences of a former visit, when on a hot summer evening he had passed by one of the negro huts, where the inhabitants were enjoying a most delightful recreation, both young and old giving vent to their joyful feelings. To-day, as he passed by that hut, he found all things altered; the smiles were no more, the little children had vanished from the cabin-floor, the whole place was deserted. "Hard times had come a-knocking at the door," that is, another master had bought the family and taken them far away to labor in other fields!

These touching thoughts the young composer comprised in a few stanzas, and added after each one a refrain, beginning: "Weep no more, my lady," etc., wherein he seemed to echo the soothing strains of the exiled laborers, comforting one another in their sorrow by recalling the pleasant times formerly spent at "My Old Kentucky Home." So well were all these poetic sentiments expressed in the music fitted to them, that the song soon became the favorite of thousands of music-lovers, and gradually found a permanent place in the heart of all the people, even in lands far distant from America. For the thought of 'home' is one of the most powerful thoughts a man can have, and, if well expressed in poetry or music, brings great pleasure as well as benefit. Therefore the young man who composed this beautiful song was, in his way, a truly great poet and a truly great composer.

## 85. A BEAUTIFUL CHORD OF MUSIC

### (Sullivan's 'Lost Chord')

—A. S.—

*"Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not heal."*—Moore

A young lady sat at the organ; the shades of evening were falling fast, and she was soon lost in a deep reverie. Her fingers

wandered idly over the keys, and she hardly knew what she was playing; her mind grew more and more vague, dreaming of wonderful but very indistinct things. Of a sudden she struck a chord, that seemed to contain in itself greater beauty than she had ever before heard or even imagined. So captivated was she with its transcendent sound that her fingers as it were in very reverence receded from the keyboard, and silence fell on all around. In her memory the chord still resounded; and it seemed to her like a grand Amen, sung by thousands and thousands of voices. Its majesty and power so overwhelmed her, that she could do naught but sit there in wonder, gazing into empty space.

At length, after her ecstasy had spent itself, she came to, and her first thought was to again strike that wonderful chord. But alas! She had forgotten where her fingers had been placed, the combination was lost; nor could she, with all her subsequent searching, ever find it again. The memory of it indeed remained, but the chord itself was lost forever. Forever? She could not persuade herself of this. "Can it be," she said to herself, "that such a divine chord, which entered so deeply into my soul, could be lost? No," she exclaimed, "it can not be; though I never find it again on this earth, still I have an eternity left wherein to search for it and find it, too. Heaven can restore to us everything! Heaven must be mine!" So from that day earth had less attractions for her, heaven many more, all on account of one beautiful chord of music!

## 86. ORPHEUS' GREAT LOVE

### (Gluck's 'Orpheus Ballet')

—A. S.—

*"Love reckons hours for months, and days for years; and every little absence is an age."*—Dryden

Orpheus was the son of Apollo, and a wonderful musician, who, finding himself bereft by death of his dearly beloved wife Eurydice, resolved to betake himself to the lower regions to reclaim her, using his wondrous gift of music as the means of accomplishing his purpose. As he entered the lower world the shades or spirits expressed to one another in mystic conversation their mutual wonder; for his music was indeed extraordinary and entrancing. Even the Furies bowed their serpent-covered heads

in acknowledgment, while unwonted tears oozed from their heartless eyes; nay, they began a hymn in honor of the matchless musician. All the spirits joined in, even Pluto and Proserpine, the regents of Hades.

Congratulating Orpheus on his wonderful talent, the spirits now began their slow and solemn dance, pointing to the distance where in the dim mist appeared the advancing form of Eurydice. Oh! how the soul of Orpheus now began to exult, filled with all affection, nay increasing more and more in its deep and sincere longing, till his interior was bursting with the vehemence of love, breaking out like a flame from his expectant brow. Turning with tears half-way toward his approaching Eurydice, (for he was allowed to reclaim her only on condition that he should not look at her till he had again reached the earth), he uttered sighs and exclamations of the warmest affection.

Who will tell the bliss of approaching possession that now expanded in the bosom of Orpheus, as Eurydice came nearer and nearer? Again he broke out in fervent sighs and loving expressions. Lo! Eurydice now stands before him, and although he may not look upon her face, his eyes shed tears of joy, while in his own countenance is seen the depth of his burning love which speaks louder than words. "Come," he at length said to her, "let us away!" As they departed, the spirits watched them and with one soul wished them well. Are not such great examples of loving fidelity potent to move us to great admiration? Even after death had torn his wife away from him, Orpheus still loved her, nor could any other love usurp the place which her love had obtained in his soul!

## 87. HUNGARIAN GYPSY LIFE

(Liszt's 'Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2')

— s —

*"If there be light, then there is darkness; if cold, then heat; if height, depth also; if solid, then fluid; hardness and softness; roughness and smoothness; calm and tempest; prosperity and adversity; life and death."*—Pythagoras

A company of Hungarian gypsies were resting. They looked very melancholy. One might have thought they were all about

to attend a funeral! However, this lethargy was only their weaker self; soon their stronger nature began to assert itself, and some roused themselves for labor. But alas, not many followed the good example. Lack of energy was still master over the great majority. At this the more lively gypsies grew impatient, and began to make noises, crying out and even shrieking, in order to wake their brethren. Their efforts proved successful only for a moment; the tyrant 'depression' soon again cast his stony, stony spell over the camp, and all was still and dead.

But what is that noise? The cry of war is raised! Enemies are reported near! There is now no delay in answering the summons. That "proud and warlike enthusiasm," so native to the Hungarian temperament, has been aroused, and one and all are up and doing in the twinkling of an eye, girding on their swords and saddling their horses. The former lethargy is broken in twain. The gypsy soul-life wails, it cries out, it shrieks and shouts in wildest glee. The signal is given. From all sides rush the animated warriors, leaping and shouting, whirling about in a perfect storm of enthusiasm. But the alarm is now found to have been a false one. Some gypsy has played a trick on the rest! Exhausted and peeved, the proud warriors again sink down to rest, and start to compose themselves to sleep. But once again the cry is raised. Now it is found to be no false alarm. Slowly raising themselves, they first make sure of the truth of the alarm; then, giving spurs to their horses, they join forces for the fray, rushing forward with dauntless zeal, overthrowing every obstacle, and despising all opposition. At length their triumphant cry can be heard from all sides. Victory is theirs. Not only the visible enemy is conquered, but also the tyrant—'depression.'

## 88. THE POWER OF AFFECTION

### (Beethoven's 'Coriolan Overture')

—A. S.—

*"There is in life no blessing like affection; it soothes, it hallows, elevates, subdues."*—Landon

Gaius Marcus Coriolanus was called thus by the ancient Romans

because it was principally through his prowess that the capital city of the Volsci—Corioli—had been taken. Some time afterward a famine prevailed in Rome, during which Coriolanus made the mistake of his life. For, desiring the tribuneship to be abolished, he thought to use this occasion for carrying out his purpose, refusing to distribute the provisions obtained from Sicily unless his wish were gratified. Such a policy of force brought upon him the anger of the populace; and the flame was so far enkindled that the offended plebeians demanded his exile.

Coriolanus, banished from Rome, was soon filled with the spirit of revenge. He betook himself to the Volsci, to the very ones whom he himself had conquered, and aroused them against his own fatherland. This rude people, only too ready to seize upon such an occasion of retaliation, approached under the command of Coriolanus even to the very walls of Rome and there pitched their tents. So quickly was all this accomplished, that the Romans had not even time to raise an army of defense. The Senate therefore was compelled to send an embassy to the enemy to arrange terms. But the answer was haughtily given, that nothing else could purchase peace but the complete freedom of the Volsci.

Rome was thrown into a panic. Coriolanus was well known! His valor was feared; his strength had already been tested. But the emotions of the heart are sometimes more potent than the combined efforts of muscle and brain! The mother of Coriolanus, with his wife and children, was sent out to him. Ah, now his heart was racked by the two opposing forces—black revenge and pure filial love! On the one hand his spirit of revenge rose like a mighty ocean and tossed the bark of his soul to and fro; on the other the tears and sighs of his mother, her entreaties and emotional pleading, rent his heart and took his strong will captive, so that he was unable to resist. The tender love he had for his mother and his family conquered; he withdrew his forces. And though this bending to the dictates of nobler nature subsequently cost him his life, still he died with the assurance that he had been saved by his mother's love from the jaws of that terrible monster—revenge. He left this world a conqueror—not indeed of Rome—but of his own passions!

## 89. GOOD FRIDAY

### (Palestrina's 'Popule Meus')

—A—

*"Jesus Christ, the condescension of divinity, and the exaltation of humanity."*—Brooks

Christ the Redeemer, crucified on Mount Calvary, thus pitifully addressed His people from His cross: "Popule meus, quid feci tibi?" (My people, what have I done to thee?) "Aut in quo contristavi te?" (Or in what have I molested thee?) "Responde mihi" (Answer thou me). "Quia eduxi te de terra Aegypti" (For I led thee out of the land of Egypt) "parasti crucem Salvatori tuo" (And therefore thou hast prepared a cross for thy Saviour).

Then the people, hearing this just and most heartrending complaint against their great ingratitude (for they knew that their sins had crucified Christ), overcome with contrition, thus implored for mercy: "Agios O Theos" (Holy God) "Sancte Deus" (holy God) "Agios ischyros" (holy, powerful), "Sanctus, fortis" (holy, powerful), "Agios athanatos eleison imas" (have mercy on us), "miserere nobis" (have mercy on us). Then Christ, hearing their heartfelt prayer, looked down upon them with His gentle eyes, and said: "All is forgiven; go, sin no more."

## 90. THE KING'S CORONATION

### (Elgar's 'Pomp and Circumstance')

—A—

*"Through every pulse the music stole, and held sublime communion with the soul; wrung from the coyest breast the imprisoned sigh, and kindled rapture in the wildest eye."*—Montgomery

The day of the appointed ceremonies had arrived. Wonderful and rare were the preparations made. A canopy of velvet trimmings fringed with gold, glared in the bright sunlight, its crimson glory contrasting splendidly with the fresh green of the surrounding shrubbery and trees. The soldiery and guards wore their gala uniforms; everyone was out to see the new King take formal possession of his throne. Gathered together in one magnificent assemblage were hundreds and hundreds of musicians, all forming one huge band, ready to greet the sovereign upon his arrival.

All ears were awaiting anxiously for the band to announce the King's coming, for a new and (as report had it) very stirring march had been composed for the occasion. At last a flutter was observed in the distance; the carriage of his Majesty with its milk-white horses, wound its way slowly through the cheering crowds. The band-master held his baton aloft; every instrument was placed in readiness. With one mighty blast the whole vast multitude of musicians intoned one of the most magnificent march themes that the people had ever heard. There was no one in that immense concourse of auditors but was moved very perceptibly with the intense feeling of the occasion's grandeur, because the mood of the music was perfectly in accord with the place and time.

But now came a sweet contrast; excitement and pomp were replaced by smoothness and peace,—a tender melody, as beautiful as it was soothing and tranquil, slowly pursuing its way like a crystal stream through a woodland dell. The audience was thereby made to feel the interior elated emotions arising from the exterior view of grandeur. However, of a sudden everyone was again aroused by the music returning to its first theme, and they began once more to observe the pompous character of what was taking place about them. By the time this tremendous band had completed the wonderful march, all hearts were glowing with the mood of grandeur which it so well depicted, and the composer, being loudly applauded by all the people, was graciously knighted not long thereafter by the appreciative sovereign.

## 91. THE PROCESSION

### (Franck's 'Panis Angelicus')

—A. S.—

*"Men who neglect Christ, and try to win heaven through moralities, are like sailors at sea in a storm, who pull, some at the bowsprit, and some at the mainmast, but never touch the helm."*

—H. W. Beecher

Every year on the feast of Corpus Christi, in every Catholic church, no matter how small, is celebrated with especial ceremonies the remembrance of the Last Supper. The Holy Bread, or the Bread of Angels, is carried around in procession, amid the singing

and prayers of the devout people. Such was the scene which a certain traveller witnessed in a little French village; and so beautiful was the impression it made on him that he never forgot it. Afterwards he thus poetically described it for the benefit of his fellow men.

First I heard the voice of man, like the mystic sound of a violoncello, bewailing his fallen nature and inborn proneness to evil. How full of meaning were his words! There was more therein than mere speech; I could detect the soul's deepest feelings. Now in spirit I saw this fallen man, this hiding Adam, bow his head in shame and compunction of heart, remaining silent before the offended majesty and justice of his Creator. But hardly had I observed these things, when a silvery voice entered, like that of an angel, comforting man and reminding him of the divine benignity of Christ the Redeemer.

The voice said: "Panis angelicus fit panis hominum" (The Bread of Angels becomes the Bread of men); "Dat panis coelicus figuris terminum" (This heavenly Bread puts an end to mere figures); "O res mirabilis, manducat Dominum" (O wonder,—the Lord is received) "Pauper, servus, servus et humilis" (By the poor man, the servant, and the humble).

While the angels now repeated their assuring words and comforting strains, man's voice was heard from the depths of his sufferings and ills, calling upon his Savior for mercy and compassion, and offering his heart's sincerest gratitude for the gift of the "Bread of Angels."

## 92. A QUEEN'S DANCE

(Thomas' 'Polonaise from Mignon')

—A—

*"Music resembles poetry; in each are numerous graces which no methods teach, and which a master-hand alone can reach."*—Pope

Titania, Queen of the fairies, was once presented with a beautiful wreath by her subjects in honor of her great beauty and extraordinary accomplishments. In gratitude she sang for them a most delightful and florid song. Raising her sceptre, she said: "Observe

how my sceptre shines, but also behold the beautiful wreath which has been given me for a crown!" Then drawing together all her strength, she burst forth in a most wonderful melody, saying: "Yes, I'm fair Titania, glad and gay; I wander through the whole world, unhindered and free, dancing and singing, blithe as a bird that soars through the high heavens. My heart is ever happy, my brow ever joyful and bright. Around me dance the fairies of my realm, on the light fantastic toe; for I am fair Titania, Queen of all the fairies!"

At this the fairies could no longer withhold their admiration and pleasure; they broke out in loud and joyous applause, dancing and gesticulating to the rhythm of her song. Thus both queen and subjects celebrated the happy occasion with some of the most beautiful music that ears have ever heard, and never since has quite so sweet and melodious a concert been heard in fairyland; for Titania very rarely lifts her voice in such profusion, and the other fairies can imitate her but so poorly that they are afraid to open their mouths! As good fortune had it, a great composer happened to be hiding in secret when the above song was sung; and retaining every note in his memory, he went home and copied it down on paper, so that such a magnificent piece of music might not be lost to posterity.

## 93. THE EFFECTS OF IGNORANCE

### (Ponchielli's 'Dance of the Hours')

—A—

*"Ignorance is the curse of God; knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven."*—Shakespeare

A composer, wishing to show how a man, unless he acquires knowledge and thus conquers ignorance, will bring upon himself the baneful effects of the latter, hit upon the following plan. He chose the idea of night and day striving with each other for the mastery, the night representing ignorance, the day knowledge. To make his music all the more effective, he decided to cast it in the Ballet form, so that while it was being presented by the instruments of the orchestra, dancers on the stage could interpret its strains.

Herein he proved himself a good judge of effects, for the mind more easily grasps intellectual truths, especially symbolic ones, if it is aided suitably by the senses.

First was heard a heavy chord from full orchestra, announcing the strife; it was accented by a cymbal-crash, which aroused everyone for something full of spirit and excitement. Then began an idyllic melody supplemented by a staccato accompaniment, the melody seeming to be pulling backward, the accompaniment forward. The stage now opened to view, and there entered six dancers clad in sombre black, representing Night, or the hours from ten P.M. to three A.M.; then six more clad in rosy pink, representing Dawn, or the morning hours, from four A.M. to nine A.M.; then another six clad in bright golden hues, signifying the day, or the hours from ten A.M. to three P.M.; finally an additional six in delicate lilac, picturing Twilight, or the hours from four P.M. to nine P.M. All these groups now moved about most gracefully, those in black, representing Night or ignorance, drawing swords as they proceeded, and brandishing them toward the rest with threatening gestures.

Of a sudden the music increased in speed and excitement; now the Dawn, Day, and Twilight began to realize that Night was really striving for the mastery, and meant to slay them all, and that, as the symbols of the arts and sciences, they would fall victims to the ruthless sword of ignorance. Indeed there now arose a wild whirling on the stage, while the group representing Night boldly attempted to slay their companions. The music fitted to this scene wonderfully, for while in the lower register ran a counter-theme, the trebles hastened up and down in a perfect maze of excited bewitchery, so that the conflict between these two features was something altogether original and skillful as well as beautifully descriptive of the action on the stage. Besides, the crashing cymbal lent a nervousness to the whole that pictured the death-dealing strokes of Night's weapons most faithfully. When all had been slain excepting the group representing Night, the curtain fell, the music ceased, and everyone was left to praise the beautiful work just witnessed and to take to heart the profitable lesson it had inculcated. One old music teacher said to his pupil: "How little do those people know who think that music is only an idle pastime!"

## 94. A DAY IN NAPLES

### (Wolf-Ferrari's 'Intermezzo No. 2')

—A. S.—

*"If the soul be happily disposed, everything becomes capable of affording entertainment, and distress will almost want a name."*

—Goldsmith

Let us suppose ourselves walking through the streets of gay Naples. We are surrounded by the bustle of the day's business and the noise of Italian city life. The sunshine seems brighter here than in other climes; the colors of the garments dazzle our half-blinded eyes; the voices of men, women, and children resound on every side, some laughing, some talking, again others singing.

The whole scene is like a glorious piece of music. We hear as it were a waltz, little rippling flutes, guitars, and mandolins, loud brass instruments, all conspiring to thrill us with the novelty and varicty of the scene. Humor? Listen to that saucy little flute rising to a giddy climax, then hastening merrily downward with a gladsomeness that points to some amusing incident just transpired, worthy of the little flute's laughter.

Next we seem to hear a contrasted melody in the lower register of more legato character and ending with a melancholy wail, suiting the scene which is now enacted before us; for our eye suddenly catches sight of a poor beggar hobbling along on his crutches, his forlorn face telling a tale of woe, while at the same time he appears to smile through his grief, as he listens to the chattering flute, rejoicing with everyone else.

Thus sight after sight regales us with its ever-fresh variety. One street after another we traverse, enjoying ourselves—as can only be done in Italy—and forgetting all our pains and sorrows. As a delicious finale to our pleasant experience we suddenly catch sight of a merry band of natives in their gaudy holiday costumes, talking and laughing to their heart's content. Oh! think we to ourselves, how various are the sons of men, and—thank God—how full of healthy, bubbling life; all glory to the men who keep alive on earth the spirit of good cheer!

## 95. THE UNPLUCKED FLOWER

### (MacDowell's 'To a Wild Rose')

—A. S.—

*"The finest qualities of our nature, like the bloom on fruits, can be preserved only by the most delicate handling."*—Howitt

One summer day a party of young people were roving through the woods hunting wild flowers. One of them, a little girl, was more curious than the rest, and left neither nook nor corner uncovered. Thus it happened that she came upon a solitary wild rose, lifting its beautiful head from amidst the dense undergrowth of a shady dell. She was entranced with the sight. The little rose was of the most delicate proportions and of a faint pink hue. It appeared to her as the very embodiment of beauty, grace, delicacy, and simplicity. The pink color of the little flower seemed such a soothing contrast to the dark green of the grass and foliage around.

But now a slight breeze began blowing, and the little girl observed how the rose slowly and gracefully bowed its head from side to side in a sort of rhythmic swing. Then she noticed that not only the rose but also the foliage and the grass were waving and keeping time as it were with the music of the breeze. She could not bring herself to pluck such a fine flower, and so left it unmolested on the stem, and hurried to join her companions.

That evening she told her experience to her older brother, who was a fine pianist and composer. After some thought, he replied: "That would make a fine piece of music." So seating himself at his piano, he improvised a most delightful little composition, using a very smooth and soft melody to picture the rose, and subduing the dark accompaniment, thus making the melody stand out prominently, just as the rose does on its stem. As to the character of the accompaniment, it seemed a musical counterpart of the dark green foliage that surrounded the rose. The breeze finally he described by a very refined and wonderful rhythm, so that the rose (the melody) was the first to sway to and fro, then in turn the foliage and the grass (the accompaniment).

The little girl was lost in admiration, and said that the little piece described the rose and all else most perfectly. But her brother thus made reply: "Music is nothing else than poetry without words; for it possesses, like poetry, three elements; first, melody, corresponding to beautiful language in poetry; then, harmony,

corresponding to depth of language in poetry; and lastly, rhythm, corresponding to versification in poetry. Music makes us think by making us feel: but poetry makes us feel by making us think." Wherewith he reached for a book of poems, that happened to lie open on his desk, saying: "I will now show you the same thing in words that I showed you a little while ago in music." Handing the book to his little sister, he pointed to the following lines:

"There is to me
A daintiness about these early flowers
That touches me like poetry. . .
They breathe
Their lives so unobtrusively, like hearts
Whose beatings are too gentle for the world."
WILLIS

Needless to say, the little girl read these lines with the greatest admiration, and, though she did not say it, thought that on that day she had learned more than a whole volume of wisdom!

## 96. THE PATIENCE OF LOVE

### (PUCCINI'S 'MADAME BUTTERFLY')

—A—

*"Our affections are our life. We live by them, they supply our warmth."*—CHANNING

A traveller once sojourned in Japan, and grew so attached to a certain young lady of the country, called Butterfly, that he won her heart and obtained her in marriage. After a while he went back to the land of his birth on business, saying that he would return soon. A long time passed, but Butterfly's expectancy was always met with disappointment. Yet, doubting not that he would return at last, she remained confident, singing a beautiful song beginning thus: "Some day he'll come," etc.

As she sat day after day at her window and gazed at the deep blue expanse of ocean, expecting to see the sail of his ship, she thought she heard some sweet music in the air. This wonderful music she called "waiting-music." And indeed, the name was a very fitting one; for it was of such a character and so constructed as to give a perfect idea of the two qualities experienced in waiting

for anything to transpire. On the one hand was heard a legato or smooth melody, representing the constancy with which the soul continues expecting, on the other a staccato or sharply broken accompaniment, indicative of the nervous unrest that goes hand in hand with that constancy. Thus did Butterfly wait and wait for her husband's return, while the wonderful music comforted her.

But ah! thoughts begin to flood her mind now,—thoughts of what may have happened! Did the rising billows of the rocking ocean bear her loved one to the depths of oblivion? At this thought the music which she had heard seemed to turn into an ocean indeed, rocking to and fro with a mighty sound, while the foam sparkled on the high waves. Soon her soul was tossing like the ocean, and her thoughts grew more restless still.

However, rousing herself, she shook off her evil forebodings and called to mind the promises and assurances of her husband, all the signs of his affection and care which he had lavished on her. Thus she never gave up hoping.

## 97. PASTORAL HAPPINESS

(German's 'Pastoral Dance')

—A. S.—

*"True contentment depends not upon what we have; a tub was large enough for Diogenes, but a world was too little for Alexander."*—Colton

As the curtain rose, a beautiful sight greeted the audience. A fair and delightful landscape stretched into the hazy distance; on the hills could be seen flocks of sheep here and there; a shepherd sat on a moss-covered rock, sheltered by a tree. The orchestra began to accompany this scene with some of the most delicious music imaginable. The basses marked the rhythm and then held out the note, while long sustained chords in the accompaniment helped to produce a spirit of peacefulness that suited the setting very well. For the shepherd began to move about the stage in a sort of rhythmic motion that told of his joyful heart and happiness supreme, smiling and looking as care-free as the happiest person in the world.

But now the music increased in its movement; the shepherd placed his oboe to his mouth and began to play along. A twinkle

of mirth was in his eye and a happy unconcern in his whole deportment. His dance became more and more joyous and rhythmic, nay he seemed to grow exultant, as his tones waxed louder and mounted into the higher register. The whole audience felt joyful, and even the most melancholy among them could not repress the smile of satisfaction that began to play upon their lips. Of a sudden the shepherd burst forth with a sigh of relief at having given vent to his joy, then returned to his first mood. An old man whispered to his neighbor: "It all reminds me of Pope's beautiful little poem beginning:

Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground."

## 98. BROTHERLY LOVE

(Cherubini's 'Guide Thou My Steps')

—A—

*"To pity distress is but human, to relieve it is Godlike."*
—Horace Mann

Terrible were the times that had beset poor France. Revolution had unfurled its bloody colors, and every day saw many victims pay the penalty of innocence. Hatred reigned supreme, and malevolence like a fierce tiger at bay watched at every corner for some helpless prey.

In the midst of all this horror a poor day-laborer—a water-carrier, Mikele by name—graced his surroundings like a beautiful flower. For all he thought of was doing good, repaying blessings for maledictions, gifts for thefts, love for hatred. And as everyone who has the spirit of love is full of joy, poor Mikele could not resist the inclination to give expression to his feelings in a beautiful song. He said:

"Guide thou my steps, O bounteous heaven, and to my project grant success!" Then, to show that he really meant what he said, he repeated the same strain, varying the words: "O let the power to me be given to bring them joy and happiness." Then, rising gradually with his voice, he added: "No, there is not the wide

world over, one recompense would me content like that small voice repeating ever: I saved from harm the innocent."

Then, overcome with the love which he had for all his fellow creatures, he sang a second verse: "Though in a mean, obscure existence, by fate's decree my lot is cast, in aiding those who need assistance my days remaining shall be passed; that when my earthly course is ended, they, who will o'er my grave lament, may say: The helpless he defended, and saved from harm the innocent."

Finally, falling on his knees, he most earnestly begged heaven to assist him in his project, saying: "How to act, O heaven, guide me, for my dear children I must care; if some ill should now betide me, who would watch o'er my father dear?" As he sang thus, he paused now and then to sob and utter a silent prayer. Then he continued with great firmness: "But I hear that voice repeating ever, urging me to fulfill my intent, to aid the weak with high endeavor, to save from harm the innocent."

## 99. THE MUSICAL PICTURE

(Mascagni's 'Intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana')

— s —

*"Music is the mediator between the spiritual and the sensual life (life of the senses)."*—Beethoven

A poor old deaf man sat at a concert, where a most beautiful piece was being played. Everyone was entranced, and clapped loudly, forcing the orchestra to repeat its performance. The old man observed with his eye that the audience was especially well pleased with something, and said to his neighbor: "O if I could only enjoy it too!" At this the other began to speak to the deaf man with signs, saying: "Do you desire to hear this piece of music? Then go with me to the art gallery." Immediately both set out in the direction of that edifice.

Upon arriving there, the deaf man's leader took him to that section of the building where were exhibited a number of beautiful landscapes. He stopped before one in particular, and spoke again by signs to the old man, thus: "Here you may see with your eyes what you could not hear with your ears." Then he pointed to the center of the picture and said: "Can you see the end of that long stretch of horizon; that is the line that joins heaven and earth.

The blue expanse of the sky, so ethereal and spotless, is as beautiful to the eye as the first strains of that piece were to the ear. Then see how gradually the sky blends into the distant hills, the distant hills in turn into the indistinct meadows. Is not all this the symmetrical beauty of nature?"

"Then observe," he continued, "how the eye can follow the scene even to the foreground, where the colors are no longer uncertain and misty, but bold and strong. See that old tree standing yonder; does it not remind you of an aged man, bent indeed, but still weathering the storms of life and showing to all the world a brow of noble ambitions and virtuous hopes? And then the moss-covered stones, the waving grass, the little wild flowers, the pools of crystal water—do they not all speak in silent eloquence of life's realities, of the present moment?" The old man by this time had tears in his eyes, and slowly nodded his assent. But his friend added, with a voice of comfort: "Be not cast down because of your malady; this music which we have on earth, though so beautiful and grand, is after all nothing; for it will be surpassed immeasurably by that of heaven." At these words the old man got out his handkerchief, brushed the increasing tears from his cheek, and followed his friend in silence to the exit of the building. When they were outside, he whispered thus into the ear of the other: "Friend, you have this day made the deaf to hear; God bless you!" Wherewith they parted.

## 100. GRIEF'S SWEET COMFORT

(Cui's 'Orientale')

— s —

*"The deep undertone of the world is sadness—a solemn bass, occurring at measured intervals and heard through all other tones. Ultimately, all the strains of this world's music resolve themselves into that tone; and I believe that, rightly felt, the cross, and the cross alone, interprets the mournful mystery of life, the sorrow of the Highest—the Lord of Life, the result of error and sin, but ultimately remedial, purifying, and exalting."*—Robertson

A traveller in the far East was once passing by a camp in the desert. He perceived a very strange and wailing sound issuing from one of the tents, like the murmuring lullaby of some sorrowing mother. Turning to his guide, he asked him: "What can this

strange wailing mean?" But the guide thus explained: "That is the voice of a young mother, who lately lost her only child; no one can comfort her, but she must be left alone in her great grief, for in that she finds more comfort than in anything else. Thus it comes that after she has wept for a time, a resigned feeling begins to take the place of her grief, and a strong determination of bearing up with all misfortune takes possession of her soul."

When the traveller heard these words, he paid close attention to the singing voice which he heard and found that it indeed contained the very sentiments to which his guide had referred. Then came into his mind the words of the great Shakespeare: "Give sorrow words. The grief that does not speak, whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break."

## 101. THE HAPPY GYPSIES

(Bizet's 'Aragonaise, from Carmen')

—A. S.—

*"It is not how much we have, but how much we enjoy, that makes happiness."*—Spurgeon

A number of gypsies were one day roaming along, and, feeling very gay and care-free, resolved on having a pleasant afternoon. The one seized his castanets, the other his guitar; still another his oboe, while a fourth produced his flute. Immediately they began to improvise on their instruments, that is, make up music as they went along, and so masterly were their strains that one of the gypsies, otherwise a very lazy fellow, of a sudden arose and started to dance so lively a dance that all gathered around to watch and listen. The women and the children applauded, the old men fetched their violins and joined in the merry tune. Soon the whole woods rang with the joyful festivity. All ended with loud laughing and chattering, while the original dancer concluded his grotesque dance amid the admiration of the whole assembly.

When the gypsy women saw what success the men had had, their envy was aroused, and they determined to show what they also could do. So one seized a tambourine, and began marking the time. It was not long till she had her companions entertaining the men in most jovial fashion. The music grew more jolly than ever, the old men joining in on their violins with the sprightliest tunes

they knew. Twittering birds and sweet voices seemed to be resounding on all sides, the castanets lending a mirth and gayety to the rhythm that made everybody smile; even the old women stopped their work and looked on. It can be imagined what a loud applause arose, and what a chattering ensued, since the men and the women both claimed the victory! Thus passed the afternoon, and the gypsies never enjoyed a better.

## 102. THE BROOKLET'S SONG

(Beethoven's 'Pastoral Sym.—At the Brook')

—A—

*"Music is the harmonious voice of creation."*—Mazzini

Beethoven, the great lover of nature and the mouthpiece of its most hidden messages, one day found himself walking along the banks of a little brook. All around him were the sweet-throated birds, singing their delightful lays and keeping time with the gurgling water of the brook. The verdant foliage moreover seemed to murmur in loving harmony, as the zephyr breezes played upon the feathery surface of its leaflets. Enraptured with the beauty of the scene the great poet of music took out his note-book and jotted down therein his impressions.

Only the many-tongued orchestra, he thought, was worthy of describing such a perfect picture; so, on returning home, he began to write for the violins and the violoncellos in slow and graceful triplets, in order thus to lay the foundation of his tone-picture, describing by this means the music of the murmuring brook. Then he added sweet trills here and there, and many delicate embellishments, to represent the singing of the yellow-hammers, quails, nightingales, and cuckoos, which had regaled his ears with their delightful concert.

But, not satisfied herewith, he also added a series of most entrancing, flowing melodies that—while in no sense purely imitative—nevertheless very appropriately suggested the pastoral atmosphere of quiet solitude and gently waving verdure, which had permeated the whole spot. These melodies could easily be discerned by those who heard the piece, for they were characterized by a very dreamy and smooth progression, and were besides intensely beautiful.

Thus was this great masterpiece conceived and carried out, and toward its end the composer could not resist inserting a short conversation between the nightingale and the quail, supplemented by the call of the cuckoo. All who listened to the piece, thought they were sitting in the woods watching the gurgling waters of the little brook and listening to the delicious music of the birds and breezes. Their souls were impressed with the purity and grandeur of primeval nature, and for the moment were transported as it were into the state of Adam's innocence. Such is the power of music!

## 103. A DIRGE OF MANY PEOPLES

### (Tschaikowsky's 'Marche Slave')

— s —

*"There is a spirit working in the world, like to a silent, subterranean fire; yet ever and anon some monarch hurled, aghast and pale, attests its fearful ire, the dungeoned nations now once more respire the keen and stirring air of liberty."*—Hill

A composer—an inhabitant of Russia—was filled with a feeling of intense sadness at the great and many evils which had befallen his nation, as well as at the many more that were threatening in the future. But it was not only his own immediate people that excited his grief, but all the Slavs, including the Ukrainians, Poles, Slovaks, Czechs, Moravians, Slavonians, Croatians, Slovenes, Bulgarians, Dalmatians, Montenegrins, Lithuanians, Letts, and Armenians. So vast a multitude of suffering and oppressed humanity swam before his blurred eyes, that his soul was moved exceedingly, and, seizing his pen, he began to write a most solemn dirge.

He began with an ominous, deep-voiced theme in the basses, soon supplemented by a very doleful melody that reminded the hearer of the grave—not so much of that of an individual as of whole peoples—the grave of intellectual depression, high-handed rule, and devastating war. It was indeed the voice of a native Slav singing the elegy of his own people! But now his musical elegy grew stronger, as if the voices of his countrymen were being added to that of his own; some dire pressure seemed to be pushing all before it. Then a new melody, with a bass of nervous triplet-chords, enlivened the music in a wondrous way; it was like an

eating fire! Gradually the strains sank deeper and deeper, till the last tones seemed filled with death's most awful terror! Had some monarch fallen?

With a brisk drum-beat the composer now changed his march to the major key, and quickened the tempo. A different atmosphere was present! The sufferers were beginning to celebrate their deliverance; jubilation reigned supreme; the frowns were changed to smiles, the curses to blessings. He taxed the orchestra to its fullest power in order to bring out the growing triumph of liberty; and at length he also increased the speed, so that everyone felt as it were the very air of liberty, keen and brisk, invigorating and health-giving. "But alas, my poor Russia," he sighed, "thou hast not yet reached the glorious finale of this awful and splendid dream! When? Oh when?"

## 104. THE ARTIST'S PENCIL

### (Debussy's 'First Arabesque')

— s —

*"The object of art is to crystallize emotion into thought, and then fix it in form."*—Delsarte

A naturalist one day remained in his study for hours, intently viewing some small object through a magnifying glass. A friend, observing his long application, grew curious and asked the naturalist what it was that so chained his attention. The latter answered by inviting his friend to look through the glass and see. What did he behold? A small leaf. But oh—how wonderful was the delicate network of tiny veins that ran through its transparent surface!

"Observe," said the naturalist, "how the stem feeds those countless little tendrils and how they in turn feed a myriad of still smaller ones. If a man had a glass strong enough to see them in their very last ramifications, where would he end? Truly, nature did not come about by chance!" "Yea, and observe further," said the other, "how symmetrical and beautiful all of them are! So gracefully and delicately are they fashioned that an artist could not improve on them." "Very true," responded the naturalist, "because the best Artist of all fashioned them, and He will never see His equal!"

Just then a silvery sound came wafting over the air into their

ears. A pianist, not far away, was playing a most delicately wrought piece of music. "Listen to that," exclaimed the naturalist, "listen to that!" The other hearkened. Then both instinctively pointed to the leaf and smiled at each other. For their ears perceived the very same kind of beauties that their eyes had before rested upon. "Behold," said the naturalist, "nature is one and changeless, she is no hypocrite; whether we look at her from this side or that she is the same—her beauty never wanes." But the other remarked: "I now see that man's highest works of art are but reflections from the palette of the divine Artist." "Well said," added the naturalist, "let Dante seal thy words when he says—'Art, as far as it has the ability, follows nature, as a pupil imitates his master, so that art must be, as it were, a descendant of God.'" With this the two parted in the deepest silence.

## 105. THE GRANTED PETITION

### (Beethoven's 'Minuet in G')

— s —

*"Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together."*
—Goethe

A man of very harsh manners and uncharitable habits one evening asked his wife for a favor; so unpleasant was his speech and whole bearing that, instead of acceding, his wife herself grew harsh and quarrelsome, so that the evening ended for both in a most deplorable fit of unhappy disagreement.

That night the man had a dream; he heard a voice, most sweet and persuasive, addressing him with pleasant words, and pleading for the very favor he had asked of his wife. After the voice had spoken, the man (through habit) remained silent, not intimating in the least that he was willing to grant the petition. So the sweet voice repeated its pleading, with even more softness and tenderness than before, seeming to approach nearer and whispering as it were into his very ear. But still the man answered nothing.

Then increasing in volume and lifting itself with much vehemence, the voice waxed very eloquent. Surely, anyone hearing this height of appeal would have said that none but a very hard heart could turn a deaf ear to such pleading,—for it was not the

eloquence of reason, but of the heart, of the emotions, of love. The man, though silent, was beginning to yield. The voice seemed to note this, because, even though it repeated its burning words, yet it sighed slowly and with a hidden joy, as if it were assured that its entreaties were at last heard. Nor was this assurance deceptive; for the man at length broke his silence and joyfully granted the petition.

Hereupon the voice's manner changed; it now took on a very brisk and sunny character. Before so sweet and tender, it now grew gay and lively, as if it were congratulating the man on his kindness. Nay, it even increased in enthusiasm, as if it said, 'How happy you have made me!' while the man began feeling this same happiness go over into himself,—since a good gift makes both the recipient as well as the donor happy! Finally the voice grew again tender and sweet, as if saying: 'O my friend, I thank you a thousand times!'

The man woke from his dream. Who cannot guess his first thought? It was this: Tender kindness is the only beautiful thing after all, and it alone pays in the end! After that he addressed his wife with more kindness, and life grew much more pleasant for them both.

## 106. THE PRISONER'S END

(Verdi's 'Miserere')

—A—

*"Oft in my way have I stood still, though but a casual passenger, so much I felt the awfulness of life."*—Wordsworth

A prisoner was languishing in his dungeon; the hour of his death had been set, and the priests of a near-by convent were already singing his death-knell, their voices sounding very sombre indeed and their thoughts soaring aloft in prayer for the doomed wretch. They said: "Have mercy, O God, upon him who is about to depart from that abode to which there is no returning; grant him Thy forgiveness, O power divine, and let him not be a victim of endless flames!" While they sang, the death-bell tolled, sending shudders through everyone that heard it.

The prisoner, as he listened to these doleful sounds, entered into himself as never before; every moment he seemed to hear the

soldiers approaching to bear him away to the scaffold. However, in the midst of his musing, a female voice was heard without the prison, singing very sadly, thus: "How terribly does now that sad petition rend the air; I feel it echo in my heart; my breath fails me; my pulse grows weak." Her strains were filled with emotion and pointed to some conflict raging in her breast.

As she reached her last note, Manrico, the doomed prisoner within the tower, answered her melody with one as beautiful if not more so than her own; he said: "Ah! death still delays and lingers, seeming to fly from me who long to die! Farewell, Leonora, farewell!" His voice reflected all the feelings that reign in the breast of a man condemned to death and broken by grief.

At length Leonora and Manrico, upon the knowledge that they were now within hearing of each other, began their last earthly discourse. And a truly soulful discourse it was! Wonderfully emotional was the weaving together of their voices, as the two were heard singing their death-song in mutual agony! "Oh!" thought a passer-by, who paused to listen, "is not man a deep well! One may drink and drink, and never exhaust his fathomless soul!"

## 107. NAPOLEON'S HARANGUE

(Haydn's 'Military Sym.—Allegro')

— s —

*"Those who would make us feel, must feel themselves."*

—Churchill

Napoleon was one of the greatest generals the world ever saw, no matter what may be thought of his motives and means. As a general he possessed not only wonderful sagacity and unbroken presence of mind, but was also gifted with a most rare eloquence of manner and tongue, so that his very presence and conversation inspired his soldiers with the highest pitch of zeal. Thus it happened on more than one occasion, as he was about to give battle to the enemy, and his soldiers were already worn out from marches and much fatigued, that he came riding on his prancing charger, entered right into their midst, and began addressing them.

He never spoke long; neither did he expect to say anything exactly wonderful; but this he desired above all—to impress upon his troops, first the necessity of a joyful and willing spirit, and

secondly, the advantages to be derived therefrom. He began therefore with the statement of his first theme or argument—necessity. He used at first simple, plain, though lively address; then he repeated what he had said in a deeper and softer tone, as if he were striking some patriotic chords in the hearts of his hearers. So convincing and heartfelt were his words, that all the soldiers broke out in a loud and enlivened applause, voicing their approval by cheers and shouts of joy. Napoleon, wisely taking advantage of this enthusiasm, next enlarged on his argument with much skill, so that the troops soon broke out in renewed applause, ending with two enthusiastic shouts: "The Emperor! The Emperor!"

But the wily general still had a second argument—the advantages to be reaped. He began gently, like a soft murmur, knowing that only a word was necessary now to inflame his troops with the highest zeal. And indeed, of a sudden the whole throng burst forth in very loud cheering, some shouting at the top of their voices, others applauding. Then there came a pause. Had Napoleon lost his thread of thought? No, he was only preparing to develop his arguments more thoroughly still and season them with strong emotion. What eloquent ascents and descents did not his rolling voice make, what force and stress of expression did he not evince in his whole person! He and his audience were becoming one! He could now hardly be heard for the cheering, and when he at length finished his peroration, his soldiers, one and all, were ready for any orders.

## 108. DUTY'S UNFAILING CALL

(HAYDN'S 'MILITARY SYM.—ALLEGRETTO')

— S —

*"Every hour comes with some little fagot of God's will fastened upon its back."*—FABER

It was midday in the camp. The strict routine of daily soldier life was for the moment suspended. Some of the soldiers were resting, others playing games, still others laughing and talking. As they were thus amusing themselves, the mail was announced; it may be imagined with what pleasant feelings the letters were opened by the fortunate recipients, and how welcome were the thoughts of their homes and loved ones.

In the meantime the musicians had fetched their instruments and were soon gathered together, ready to regale the ears of all with some pleasant music. Those rude soldiers, who were so used to marching and rough action, as soon as they heard the delightful strains waft over the air, sat still and listened. The music brought to their memory sweet thoughts of friends and kindred, and many a one was seen to brush a tear from his cheek,—for the thought of home is able to move even the crudest soldier's heart.

Thus the time passed most pleasantly and profitably, the short recreation proving most acceptable to all. But they neither expected nor desired this state of leisure to continue. They knew that pleasure can only be temporary, and that soon the bugle would blow, giving the signal for their regular afternoon maneuvers. And indeed, precisely on the moment, the shrill blast sounded, followed by a drum-roll, sending every soldier to his post like magic, so that in a few moments the whole camp, which had so shortly before been a scene of restful and pleasant leisure, now presented the sight of a young city full of labor and activity. Thus are we all soldiers in the great battle-field of life, and, though we have our hours of pleasure and leisure, yet not one of us but must be ready each hour for duty's unfailing call!

## 109. THE LITTLE BEGGARS

### (Rubinstein's 'Romance')

— s —

*"Our nature is inseparable from desires, and the very word desire —the craving for something not possessed—implies that our present state of felicity is not complete."*—Hobbes

A little girl was whispering to her little brother; from their manner it was evident that they were anxious to obtain some longed-for favor from their mother. And indeed, they soon approached the latter, the little girl acting as the spokesman. Crawling up on the arm of her chair, the little girl began whispering into her mother's ear the earnest entreaty. So warmly did the little voice plead that it would have required either justice or cruelty not to be moved by its emotional sweetness. However, the good mother, tenderly explaining that such a wish could not be granted, refused firmly but compassionately.

But the little beggars were not to be put off so easily; for what the heart desires with great vehemence, it will make repeated efforts to obtain. So fondling her mother lovingly and giving her a sly kiss, the little girl answered by repeating her petition, increasing her emotion and fervor, even adding some animation to her words, and drawing out her voice in a most entreating manner. The mother, in a low voice, again replied in the negative, and, as she ended, lent her words all their native pathos and love, implanting a warm maternal kiss on the little one's cheek to soothe the heartache which was beginning to rise.

Now the little girl's voice was supplemented by her brother's, and both together began beseeching in a most pitiful tone, storming the citadel of their mother's heart. "Please, mama, please!" But, with a tear of compassion in her eye, the mother gave her final decision: "It cannot be!" and though her heart ached at having to refuse her darlings' wishes, she knew that to grant them would be cruelty indeed, since the effects could not but prove disastrous, so she remained firm in conscience. After a short while, the little beggars had dried their tears and were playing contentedly with their toys, yea they had forgotten all about their unfulfilled desire.

## 110. HUNGARIAN PICTURES

(Brahms' 'Hungarian Dances Nos. 20 and 21')

— s —

*"The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven; and, as imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown, the poet's pen turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name."*

—Shakespeare

While travelling in Hungary a man met a poor blind gypsy who, seated by the wayside, played wondrous music on his violin. The man was struck with the poetic beauty of the strains, and stopped to listen. What he heard we shall endeavor to tell by means of pictures, which may give some idea of the great variety and rare emotion of the gypsy's music.

An exceedingly sad melody was first heard in the lower register. It sounded to the man like the wailing song of some gypsy mother over the grave of her dead child; as the melody pro-

ceeded, it even imitated the human voice, its tones being filled with the deepest expression of love, tender memory, forsakenness and gloom. Then the atmosphere suddenly changed. Gayety, humor, joy, all seemed to combine to present death's opposite—life. The mother may weep, though the traveller, but all around her is a world that, not feeling death, thinks not upon it. But lo! he seemed now to behold the mother turn her face away from this picture of joy and life, and to shed her tears once again over the grave before her. However, there was now some comfort present; her voice grew more resigned,—she was surely hoping for some future meeting in a better land! Hope! A rising strain in the treble painted its bright image. But hope must still be patient, the music seemed to say, as it ended with tones full of meaning and deep emotion.

The traveller was about to depart, when the blind violinist fell into his ecstasy anew. Now his spirit had altered itself completely, and his violin presented to the traveller's mind a picture of the sunniest life. The latter (the traveller) seemed to hear a pessimist accosted by a jovial friend with the words: "Why such a sour face? Things could be much worse!" The pessimist seemed then to begin to tell his tale of woe, while his friend laughed heartily all the while, teasing the other good-naturedly and gently chiding him for being so melancholy. Nay, the jovial friend seemed now to grasp the pessimist by the arm and take him on a merry scamper; but suddenly he stopped short and began telling the surprised pessimist a very amusing joke, so that the latter was forced by degrees to begin smiling, and in the end was even laughing profusely, both running and chattering together, while the sun seemed to shine down on them and say: "That's right; better shine than pine!"

## 111. THE MESSIAH PROMISED

### (Handel's 'Messiah—And the Glory')

—A—

*"Epochs of faith are epochs of fruitfulness; but epochs of unbelief, however glittering, are barren of all permanent good."*—Goethe

There was once a great composer who was inspired with a grand and noble ambition, namely, to describe the redemption of man by means of music. He laid out his plan thus: (1) The

Prophecies; (2) The Advent; (3) The Atonement; (4) The Triumph; (5) The Thanksgiving. The first of these divisions he carried out principally by a large chorus, using the words of Isaias the Prophet, where the latter foresees and promises the Redeemer: "And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." (40.5)

First, the orchestra was made to play a short introduction; then the alto sang: "And the glory, the glory of the Lord," the same theme being soon repeated by the bass. Then the tenor entered with the words: "Shall be revealed," while one voice after another continued in beautiful harmony to supplement this fine solo, all ending with a magnificent repetition of the whole sentence.

Here again were heard the beautiful strains of the orchestra, after which the alto intoned the third division of the text: "And all flesh shall see it together," which was echoed by the tenor, and immediately followed by a powerful intonation of the fourth text-division: "For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it," by the combined tenors and basses. From this point on the four voices intermingled in a most admirable manner and sounded now like the rolling of distant thunders, again like the mystic voices of those great multitudes mentioned by St. John in his Apocalypse or Book of Revelations. All who heard this fine chorus said to one another: "Such a good beginning argues a masterly continuance; let us hear the rest."

## 112. CHRIST IN THE MANGER

### (Handel's 'Messiah—Pastoral Symphony')

—A—

*"The heart that is to be filled to the brim with holy joy must be held still."*—Bowes

The composer next turned his attention to the second of his plan-divisions—"The Advent." To express this beautiful theme, he conceived a very soft and tranquil composition for orchestra alone, using only the string instruments, so as to preserve the greatest possible smoothness. The little piece pictured in a very remarkable way the pastoral surroundings of Christ's nativity—calm, beautiful, heavenly—and placed the audience in exactly the mood required for approaching such a delightful and sacred subject. The wisdom of the composer was apparent therein, for he

was very careful not to spoil this mood by either overloading the melody or crowding the harmony. In fact, his finished work proved to all that he had studied this delicate mood most diligently; for besides making the piece very slow and thereby describing the lack of activity in the night-hour, he made it also very soft, in order to paint as it were the quiet and solitude of night, nay he finally described even the very darkness of night by furnishing a deep, steady bass with long drawn notes throughout the number. For he argued that just as the artist, when he wishes to depict something very delicate and fine, is under the necessity of using the finest brushes and measuring their least strokes with a scrupulous eye, so also the composer, when the mood is very exquisite, must weigh each note, each tone, each phrase, with all the carefulness which genius and knowledge of nature may suggest, lest the least unwarranted stroke spoil the desired effect. As may be imagined, the audience was very well pleased with this fine little tone-poem, and grew more and more interested.

## 113. THE ANGELS' JOY

### (Handel's 'Messiah—Glory to God')

—A—

*"Joy is more divine than sorrow, for joy is bread and sorrow is medicine."*—H. W. Beecher

To describe "The Advent" with merely the foregoing orchestral number was not enough for the composer; for thus the "Gloria" of the angels was left out. A chorus must therefore be introduced to depict the great joy of the angels, who sang: "Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will." Truly inspiring was the consequent masterpiece!

Without any orchestral introduction whatever, the sopranos, altos, and tenors immediately announced the first theme: "Glory to God in the highest!" The accompaniment of this glory-breathing introduction was remarkably brilliant, the violins playing a very elaborate part in the upper register, so that the broken sounds they made gave an idea of something very sparkling—some thought of the golden wings of the angels!

Next the tenors and basses gave out the second theme: "And peace on earth," while orchestra and voices then continued with

sweet harmonies, till the bass finally intoned the third theme: "Good will toward men," where the audience was treated to an exquisite passage in fugue style, each voice entering in quick succession, all ending in the climax of the number, the themes being again repeated by full chorus with a very powerful effect. The audience listened spellbound, and was especially captivated by the last feature, when, after the voices were silent, the orchestra gradually grew softer and softer, as if the angels were now soaring aloft, returning to their heavenly home. After hearing this excellent piece of music, the listeners clapped profusely, thereby intimating that they were expecting something even still grander.

## 114. THE MAN OF SORROWS

### (Handel's 'Messiah—He Was Despised')

—A—

*"There is no good accomplished but through the medium of somebody's suffering."*—H. W. Beecher

The third division of the composer's plan—"The Atonement"—was represented chiefly by a most sad and touching contralto solo, using the words of the Prophet Isaias where he dolefully sings of the sufferings of the Messiah, thus: "He was despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief."

The orchestra was given a short introduction. Oh! how sad and full of pathos were those tones as they rose aloft like the wailing of a broken heart! Slowly and softly they proceeded, placing the audience in an unmistakable atmosphere of reverence and sadness, so that the picture of the outraged Savior loomed before every eye and compelled all heads to bow in silent gratitude. "He was despised,"—thus began the deep-voiced contralto, while the orchestra introduced a very pathetic strain in the treble, wherein the soul of man seemed to be dragged downward, step by step, overwhelmed by grief and shame.

"Despised and rejected." The orchestra again sung its lamentation an octave lower. "Rejected of men; a man of sorrows—a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." On 'grief' the music changed keys very dolefully, growing sadder than ever and creating an atmosphere of increased depression. "A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." Once more the orchestra sent forth its tearful lamentation.

"He was despised." Here the orchestra answered with gloomy cadence the words of the voice: "Rejected—he was despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." Again the voice repeated its words. At length the orchestra became completely silent, while the voice alone intoned the lamentation theme. Only two or three instruments lightly echoed the three sad notes.—"He was despised," etc.

Sombre and solemn were these strains; and they were truly appreciated only by those who had a delicate sense of compassion and gratitude for all the Savior of mankind went through, especially in His sacred passion. The rest of the audience, because they could not or would not enter into the mood of the number, thought it rather tedious, and were glad when it was over. Thus is it ever—the very highest in art often finds the fewest admirers!

## 115. REDEMPTION'S TRIUMPH

### (Handel's 'Messiah—Alleluja Chorus')

—A—

*"He that to the best of his power has secured the final stake, has a perennial fountain of joy within him. . . . Joy from within is like smelling the rose on the tree; it is more sweet and fair; it is lasting; and, I must add, immortal."*—Young

When the composer came to writing the music for the central climax of his grand work, he bethought himself what would be the best and most powerful way in which to express the tremendous mood demanded by the fourth division of his plan—"The Triumph." He said to himself: "After the accomplishment of some difficult task, or the gaining of some signal victory, there is always great rejoicing; if this be true in private or national affairs, how true must it be in an affair that is most intimately connected with the whole human race! Hence I must write an overwhelming chorus, and indeed according to the words of St. John in the Apocalypse, where he speaks of the tremendous multitudes of the elect singing the praises of the redemption." He immediately seized his pen and began to write.

"Alleluja." This joyous theme he gave to the full chorus, then developed it quite at length, so that the listeners could not help but feel the triumph, so powerful and truly overwhelming were his

strains. After this was heard the second theme, noble and firm, announced by the singers in unison: "For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." The force of the voices depicted the "omnipotent" in a most masterly fashion. Hereupon followed a contrast, a softer theme gradually growing louder: "The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ," the crescendo describing the 'become' very well. Then followed the basses with the solemn words: "And he shall reign for ever and ever," assisted by the altos, finally by the sopranos, leading with overpowering energy to an exceedingly effective climbing theme, as follows:—

"King of Kings and Lord of Lords." The melody now soared higher and higher, by steps, while the harmony filled in with "forever" and "Alleluja," till all together reached a most telling unity on "Lord of Lords," the basses repeating, while the rest of the voices gradually entered with ever new beauties of harmony and polyphony. With increasing power the sublime chorus approached its end. As the last "Alleluja" thundered forth, the audience gazed in reverence on the composer, realizing that here was a man who had set the whole Holy Scripture to music, whose soul scanned heaven and earth, whose musical mind comprehended time and eternity.

In fact, awe and admiration made everyone prisoner, so that none could criticize; all were moved to their soul's depth; music had conveyed in a new and wondrous way the inspired words of the Scriptures, and the words of Shelley were made manifest: "Music, where soft voices die, vibrates in the memory." It was no wonder then that the composer, astonished at his own work, exclaimed: "I did think I saw God Himself!"

## 116. HOPE'S SWEET COMFORT

(Handel's 'Messiah—I Know that my Redeemer Liveth')

—A—

*"O Lord, who lendest me life, lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!"*—Shakespeare

Whenever a person receives a great favor, he is naturally inclined to return most heartfelt thanks to the giver. And it was this consideration which induced our composer to add still one more division to his plan, forming the fifth—"The Thanksgiving."

Therefore immediately after the grand "Alleluja Chorus" he introduced a sweet and melodious soprano solo, using the text: "I know that my Redeemer liveth. And though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. For now is Christ risen from the dead, the first fruits of them that sleep."

The change of mood was most welcome to the audience, for this beautiful solo offered a most pleasant relief after the straining attention required for the giantlike "Alleluja Chorus." Their listening-nerves were at rest, and many closed their eyes and peacefully enjoyed the lyric beauty of the melody; for the poetic mood of the piece was very marked.

Especially in the first part of the solo did the violins of the orchestra delightfully repeat the melody after the singer, as if the soul, saying to God, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' was answered in turn by a voice from heaven giving assurance of the fact. But what impressed the hearers above all was the sweet spirit of hope and prayer that pervaded the whole composition; a feeling of gratitude was awakened in their hearts, since they saw that the redemption had without any doubt been accomplished, and that the Redeemer was not only actually living, but that they themselves therefore had it in their power to make good their eternal salvation.

## 117. ETERNITY'S CALL

(Handel's 'Messiah—The Trumpet Shall Sound')

—A—

*"It is immortality, and that alone, which amid life's pains, abasements, emptiness, the soul can comfort, elevate, and fill."*

—Young

As a glorious presage of that eternal and immortal "Thanksgiving" which shall be the inheritance of all the elect, the composer conceived one more thrilling piece of music, sung by the deep bass voice alone and accompanied in a special manner with the trumpet. The words of his text were those of the epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians, where he says that the trumpet shall sound and the last resurrection take place, while the elect shall be transfigured in eternal glory.

The audience was inspired with the highest feelings of spiritual strength and hope by this remarkable solo, for it brought them to the last great day—the complement of all Christ's sufferings and

works—the thanksgiving of thanksgivings! Besides, there was a very strong contrast between its loud, firm tones and the soft, lyric music of the foregoing song, so that this robust character had the effect of inspiring everyone with awe, and even fear, at the two fiery factors—the bass voice and the shrill trumpet—the one representing the voice of God Himself, the other the instrumentality of His angels, who shall gather all men for judgment on that last great reckoning-day.

After a thrilling introduction by the orchestra and trumpet, the singer began: "The trumpet shall sound," an effective contrast being obtained here by introducing the voice without accompaniment. "And the dead shall be raised, be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." In wonderful combinations did the voice and the trumpet continue weaving the words and music into a magnificent and grand whole, till the audience, deeply moved by the composer's powerful gift of musical speech, applauded long and heartily. They said one and all that he had created a masterly work, for from start to finish the mood of its subject—the redemption—was so thoroughly impressed, that nobody could listen earnestly to its beautiful progress without coming away a better, wiser, and happier man.

## 118. AN ALPINE WEDDING

### (Dvorak's 'Tyrolean Dance')

—A. S.—

*"Honest good humor is the oil and wine of a merry meeting."*
—Washington Irving

A company of travellers were visiting the ever-delightful Tyrol, where the beauties of primeval nature and the quiet of peasant life reign supreme, where music is for that reason more enjoyable and more replete with the sunshine of happiness. It was just evening and the rays of the setting sun were coloring the snow-capped mountains with unbelievable tints, as they arrived at a little village. What noise and bustle was that which struck their ears? A wedding-feast! What more welcome could they desire? There was the crowd of merrymakers with their round, smiling faces, ruddy cheeks, gala costumes, and last but not least—their blithe and happy hearts! And in the midst of all were seated the jolly musicians.

Without any great ado, the old fiddler started playing, while

the two or three accompanying instruments quickly fell into line, one of the other players clapping his foot on the floor to mark the rhythm the better! The dancers needed no exhortation, but began in good earnest their solemn circles and low bows. Now the accompanying instruments took up the melody, while the old fiddler fiddled away with great zest, supplying the accompanying chords on the after-beat high in the treble. To this merry rhythm the dancers had to step a lively gait. Every now and then the old fiddler called out the changes, and the dancers obeyed with clock-like precision, not however without an occasional blunder, to the hearty mirth of the lookers-on.

Now came the Trio of the dance. The music took on much variety, soft effects vying with loud unison passages. The dancers adapted themselves to every variety of the music, just as the old fiddler indicated, for he was high lord Mayor over the whole assembly, with complete power! One of the more jolly dancers threw up his cap with a yodel and clapped his wooden shoes on the resounding floor, beating time to the music, as the old fiddler with his fellow-musicians played loud unison passages in the lower register. Then followed a soft passage, sounding like gurgling water; how natural — the travellers thought — there is always water gurgling in the Alps, for the snows are always melting!

As a grand finish, the first part of the dance was repeated and, as the last notes were reached, the laughing dancers gave a final clap of their shoes on the loose planks, while they bowed to each other in supreme satisfaction. Forthwith the steins rang and the waitresses moved around. Was there ever such chattering, thought the pleased travellers, such gayety, such simple and unburdened hearts?

## 119. THE WONDERFUL DANCERS

(Tschaikowsky's 'Danse Chinois and Danse Mirlitons')

—A—

*"It is doing some service to humanity, to amuse innocently. They know but little of society, who think we can bear to be always employed, either in duties or meditation, without relaxation."*

—More

A little girl received for Christmas a beautiful silver nut-cracker, which she prized exceedingly; but alas, the boys, mischie-

vous as they always are, contrived to get it away from her, and, what was worse, broke it! The little girl went to bed that Christmas night bathed in tears. She had a dream. There was a war declared between the mice and the Christmas toys, cakes and candies. The mouse-king commanded the former, the broken nutcracker the latter. The mouse-king had almost conquered, but was defeated just in time by the little girl, who, coming to the rescue of the nutcracker, threw her shoe at the impudent mice. In gratitude, the nutcracker showed his true colors. Appearing as a beautiful prince, he took the little girl along with him to his fairy kingdom. There a dance was given by the sugar-plum queen in honor of the occasion, the dancers being the various toys on the Christmas-tree.

First came the dance of the Chinese doll. It began with a 'basso ostinato'—obstinate bass—by the bassoon. A very droll atmosphere was thus obtained. The little girl saw as it were a Chinese dance-musician, blowing his crude pipe of bamboo, and keeping time with his thumping foot. To her ears it sounded like a pig grunting, and it made her giggle. Next the piccolo was heard sliding up and down the scale—it in turn reminded the little girl of a canary-bird—accompanying the Chinese doll as the latter skipped over the floor, now gliding along as if on glass, again maneuvering most queerly from right to left, from left to right, backward and forward. Soon other instruments, such as the tuned metal bars, entered, adding to the general amusement; all of which caused the little girl to hold her sides with laughter. But nothing could stop the undaunted bassoon; on he went like a locomotive, attending to nothing but his two notes; and he had the last word too!

But now the little girl saw a wondrous sight—a toy-whistle coming to life and dancing his own little dance! After a preparatory bass, the toy-whistle stepped to the front. His awkward, square-cornered movements were imitated in the music by sharp staccato notes, while the accompaniment sometimes introduced a beautiful melody, causing the little girl to hum along to herself with a tender voice of joyful sympathy. Then that laughable ascending run! Queer antics were these. But lo! the speed increases. The brass instruments enter, and the little performer is kept busy tumbling head over heels, trying to hold his own. Onward he is borne amid the laughter and jollity of the whole assembly of fairies. At

length, regaining his footing, he solemnly repeats his dance as at first. To the little girl he seemed like that peculiar insect, which resembles a long match fitted with legs! All ended with a cymbal-crash, that resounded just as the wonderful whistle made his final bow.

## 120. IN THE ORIENT

### (Tschaikowsky's 'Danse Arabe')

—A—

*"The enormous influence of novelty — the way in which it quickens observation, sharpens sensation, and exalts sentiment — is not half enough taken note of by us, and is to me a very sorrowful matter."*

—Ruskin

The little girl, after her experience in the foregoing story, next saw the Arabian doll arise and make his bow. He was very earnest and exact about his dancing and furnished quite a contrast to the Chinese doll and the toy-whistle. The orchestra accompanied him with real oriental music, that sounded very weird and melancholy, so that the pictures in her story-books came into the little girl's mind, where the Arabs were depicted moving along in a solemn manner in accordance with the monotonous whining of an oboe and the occasional thumping on a tom-tom. The latter feature pleased her very much, because it sounded so novel; she compared it to the beating of a stick on a barrel-head, and was impressed by it in so peculiar a manner that ever after she always remembered the Arab dance on account of it.

When the dancer had almost finished, the little girl gazed around her, and found to her surprise that nearly all the other dolls and fairies were half asleep. She turned to her beloved nutcracker and said: "Dear nutcracker, how is it that anyone can sleep during the playing of such novel music?" But the nutcracker answered: "Alas, my dear princess, many people appreciate only certain kinds of music, and have not the ambition to enter into every species, just as they cling to their narrow hobbies in reading. But that you have felt in this dance the true atmosphere in which it was written, namely that of the Orient, you prove that your appreciation of music is what it should be—universal. I see I have a very intelligent princess with a broad heart, who can travel from

China to Arabia in the wink of an eye. This admirable perfection will also grow as you increase in age, so that when you are older the world will not possess just one narrow corner for you but will offer you a pleasant harbor wherever you roam.'' The little girl was greatly pleased at this answer, for it held much of importance for her future.

## 121. THE DEPOSED QUEEN

### (Busch's 'Orpheus with his Lute')

—A—

*"Music is the medicine of the breaking heart."*—Hunt

Henry VIII, King of England, tiring of his wife, Queen Catherine, determined on divorcing her. This of course was a very severe blow, especially since Catherine could see no lawful reason why the King should treat her so disgracefully. After the King had informed her of his intention, the Queen repaired to her apartments, and fell into a very gloomy fit of melancholy. So sad did she wax that she called to one of her women thus: ''Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles: sing, and disperse them, if thou canst: leave working.'' Whereupon the woman took up her lute and sang. We shall describe her song, both regarding the words and melody, as well as the accompaniment; for it was very remarkable.

The harmony, or accompaniment, especially impressed the hearer, as it played an important part, its movement furnishing a great deal of the mood. Of special merit was the passage where the word ''sing'' was sustained by the voice while the accompanying lute continued with its brisk movement. There was also a well-conceived climax, beginning on ''Everything that heard him play'' and ending on ''heads.'' Besides, there was a beautifully descriptive touch on ''care and grief of heart.'' Regarding the melody of the voice, it did not follow the rhythm of the lines, but rather made the words adapt themselves to its own rhythm, so that the words seemed forced somewhat into position. But the woman was always seeking new means of expression in her ideas, whence came this peculiarity. The principal quality of a good song, that is, the proper mood, was present, and therefore her improvisation was a good one.

The words of the song were these: "Orpheus with his lute made trees and the mountain tops that freeze, bow themselves when he did sing: to his music plants and flowers ever sprung; as sun and showers there had made a lasting spring. Everything that heard him play, even the billows of the sea, hung their heads, and then lay by. In sweet music is such art, killing care and grief of heart fall asleep, or hearing, die." By these poetic words and sweet strains the Queen felt refreshed and was able to bear her hardships with greater strength of soul; for music possesses power over human nature which is often nothing short of wonderful.

## 122. LIFE'S COMBAT

(SCHUBERT'S 'B-MINOR SYM.—ALLEGRO MOD.')

—S—

*"This world belongs to the energetic."*—EMERSON

Schubert, the great representative of the classic school, once began a very beautiful symphony; for many years the first two movements lay in his desk, for he had for some reason or other discontinued the work. When he died, these two portions of the symphony were found, and because they were minus the third and fourth movement, the name "Unfinished Symphony" was given them. Many have enjoyed this symphony, and many have seen wonderful meanings in its noble strains. One of these meanings we give in the following story, which was written by a musician after he had returned from a concert where the symphony was performed. Wishing to convey his impressions to a friend who had never heard the symphony, he addressed a letter to him thus:

The first mysterious strain in the basses seems to me to picture the depression of man's soul at his weakness and follies. Soon however the rays of spiritual sunshine pierce the mist, and we hear the dancing staccato notes of the violins speaking of hope and encouragement. The soul responds to this encouragement and finds itself, as a reward, endowed with a great strength of energetic resistance; this is detected especially in those loud chords that sound like gusts of wind. If we pay close attention to the music throughout both movements of the symphony, we shall find that it is precisely those soulful gusts of tone that give Schubert's strains so deep and original a character; for they are not

so rich in melody as in rhythm and harmony, that is, strength and deep thought. They are like the sudden aphorisms thrown into the lines of a great drama, causing us to have many deeply related thoughts.

Soon the atmosphere changes; the 'cellos enter with a theme so lovely and decoying, that it seems rather a human voice speaking than an artificial instrument. The element is now motion rather than energy, and the mood holds in itself all the innocent sweetness, pleasure, and delight to be found in life—in one word, all that consoles man in his heavy trials. Note the sudden pause introduced; silence always portends something! This pause is the eloquent forerunner of renewed energy. We are again placed in the mood of fortitude; it is as if the soul were crying out to man: "Halt!" However, pleasure is not easily to be commanded; a battle must first be waged and won! Hence Schubert now mingles the two elements—motion and energy—in a wonderful way. Energy at last seems to be getting the upper hand; but pleasure persists, only to be conquered once for all by the final efforts of energy.

We now return to the first mysterious theme, as if the soul were again tempted to discouragement; for when the demon fails with the sword of pleasure, he will fall back upon the dagger of despair! Yet resistance strengthens the soul, and it now shows its acquired power by yielding not. Gloom turns into seriousness, and seriousness in turn joins hands with fortitude, so that the battle has at last brought about not weakness, but strength.

## 123. THE PEACE OF OLD AGE

(Schubert's 'B-Minor Sym. — Andante Con Moto')

— s —

*"Peace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun; and the two are never far apart."*—Colton

The letter mentioned in the last story continued thus: After victory follows peace. And this peace is like a garden in which thrive all sorts of flowers. This is, to my mind, the mood of the second movement of this symphony. In the first section we are introduced to the peace above mentioned. Slowly and sweetly the melody unfolds, without excitement, without jar; only once a gust of fortitude breaks forth—it is the beginning of desire.

Desire now develops, little by little; note this in the syncopated accompaniment, also in the ever-recurring gusts of tone, echoes of the theme of fortitude in the foregoing movement, and picturing the energy of interior longing. I am reminded here of those well-known words of a certain sage: "To see a man fearless in dangers, untainted with lusts, happy in adversity, composed in a tumult, and laughing at all those things which are generally either coveted or feared, all men must acknowledge that this can be from nothing else but a beam of divinity that influences a mortal body."

But desire is only the beginning of activity,—firm resolution must follow. The music therefore, with an unusual burst of action, bears us onward; however, we have no longer the excited mood of exterior battle, but only the healthy interior mood of peace, laboring henceforward to build up and not held under the necessity of spending strength in resistance; both melody and harmony work together in perfect accord. Gradually the activity decreases till, with the burden as it were of years, old age is free to enjoy the real peace earned by a life of uprightness and self-mastery, and can look forward to a still happier time after death.

## 124. JACK HORNER'S DREAM

### (Bazzini's 'Dance of the Hobgoblins')

—A. S.—

*"Violent delights have violent ends, and in their triumph die; like fire and powder, which, as they kiss, consume."*—Shakespeare

We all know that one of the most peculiar kinds of excitement is that of the imagination, noticeable particularly during sleep, when the restless mind weaves the most strange and ridiculous pictures, mixing heads, limbs, garments, articles, places, persons, in a perfect chaos of incongruity. This is just what Jack Horner experienced one Thanksgiving night, after he had eaten so much dinner that he had made himself sick.

What did Jack Horner see? It was surely a queer little creature that stepped or rather danced before him. He had often heard of hobgoblins, but had never seen one. This was therefore his first experience! Jack's heart began to beat with a somewhat doubtful fear. Such eccentric movements! Now the little goblin seemed to be racing up and down on invisible ladders, then to be chasing

another goblin with incredible speed around the room. Jack was not quite certain whether he saw legs or wings, machinery or electric sparks. He held his breath in a half-frightened suspense. What would the goblin do next?

Lo! Jack began to tremble as he saw the goblin now joined by a whole army of other goblins tumbling and running like mad. What, thought Jack to himself, if I happen to get in their way! His heart was in his mouth. But he was soon somewhat relieved, because the goblins grew a little tamer. However, this relief was short, for the little imps, now of a sudden, impudently stuck out their tongues at him, and began spitting sparks of fire! Jack's first impulse was to run, but he found himself unable to move a muscle. Had they even paralyzed him?

Then the little rogues winked their eyes at one another and approached as if to soothe Jack's frightened heart. But their apparent kindness was of short duration and it was not long ere they were again making all sorts of grimaces and frightening him all the more. They seemed to take especial delight in making fun of him in their high falsetto tones. Jack could only stare, his eyes bulging like two billiard balls. So the imps began to spit their fire at him with a most teasing variety.

With a whoop and yell they now threw off every vestige of reserve; so confused was their dancing and jumping that Jack thought they had turned into fireworks. This continued a while, till, as the last spark disappeared, he woke with a gasp. The perspiration stood on his brow; his heart was going pitapat. Needless to say, he had learned a lesson, not to eat himself sick again, but to practice moderation, even in the midst of plenty!

## 125. MILITARY DISCIPLINE

### (Schubert's 'Marche Militaire')

—A. S.—

*"Policy goes beyond strength, and contrivance before action; hence it is that direction is left to the commander, and execution to the soldier, who is not to ask 'Why?' but to do what he is commanded."*

—Xenophon

The soldiers were decked in their uniforms, their flags flying,

and their lines as straight as a foot rule. Far across the field, almost as far as the eye could reach, those unbroken lines stretched. The captains, colonels, and lieutenants were all at their posts ready for orders. Suddenly resounded the deep resonant voice of the general. Not the least movement was made till he had finished his command; then all together, as one man, began to execute the designated maneuver. Faithfully and promptly they turned, now in this, now in that direction, now according to this figure, again according to that; nor was even one foot out of step throughout the whole performance, neither was there a single member lagging ever so little behind or stepping ahead. Exactness was everywhere in evidence—the exactness of perfect obedience to the higher command of authority.

Now the commander raised his voice; he was giving his second command. It was immediately answered by the fifes and drums, that seemed to echo his words. Whereupon the soldiers, with all promptness and readiness, formed themselves into the new line designated, moving briskly onward with the precision of a ticking clock. Again, at the command of the general, they formed themselves as at first, and, as they finished this maneuver, the general issued still another order—it was the command to discontinue the maneuvering and proceed with the simple march movement. As his last words resounded, the bugle lifted its shrill voice with a confirming call, and the lines fell into the desired positions.

The movement now grew more even. The sound of the soldiers' marching could plainly be discerned, and it resembled a piece of music with four monotone notes, continually repeated in various combinations of tone and instrumentation. First the spectators were thereby reminded of the glories and the pleasures of soldier life—all seemed brightness; but afterwards they began to think also of the hardships of living in an army, for a body of troops must march on from field to field, even though fatigued and hungry. Tenderness was awakened in many a heart, as these heroes passed by. But soon the commander's voice again resounded. With unswerving promptness the whole company repeated its original maneuvers, which completed, the orders for disbanding were at last given. Thus it is discipline which always accomplishes the most wonderful and satisfactory results in life.

## 126. THE JOYFUL SHEPHERD

(GRAINGER'S 'SHEPHERD'S HEY')

—A. S.—

*"The very society of joy redoubles it; so that, while it lights upon my friend it rebounds upon myself, and the brighter his candle burns the more easily will it light mine."*—SOUTH

One day a shepherd was busy as usual watching his sheep on the green meadow. The sun was shining brightly, and all nature seemed so joyful that the shepherd could not help breaking forth with an expression of his feelings and giving his mirth unrestrained freedom. For who, he said, is more free than I? Who has more opportunity to let out the full measure of his joyfulness? I am at liberty to dance, to sing, even to shout if I please, yea to make all the noise I desire; only the trees hear me, only the sheep answer me with their bleating, only the birds accompany my carols. Hurrah! mine is the innocent freedom of primeval nature. And with joy he threw up his cap and leaped for very delight.

Then he seized his clarinet and began to play. There was not a trace of sadness or gloom in his music; joy and mirth ruled there supreme. The rhythm had a catch to it that would have caused any hearer irresistibly to begin moving his feet. It abstracted from all sorrow, and roused the highest feelings of joy. The melody was very sprightly, using 'staccato' to a great extent; sometimes it even waxed humorous, taking a downward glide like a bird catching a worm. Thus through many various turns and twists the shepherd took his melody, always presenting it in a new way and dancing ever new movements to its beautiful flow.

At length he quickened the tempo still more; his merriment seemed to know no bounds. Lo! who were these crude folk approaching? They proved to be the simple country folk, who, hearing the shepherd's joyful strains, had quickly donned their dancing attire and come forth to join him. With bells on their leggings and decked in gaudy finery, they forthwith danced to the shepherd's melody, some of them increasing the humor of the dance by the addition of their fifes and tabors. All ended with a merry shout, while every cap was thrown high in the air. Such was the joyful dance of the shepherds!

## 127. THE LOVE OF THE MOTHER OF JESUS

### (Rossini's 'Cujus Animam')

—A—

*"In after life you may have friends, fond, dear friends, but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you, which none but a mother bestows."*—Macauley

Long, long ago a very sorrowful scene took place near Jerusalem; for there on Good Friday Jesus the Savior of mankind was crucified. Beneath His cross stood his beloved Mother, the virgin Mary. What greater, what more tragic or intense love could be imagined than that of a mother standing for three long excruciating hours at the side of her only child innocently dying a most ignominious and cruel death? A great composer was one day meditating on this intensity of maternal love, and was inspired to express it in music. The piece that resulted burned and melted its way into the depth of everyone's heart. Now was heard silent grief, now the breaking out of pent-up emotion, again the tone rose like a wail, still again fell into the caverns of its own exhaustion. Yet there was no despair present, but the strains pointed to a grief still refined by the beauty and grandeur of hope. We shall endeavor to describe this piece.

The introduction opened with a falling figure of four notes repeated, as if a voice were telling us in sad accents of the sorrowful scene to follow. Soon the music grew dark and dreary. Calvary loomed before the soul; there hung the crucified Redeemer between two thieves, and His Mother in silent grief at His side. The accompaniment forthwith announced the first scene of this tragedy, and as it began, the very thoughts of that Mother could be read. She mused upon the childhood of that much beloved Son—on the shepherds, the humble stable, the angels, the lambs. How sweet was that "Silent Night" of long ago; but how bitter and heartless this day of tears! Truly the words of Simeon were now verifying themselves: "Thy soul a sword shall pierce!"

Overwhelmed by sadness, like to a vessel full to the brim, her soul now meditated on the terrible state of affairs at present, and on her own inability to lend her Son a helping hand. But gaze upon the countenance of that broken-hearted Mother, as she looks aloft at her suffering innocent one! Behold how the tears ooze from her

eyes, hearken how the sighs of maternal love break forth from her interior like a moaning wind, yea all the emotions of her heaving breast rise higher and higher, till they consume themselves in the immensity of her grief. Yes, her soul was indeed pierced by a sword! We see her standing in the bitter silence of her forsakenness, while her friends can only cast a look of compassion on her and bid her be of good hope for the end of all—eternity.

Next was heard a beautiful duet figure, the voice of sorrow being answered as it were by the voice of an angel far up in the heavens saying: "Hope, hope!" answered in turn by the voice of sorrow, as if it said: "Till death, till death!" Then the music soared aloft—it was the triumph of hope! Once more the Mother of Sorrows lifts her face; through the grief written there forevermore we see the traces of comfort, as if the heavens had opened and cast a ray of eternal light thereon. At length the strains rise to the most eloquent heights, picturing all the depths of emotion and strength of soul now reigning in the breast of her who, though the most sorrowful, is also the most blest among women.

## 128. LAID TO REST

### (Wolf's 'Zur Ruh', Zur Ruh' ')

—A—

*"O death! We thank thee for the light that thou wilt shed upon our ignorance!"*—Bossuet

A great song-writer of Germany, to his profound grief, found himself bereft of his father, whom he loved very tenderly. After returning from the funeral, he grew very sad and disconsolate. At last he seized a small book of poems which lay on his desk, hoping to find some poem that might comfort him. In a few moments his eye fell on a title which seemed to echo his heart's feelings perfectly. He read the lines, and they fitted to his grief most exactly. So he immediately sat down at his piano, and set the words to one of the most beautiful and touching melodies ever conceived. As his song was composed by the inspiration of his native tongue, we add the original words, with a translation. Songs always sound best as they were originally written.

"Zur Ruh', zur Ruh' " (To rest, to rest), "ihr mueden Glieder" (ye tired limbs)! "Schliesst fest euch zu" (Close your-

selves), "ihr Augenlieder" (ye eyelids). "Ich bin allein" (I am alone), "fort ist die Erde" (the earth has vanished), "Nacht muss es sein" (Night alone is left) "dass Licht mir werde" (to be my light).

"O fuehrt mich ganz" (O lead me within), "ihr innern Maechte" (ye inner powers), "hin zu dem Glanz" (to the light) "der tiefsten Naechte" (of the darkest night). "Fort aus dem Raum" (From the multitude) "der Erden Schmerzen" (of this earth's sorrows), "durch Nacht und Traum" (through night and dreaming) "zum Muttersherzen" (to my mother's bosom).

Afterwards a music-lover thus commented on the song: Notice how the music has an almost continual tendency to fall, thus expressing the descent into the grave with overwhelming power. Note also how in the second verse the strains grow more and more vehement until the word "Traum."—"Muttersherzen" means the earth —our mother's bosom, from which we were taken, and to which we must all inevitably return.—Finally take note of the fine refrain of the accompaniment; down, down, down, down—this is its message—or, in other words: dead, buried, decayed, forsaken.

## 129. SPRING'S VISION

(Sinding's 'Rustle of Spring' and Grieg's 'Papillon')

—A. S.—

*"Nature is an Aeolian harp, a musical instrument, whose tones are the re-echo of higher strings within us."*—Novalis

One balmy day in spring a nature-lover threw himself on the green grass; above him were the waving boughs. He seemed to hear a beautiful melody course through his imagination, full of feeling, now of tenderness, again of desire, or vehement longing, yea even resolution. To this melody the rustling leaves played a wondrous accompaniment.

Now the melody seemed to rise into the heights, and was strengthened with full and resonant chords. The nature-lover's mental activity was steadily increasing, influenced by the motion in nature all around him; he began to feel the renewed energy of spring, and was ready to listen to the advice of the poet, to be "up and doing," determined once more to begin a new life of youthful energy and freshness.

Then the melody returned to the depths, while the rustling of the leaves kept up a feathery accompaniment as at first high up in the treble. It was as if the nature-lover saw the leaves keeping time with his own thoughts. Now the breeze was slight, again it grew stronger.

Finally another rise of the melody ensued, again strengthened by the resonant chords. The nature-lover's thoughts mounted to the noblest aspirations, melting away as it were in the sounds of the rustling leaves. He rose from his reverie, renewed in spirit, and went on his way, ready to accomplish cheerfully whatever duty had in store for him. Thus does the true love of nature's beauties ever elevate and ennoble man's soul.

But look! What was that flying toward him from the distance? A beautiful butterfly. Sometimes it hurried on, sometimes paused on a leaf, again seemed to rest altogether, when all of a sudden it proceeded with greater zest than ever. And with what buoyancy and ease! The peaceful, unconscious fluttering of the little creature's wings seemed to accompany a beautiful melody which resounded through the woodland with as much delightful harmony as the butterfly's wings appeared loaded with wealth of color. Now up it flew, now down, repeating its ascents and descents till at last it rested on the plain earth—a picture of lowliness and modesty. "Farewell, O rustling leaves and dear little butterfly," said the man, "some other day I'll visit you again. Farewell!"

## 130. THE HOLY MARTYRS

### (Gabrielli's 'Filiæ Jerusalem')

—A—

*"Who falls for the love of God, shall rise a star!"*—Ben Jonson

A great composer once read some beautiful words, adapted from Solomon's Canticle, concerning the holy martyrs of Christ. As he read, he beheld in his mind a vast concourse of martyrs entering heaven's portals, and heard a voice inviting all the citizens of heaven thus: "Filiæ Jerusalem" (Daughters of Jerusalem), "venite et videte martyres" (come and see the martyrs) "cum coronis quibus coronavit eos Dominus" (with the crowns with which the Lord has crowned them). Feeling inspired with great

glory at the sight and sound of these things, the composer began to write a magnificent chorus, filled with sentiments of greeting, invitation, admiration, praise, and glory.

He read further: "In die solemnitatis" (In the day of their solemnity), and he felt a wondrous exultation overcome him, so that the music flowed from his pen in copious volumes. Finally he read the concluding words: "Et lætitæ" (And in the day of their joy) "Alleluja, allelúja," etc., and his spirit expanded with exceeding great joy and jubilation, so that his music grew exceptionally bright and glorious, till with a loud and powerful climax he brought his work to an end. It was afterward presented in church by a vast choir, and all who heard it were inspired with such a great admiration for the martyrs that they were ready to follow in their footsteps, choosing ignominy and death rather than give up the faith they had in God.

## 131. THE BOAST OF WAR

(Ivanow's 'March of the Caúcasian Chief')

—A. S.—

*"Rash, fruitless war, from wanton glory waged, is only splendid murder."*—Thomson

What is more imposing and pompous than a procession of warriors, with their brilliant costumes, their shining weapons, their prancing chargers, and all the finery that goes to make up national glory? Especially novel is such a procession in oriental countries; for there they make much over such occasions. First we hear their solemn step, the musicians marking the time, and the soldiers following their lead. The high-stepping horses, caparisoned in red and green and decorated with plumes, first attract the eye; then the glittering armor of the soldiers, their sharp sabres and swords studded with precious jewels, held proudly aloft in their owners' brawny hands! As they pass along, the women begin to play on their tambourines and dance to the glory of their warlike husbands. Then come the shrill trumpets, shining like the sun amid a host of banners and insignia, while the drums keep up their steady and solemn thumping.

Not a soldier is out of step; the infantry moves along like

one man; all faces are filled with pride and enthusiasm, patriotism shines from every brow. Tramp, tramp, tramp, they move along, to the sound of the drum and the trumpet, while shouts of praise and gratitude from the excited populace greet them from all sides. What a pity it is that often the greatest and grandest things of mankind are associated with so much bloodshed! For as we gaze upon these warriors and their cheering relatives, we cannot but weep to think that, whatever their so-called glory may be, it means either that they have already shed the blood of their fellow creatures or that they are now setting out for that purpose. Sad indeed is our human condition, that we can not get along with one another until we have killed our like!

## 132. THE VICTIMS OF IMPRUDENCE

(Bellini's 'Norma Overture')

—A. S.—

*"Prudence is the necessary ingredient in all the virtues, without which they degenerate into folly and excess."*—Collier

Norma was the high priestess of the Druids in ancient Gaul. The Romans, under the leadership of Pollione, came to invade the land. Norma, who had conceived a great affection for Pollione, was divided by love for him and love for her country, and postponed doing her duty.

At length however she found out that he was a treacherous scoundrel; wherefore, turning from love to hatred, she struck on the sacred shield, and summoned all the Druids for battle. Norma, when Pollione had been captured, fell into her former love and could not bring herself to plunge the dagger into the victim's breast, as she was supposed to do, but offered herself instead, and approached the funeral pyre; but Pollione, seeing this action, leaped to her side; thus both were consumed, expiating their crimes together. "O how much misery and interior affliction men undergo for the sake of evil!" Thus an old woman who had witnessed the whole happening, lamented and groaned, adding: "Many a one has, at the hour of death, rued his foolish life! But alas, it was then too late." Then, turning to her friends, she addressed them with the following burning words: "Those who are wise, always

look ahead and foresee the consequences before leaping into a course of action; those who are foolish blindfold themselves, and passion hurls them to their ruin!''

## 133. THE HUMOROUS PAGE

### (Mozart's 'Non so piu — Figaro')

—A. S.—

*"Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away."*—Byron

A little page, noting the laughable follies of his love-sick mistress, thought he would amuse his fellow pages by imitating her manners. He therefore improvised some verses, setting them to a very gay melody, and sang them before the little company. Acting as if his heart were breaking with love and tender desire he sang: ''Fresh joys and fresh pains are now boiling in my breast, yea I shake, I tremble, fire is seething in my bones!'' So acute and cunning was his whole delivery and especially his facial expression that the whole audience burst out in a loud cheer, applauding the song heartily.

So the little page, winking his eye and putting on an air of extreme effeminacy, continued: ''When I only hear the sweet word 'love' I feel a terrible pain! I experience a giant force! My heart beats ever so strongly. Yea, I shake and tremble, fire seethes in my bones!'' ''Bravo, bravo!'' cried out the listeners, who, between their laughing and breathing, were drinking in every syllable with the keenest delight. But the roguish page made a still more longing countenance, and said: ''Wherever I betake myself, sitting or standing, waking or dreaming, in the fields or in the woods, I languish with desire and longing. Nay, I am pressed, I am pursued, I am hunted and plagued by grief and languor!'' Another cheer ensued.

Then putting on a most droll face, the tiny rascal added in a doleful tone: ''And sweet pain and yearning, yea, sweet pain and yearning''—all auditors were holding their sides from laughter; wherewith suddenly changing his countenance and assuming an air of the most triumphant fun, he added with a very swift tongue: ''Alternate in my bosom, alternate in my bosom!'' With a saucy bow he stepped from the scene; but his fellow pages clapped loud

and long, and nevermore forgot the pleasant little conceit to which he had treated them. When the mistress heard of it, she had the page to deliver the song in her presence; but it was a great failure; for the acting was wanting!

## 134. THE RAPPING ON LIFE'S DOOR

### (Handel's 'Dead March from Saul')

—A. S.—

*"All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades, like the fair flower dishevelled in the wind; riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream; the man we celebrate must find a tomb, and we that worship him ignoble graves."*—Cowper

Saul, King of the Israelites, was one of the most tragical characters of history. For, not faithful to the directions of the Prophet Samuel, he lost favor with the divine power, and gradually fell from his influence, forfeiting at the end his throne and crown to David. However, David was not his slayer, but he himself, since, seeing the Philistine army victorious, he fell on his own sword. Indeed, David, instead of rejoicing at Saul's death, nobly mourned for him, and thus cried out: "Ye daughters of Jerusalem, weep over Saul." (2 Kings 1)

It was this sorrowful tragedy that inspired Handel, the great composer, one day to express David's sorrow in music. He chose the march rhythm, fashioning one of the most perfect funeral marches in all musical literature. Its sad and heavy strains easily picture to our mind the tramp of the mourners accompanying the departed to the grave. And indeed, the composer wished precisely this — to describe death. Whence he used a very slow tempo, and suggested the solemn step of the mourners by a persisting accent in the bass instruments on the up-beat — an accent that seems so hollow and awful as to remind us irresistibly of the grave.

But the most striking means which he employed was a theme of three monotone notes heard in the very first measure. This three-note theme is as it were the pith of the whole piece; it ushers in over half of the twenty-four phrases of which the composition is formed. By its prominence, it draws the attention more than anything else, and causes us instinctively to ask our-

selves concerning the meaning it conveys. It is as if we hear a voice slowly dragging out the three words: Death, death, death! It makes death appear unrelenting; hence the theme recurs time and time again, now in this manner, now in that, but always having the same monotonous tale to tell: Death, death, death!

Once when this composition was performed, a certain old man, who himself had already one foot in the grave, thus mused: "How these three terrible notes seem to grow in intensity as the piece proceeds! They remind me of the Scriptural phrase: 'As strong as death.' For who has ever conquered death? It rolls on like a huge torrent and carries kings and paupers alike before it into eternity. Can it be that anyone who listens intently to this overpowering theme of the three 'deaths,' can ever forget it? For it says: 'Death is coming; death is here; death has passed!' In these three truths can be found our whole existence, end, and future, all enclosed in three notes of music!"

## 135. MAN AND WOMAN

(Drdla's 'Souvenir')

— s —

*"A woman's heart, like the moon, is always changing, but there is always a man in it."*—Punch

A novel musical party was once planned by a young lady. She invited a number of her musician friends, enclosing a list of pieces which were to be performed during the evening, one of which would be selected for each guest to interpret. Of course this needed some preparation, and the crowd that assembled that night had come ready to give an interpretation to each piece played. One young man received Drdla's 'Souvenir' to interpret, and the following was his manner of describing the moods of the piece.

"The piano, in the person of man, begins in a low and rather unemotional voice. The violin, in the person of woman, soon enters with an incipient flood of emotion, as is proper to the feminine nature. Exceedingly tender and affectionate are these gliding ascents and descents of tone, till those high notes are reached with all their wealth of assurance and earnest protest. Now woman (the violin) repeats her tender assurance with even

more affection than before. The piano (man) follows her thoughts and moods, saying the same thing after her (imitating her own assurance) in the lower register. Here however a difference can be noted; woman's voice is the height of tenderness and feeling; man's the middle-way of moderation and arguing reason.

"But not all is sunshine between Adam and Eve! Woman soon asserts her energy, proving that there is more in her than mere sentimentality. First she tries energy and firmness, but man meets her on her own ground. Next she tries emotional entreaty. Next, most tender appeal. Finally, she resorts to passion, rising to her highest pitch and power of eloquence, where however she finds her consort lagging not an inch behind, but accompanying her strongest words with a stamp of his foot! Seeing this, she hastens prudently to calm herself, and turns her tactics to those of the diplomat, overflowing with sweetness and decoying charm. The delightful ritardando reminds us of the peace that ensues upon a storm.

"The sunshine returns. The first theme of tender affection is again intoned by the violin, and is soon repeated in the lower register by the piano; man and woman are now in sympathy, joined in peaceful union, understanding each other the better for their late experience. Now are heard three beautiful ascents, with double-stopping in the violin and an echo-effect in the piano. The first is joyful, the second tinged with sadness, the third prayerful, the violin soaring ever upward into heaven, the piano descending ever deeper into the depths of self."

## 136. MIDNIGHT IN THE GRAVEYARD

### (Saint-Saens' 'Danse Macabre — Dance of Death')

—A—

*"A grave, wherever found, preaches a short and pithy sermon to the soul."*—Hawthorne

A great composer was one day reading the poem of a mediæval poet called: 'The Dance of Death,' wherein the spirits were supposed to hold a midnight gathering in the graveyard, dancing to the weird music of old Death, who played his three-stringed fiddle and beat on a tombstone with a bone. The idea

struck the composer as a very fine one and a fit subject for an orchestral tone-poem. He forthwith set to work, choosing as his foundation the waltz rhythm. How he developed this poetic theme we shall endeavor to show in the ensuing paragraphs.

The church bell rings out the midnight hour, thus placing us in the general mood — weirdness and darkness. It is like the witch-scene in Macbeth, so adroitly used by Shakespeare to tune our souls to his awful tragedy. We now hear some mysterious bass notes; it is Death stalking forth in the pale moonlight. Then we hear him tune his fiddle — the fifths. One by one the spectres rise out of their graves. Death seizes a bone and begins beating time on a tombstone. Wherewith the spectres begin their dance, which ends with a repetition of Death's fiddle-signal — the fifths.

Now follows the fugue of the spirits; first the bass enters (the aged), then the tenors (the middle-aged), then the altos (youth), finally the sopranos (childhood). All dance together, while death again beats with his bone; the music repeats one theme over and over — it is the monotony of death. Next is heard a tender and pathetic chromatic passage. The spirits are thinking of their lives, now past forever, of all those unfulfilled purposes, those wasted opportunities, those hidden sins, those despised counsels, those stolen pleasures, those scattered scandals. The mood is one of remorse. But Death impatiently cries: "Why did you not do your meditating before this, — while you were still in life?" Wherewith the spirits again begin their mad whirl, as if their remorse had turned into a tempest of feeling, rising and falling like the waves of the ocean, while Death mocks them with his bone.

Now we hear a series of chords responding one to the other in mystic conversation, as if the spirits were confiding to one another their woes and sorrows. But there is no rest for the spirits; Death is evermore their master. With an upward glide of chromatic variety the clarinet gives the signal for a renewal of the dance, and they must obey. Around they whirl, until with desperate efforts they follow Death's impatient finale. Suddenly they stop short. Hark! what sound is that? It is the distant crowing of the cock. The dawn is coming. "Get you back into your graves!" cries Death; whereupon they sink deeper and deeper into the earth. The cornet plays a lovely melody, — the first streaks of the rising sun! Death shudders; even he must yield to

day. As the sky grows gradually brighter, he beats his final farewell with the bone, and disappears. He had only seemed to conquer; man is immortal!

## 137. THE PSALMIST'S ECSTASY

### (Haydn's 'The Heavens are Telling')

—A. S.—

*"If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore; and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown! But every night come out these envoys of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile."*—Emerson

King David was one of the most talented musicians of antiquity, his harp-playing being praised in the Bible as something most excellent. But he was not only a musician, he was also a poet; so that he could not only accompany his singing, but also write the words which he was to sing. His view of life was not a narrow one, but a very broad one, so that in the series of his Psalms, or spiritual poems, we find references to almost all things in the universe, especially in as far as they pertain to the interior workings of man's soul. Thus in the 18th Psalm we find David's thoughts coursing through the boundless firmament, and telling us that—"The heavens show forth the glory of God, and the firmament declareth the work of his hands. Day to day uttereth speech, and night to night showeth knowledge. There are no speeches nor languages, where their voices are not heard."

The music of these words is indeed very sublime, and also deep, perhaps too deep to be understood perfectly. But we must remember that the heavenly bodies are always connected with the idea of grandeur and sublimity; for their immense distance and awful silence inspire the heart with the most profound and mystic thoughts. The whole mind of man is for the moment lifted above itself and overwhelmed with power, if not itself supernatural, at least leading to a supernatural end. Admirable, moreover, is the unity which appears, and wonderful the arrangement; to think that such a vast and complex piece of mechanism as the firmament should never for once get out of order or come short—be it ever so little — in its infinite mathematical niceties! Truly, earnestly

to consider the face of the heavens is to acknowledge sooner or later that there must be a guiding principle or hand — an all-powerful and all-wise God — a supreme Ruler of the universe to whom all nature is answerable! David was therefore right: "The firmament declareth the work of his hand!"

That the great composer, Haydn, translated David's sublime words into music is a blessing for mankind. For the power of music is very wonderful, since it enables or rather forces us to feel, or, still better, feels for us. The tongue's or pen's eloquence instructs reason, and reason in turn reaches the heart or emotions. But music's eloquence strikes directly at the heart, and thus with one blow subdues the intellect; for, though the heart can more easily resist the intellect, the intellect finds it difficult to resist the heart. To feel the divine presence is more powerful than merely to believe it; for it includes the belief, with much more besides.

## 138. MOONLIGHT IN NAPLES

### (Wolf-Ferrari's 'Intermezzo No. 1')

—A. S.—

*"Now came still evening on, and twilight gray had in her sober livery all things clad."*—Milton

Evening at Naples! The moon was just rising and casting her pale silver rays over all the landscape. Hark! What was that delightful sound that stole in upon our ears like a voice from another world, continuing unbroken and growing sweeter and sweeter? Was some flute-player near? Was he describing the hazy light of the evening? But ah! He was soon joined by a harpist, whose bell-like music accompanied his own with the most delicious artistry. Softness, silence, and a certain dimness were thus impressed, that suited the evening mood exactly.

But were there still other musicians around? Yea, we soon heard one of the sweetest violin solos ever conceived, breathing its expressive message most peacefully and picturing excellently the feelings of the soul on beholding the approach of night. The harpist, with a subdued and exquisite accompaniment, continued to color the music with his delicious bell-notes, as if to paint in delicate tone-poetry the twinkling of the little stars, now coming

out one by one in the darkening sky. Moreover, it appeared that there were also other musicians present, supplementing the harp with long, softly sustained chords; or was it perhaps only the accompaniment of the breeze coming to life as it were under the spell of such rare tone-magic?

While we were lost in reveries and were gazing at the placid firmament above us, suddenly we perceived some rather energetic chords of peculiar intervals and harmonization, followed — so it seemed — by a soft string orchestra playing 'tremolo,' while a pleasing melody in the lower register began to regale the ear. Was it a choir of singers intoning from the distance, their voices wafting over the evening air like strange sounds from an unknown future? Or was it all only the tone-painting of our overwrought imagination? Soon all again grew calm and serene, while the violin returned with its sweet theme, followed by the flute, so that the order of conclusion was just the reverse of that of the introduction. As the last sounds died away we realized more than ever the softness, gentleness, and unbroken tranquillity of an evening in Naples.

## 139. THE UNDAUNTED TROOPS

(Saint-Saens' 'Marche Heroique')

—A. S.—

*"It is wonderful what strength and boldness of purpose and energy will come from the feeling that we are in the way of duty."*

—Foster

The sad duty of fighting one's fellow men is not the most pleasant of occupations; yet patriotism demands it of every citizen, and he is not considered a faithful son of his fatherland who seeks to evade it. Hence it comes that true soldiers always display the following three qualities: courage, strength, and action. Without courage to begin with, no strength would avail; without strength to continue, no action would succeed; without action to crown both courage and strength, no victory would be gained. A great composer once conceived a march in which he portrayed excellently these three qualities, whether consciously or unconsciously we do not know, only this is certain — he at least felt

them implicitly, and even called his march 'Heroic,' thus in a general manner designating these qualities. The march was as follows.

The introduction was a short phrase of broad, sustained notes, ending with a military drum-roll. The audience was thus made to feel that the men stepping to this march were no cowards, but were filled with a determination to win or die! A few beats were then marked by plain accompaniment, as is usual with pieces used for marching, whereupon was heard the entrance of the first of the three features — the courage-theme. Said one of the listeners to his neighbor: "Listen to those unhesitating accents. Do they not speak of heroic courage?" Then the courage-theme was repeated, in the fourth above, as if the courage, far from sinking, were rising more and more.

The ear now detected the second of the three features — the strength-theme. "Note the solidity of those three notes!" continued the above-mentioned observer, "picturing to us the ground rock of heroism,—sturdiness of soul and firmness of purpose." Then the whole foregoing section was repeated; after which a transition was noticeable, ending with some very florid runs in the clarinet. This running-figure ushered in the third feature — the action-theme.

Now was heard the first feature — the courage-theme, as before, joined with the third feature — the action-theme, as evidenced in the running clarinet embellishments in the lower register. "Truly," commented the observer, "there is a wealth of movement here, all depicting heroism in its most healthy and active form." Then was the foregoing section repeated in the fourth above, reinforced by the strength-theme, all enlivened by the continual recurrence of the action-theme in the accompaniment, as if the soldiers, now all afire with zeal, were growing impatient for the battle.

With greater power the bass now intoned the courage-theme with a telling crescendo. "Here indeed," exclaimed the observer, "is determination painted in music!" At last the clarinets were heard ascending with an impetuous effort the very pinnacle of energy. Of especial note was the decisiveness of the final staccato

effect. Then, after a repetition of some of the foregoing portions, was heard a florid version of the courage-theme, while in the bass was perceived a sweeping movement of powerful tones, representing, as the observer remarked to his neighbor, "the perseverance of the soldierly spirit together with its unconquered will-power."

## 140. HOPE'S COMFORTING VOICE

### (Hawthorne's 'Whispering Hope')

—A. S.—

*"Auspicious hope, in thy sweet garden grow wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe."*—Campbell

How powerful is the sweet voice of hope, when it resounds in the midst of trial and tribulation! And just they who are the most sorely afflicted, appreciate its comforting promises the most. Thus a widow, who by sickness and ill-fortune had been reduced to the direst extremity, and was wondering how she might be able to feed her little ones during the winter, was one day sitting in her chair, shedding bitter tears and imploring her Maker for help. It was the day before Christmas, and her heart ached to think that she had nothing for her little ones, no, not even a small Christmas-tree. As she sat there sobbing, there was a knock at the door; she dried her eyes, then opened. A lady introduced herself, begging the widow to accept a little gift for Christmas day, pressing in her hand a roll of currency. Bidding a kind farewell and a "Merry Christmas," the lady went her way.

The widow stood there a few moments as if frozen to the spot; she could hardly realize what had happened. True, she had expressed her heartiest thanks, but besides that she was unable to say a word. At length, when she had recovered herself, and was alone, she looked at the money, and then her tears of sadness turned to tears of joy; for there was enough there to insure her little family's happiness not only for Christmas, but for many days to come. She had hoped, and had not been confounded! Immediately she thought of a beautiful song she used to sing with her eldest daughter. Calling the latter, she told her the good news, then bade her be seated at the piano, while both together sang the song, their

hearts bulging with gratitude and their eyes shedding tears of sincerest joy. The song was as follows.

The piano's four measures of introduction seemed to picture the soul's hope rising like a bird to the high heavens above. Then the voices began: "Like the voice of an angel, softly breathing a lullaby, hope gently persuades the heart and whispers her solacing word. Be patient, the darkness will pass, the tempest will soon be over, have hope! the sunshine will come as soon as the shower is gone. Whispering hope, how welcome to me is thy voice; it makes my heart bulge with joy in the midst of sorrow!"

Indeed, no more fitting song could have been found for the occasion; for it compared hope to a whispering angel — the mysterious stranger who had brought the money; further, it reminded the widow of the return of day upon night; lastly, it recalled to her mind the great truth that suffering often is gain, just as the rainy day points to a fuller harvest.

## 141. FIDELITY

### (Balfe's 'I Dreamt I Dwelt')

—A. S.—

*"Nothing is more noble, nothing more venerable than fidelity."*

—Cicero

A man and his wife sat together one evening reading the news. Of a sudden they were horrified to read the announcement of a divorce between two of their best friends. They were much grieved; however, they took occasion therefrom to give more ardent expression to their own fidelity. The husband took his wife's hand in his, and said: "May such a misfortune never befall us!" but she answered: "What God has joined together let no man put asunder," at the same time showing him her wedding-ring, which she had not removed from her finger since the day they were married. Then rising, she went to the piano, opened a song-book, and began to accompany herself as she sang the following beautiful song.

"I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls, with vassals and serfs at my side; and of all who assembled within those walls, that I was the hope and the pride. I had riches too great to count, could boast— of a high ancestral name, but I also dreamt, which pleased me most,

that you loved me still the same!" Then her husband joined her in singing the second verse: "I dreamt that suitors sought my hand, that knights upon bended knee and with vows no maiden heart could withstand, they pledged their faith to me; and I dreamt that one of the noble band came forth my hand to claim, but I also dreamt, which charmed me most, that you loved me still the same."

This incident occurred many years ago. The lady and her husband have long since molded in the grave. But the end of life found them as faithful as ever; though they had their storms to weather, nothing could tear them away from each other, even the separation of death united them but all the more, for memory cemented their hearts more closely, and absence fanned the fire of love. Let us hope that they are now really dwelling in marble halls, and are joined in the divine goodness for ever and ever, never more to be separated!

## 142. THE OLD MAN'S REVERIE

(WAGNER'S 'ALBUM LEAF')

— S —

*"As winter strips the leaves from around us, so that we may see the distant regions they formerly concealed, so old age takes away our enjoyments only to enlarge the prospect of the coming eternity."*—RICHTER

It was evening; an old man sat in his armchair watching the last glow of the setting sun. His thoughts began to crowd in upon his soul and quite overpower him. A beautiful piece of music, which he had known by heart in youth, but which he had not heard for a long, long time, suddenly came to his memory, fitting wondrously the situation. The last time he had heard the piece, it was played by a small band of travelling musicians, consisting of the following instruments: violin, flute, 'cello, and harp. And such an impression had their rendition left, especially since it was just such an evening as this when they played, that the whole melody and harmony recurred to him now as fresh as if he had heard it but the day before.

First he heard four descending notes—the desire-theme, as he fancied it, intoned by the flute. He thought of his childhood, of its innocent hopes, its golden opportunities. Soon another figure

of four notes, the fate-theme, as he termed it, was added by the flute; and the old man's memory reverted to—oh!—who shall tell what blasted hopes, what disappointments, what follies! Then the violin entered with the desire-theme. His thoughts were now traversing that memorable country of the past—his youth; warm were his desires then, glowing his passions! The violin next continued with the fate-theme. Ah! thought the aged meditator, where are now those youthful ambitions, those noble aspirations? With a tear in his eye he turned his mind away; it was a tear of sadness, of tenderness, of remorse, of strong emotion.

Here the 'cello entered with the desire-theme. Onward, onward were the old man's thoughts borne, like floating leaves in a stream. Deeper, deeper he sank into his life's reality; middle age, with all its high longings, its proud determination, its noble purposes, passed before him, and he shuddered. Then both the violin and the 'cello intoned with all the vehemence of the soul's feeling the desire-theme, which was repeated with increasing energy and emotion five times, until the overpowering climax was reached—a sustained chord in the treble. The old man's mind sank down in exhaustion.

High in the treble the violin continued with the desire-theme. It was now full of comfort and consolation; the old man was desiring another youth, a second birth, far above the vicissitudes of this earthly exile! At this point the violin began to trill, while the 'cello entered with a final strong intonation of the fate-theme. It was the strong hope of eternity, where neither the moth can consume nor the rust destroy! Gradually the music grew softer, picturing the peace of the twilight of life. Then came the conclusion. The desire-theme was heard in its final presentation,—sweet, assuring, peaceful, and heavenly. Though time had been an ocean, eternity—so the old man hoped—would prove a harbor of rest!

## 143. MACBETH

### (Schumann's 'A-Minor Quartet—Scherzo')

— s —

*"Conscience doth make cowards of us all."*—Shakespeare

Macbeth, a warrior, was met one dark night by three witches who told him that he was to receive certain dignities, especially

that of king. As Macbeth approached, the one witch said: "A drum, a drum, Macbeth doth come!" Then their glassy eyes sparkled in the darkness with diabolic scheming, and their teeth chattered. As Macbeth addressed them, they stretched forth their long, bony, clawlike fingers with ominous trembling; he was their victim! Then their glassy eyes sparkled again, as they gloated over their prey with awful delight; their chattering teeth resounded with terrible accent through the damp atmosphere. Deeper and deeper the airy tempters entered into the soul of the charmed Macbeth, whose whole being was by and by permeated by their wicked spirit.

The prophecies of the witches actually began to come true, so that Macbeth conceived the wicked idea of murdering the ruling King, and usurping his dignity, thus himself fulfilling the last prophecy. So complete had been the overpowering influence of the witches on his nerves, that he himself began to twitch like them and take on the awful and mysterious stare of their brows. And what wonder—they had sown the seed of murder in his bosom!

In fact, so changed was his face, that his wife, Lady Macbeth, thus addressed him: "Your face, my thane, is as a book where men may read strange matters." She soon enough found out his purpose, and, sad to say, encouraged him with all her strength. She was a woman of very strong emotion; her voice was very forcible; her feminine determination, added to her indomitable will and passionate ambition, goaded Macbeth on with irresistible power. Her intent brow, her overbearing eyes, her set lips, her uncompromising gesture, her siren form, her tongue counselling thus: "Bear welcome in your eye, your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower, but be the serpent under 't,"—all so influenced Macbeth that he at last seized his dagger and stealthily stole into the sleeping king's chamber.

Trembling all over, he reappeared. Oh! what was that he heard? The terrible drum-beat seemed to sound again! He had done the deed; but the anxiety of the fell purpose was now only changed into the overwhelming forebodings of conscience shaking like a leaf. Macbeth, trembling all over and his heart reechoing the foul witchery of his deception—yea beating almost aloud with remorse, screamed and cried out: "Methought I heard a voice say, 'Sleep no more! Macbeth doth murder sleep.'" Nay, Lady Macbeth herself—she, the brave, the unmoved—could no longer find

any rest for her soul; rising in the dead of night, she would walk in her dream, and utter such soul-thrilling words as these: "Out, damnèd spot!" trying the while to rub the blood-stains from her hands, and the guilt from her black soul. But sleep, that is, peace of heart and joy of life, had fled from both her and her husband. The two, though crowned, were plagued to the bitter end. Justice would have her fill, and she had it; death at last revenged the inhuman act in both one and the other!

## 144. PURITY'S VICTORY

### (Wagner's 'Tannhaeuser Overture')

—A—

*"Love is an alliance of friendship and animalism; if the former predominate, it is a passion exalted and refined; if the latter, gross and sensual."*—Colton

Tannhaeuser, a knight and minstrel of the days of chivalry, yielding to the common temptation of man's flesh, soon found himself in the whirlpool of forbidden pleasure; but rousing his better self, and fleeing from the wiles of Venus, into whose meshes he had fallen, he returned to the pure ways of a good man. This theme a great composer wished to portray as an opera, using the overture thereof as a means of displaying the whole idea in epitomized form. He hit on the following plan. In the first part of his overture he pictured purity by means of a beautiful Pilgrims' Chorus, full of prayer and piety; in the second part he depicted concupiscence, by the use of very sirenlike and uncanny music; in the third part or conclusion he united both these features and drew a magnificent picture of the victory of purity over concupiscence.

He marked the music 'Andante Maestoso.' First was heard a delightfully harmonized melody, deep and solemn, befitting the prayer of the Pilgrims; only mellow wind-instruments were chosen for this introduction. Soon the violins entered, rising by octaves, while the harmony grew very rich; triplets appeared in the other strings, growing louder and louder. With an irresistible force the music bore the audience on till the grand Pilgrims' Chorus, now

intoned with power and majesty by three trombones and the bass tuba, thrilled the breast of everyone. The triplets still continued and the whole orchestra spoke most eloquently. But what did those torrents of falling notes from the violins indicate? The composer called them "the pulse of life," or, "the instincts of natural man." St. Paul would have said: "For I am delighted with the law of God, according to the inward man; but I see another law in my members, fighting against the law of my mind, and captivating me in the law of sin, that is in my members." The composer's music here pictured how the 'inward man' gradually gains the ascendancy over 'fallen nature' by means of prayer and spiritual strength.

Then his music grew excited; it was marked 'Allegro.' Queer indeed were the tones that emanated from the orchestra; altogether it was a wonderful tone-painting of temptation, of the influence brought to bear on man by the spirit of evil! Peculiar pauses and sharp chords were heard, like serpents' stings,—decoying strains of the violins playing or rather shrieking in the treble. Tannhaeuser was weakening. Temptation was closing its iron grasp upon him! Lo! he has yielded;—he sings his song of homage to Venus, proclaiming his service to the goddess of forbidden and shameful pleasure. But this song itself also begins to weaken; Tannhaeuser is sickening of his surfeit. Venus, with all her demoniac influence, endeavors to revive him. She calls on concupiscence. A terrible conflict rages; concupiscence and purity strive for the mastery. In the distance is heard once more the Pilgrims' Chorus, coming nearer and nearer; a battle royal between the inward and outward man is now staged. Little by little the latter is conquered and the former is strengthened. The inward man at last carries away the victory amid the triumphant strains of the final passage. Purity has triumphed over licentiousness! The lost treasure has been regained!

Describing this glorious conclusion of his overture, the composer said: "Thus all the pulse of life palpitates and leaps for joy in this song of deliverance, and the two divided elements, spirit and mind, God and nature, embrace each other in the holy uniting kiss of love." And indeed, after hearing this beautiful and thought-laden overture, a man must come to the conclusion that music is more than mere sound; for that which can so be made to speak, is a real language!

## 145. THE PILGRIMAGE

### (WAGNER'S 'TANNHAÉUSER — SHEPHERD SCENE')

—A—

*"Whatsoever we beg of God, let us also work for it."*—TAYLOR

Tannhaeuser, after he had determined to leave the abode of Venus, suddenly found himself transported to a beautiful valley, where the sun was shining out of a blue sky and all nature seemed bathed in sweetest glory. At the roadside a small shrine of the Blessed Virgin invited to prayer, while from the heights could be heard the tinkling bells of the sheep, and the melodious piping of the shepherd boy who sat leisurely on the hillside. Soon the latter began to sing, saying: "Dame Holda stepped from the mountain; I longed to follow her, and then I dreamt. When I woke, it was May, and songs of spring around me resounded."

With a merry caprice the shepherd boy now began playing a lively tune on his pipe, when lo! the pilgrims approached from the distance, singing their solemn chant, and saying: "To thee, O Lord, my steps I bend, in thee both joy and sorrow end! O Mary, pure and gracious one, bless thou the road we have begun!" The shepherd boy, who was still playing, noticed the pilgrims and grew silent. The chant continued: "O see my heart by guilt oppressed, I faint, I sink beneath my burden! Nor will I cease, nor will I rest, till heavenly mercy grants my pardon. At thy august and holy shrine, I go to seek the grace divine, thrice blessed, who thy promise know! Absolved by penance they shall be!" The shepherd boy now greeted them, saying: "God speed! To Rome! There for my soul, oh breathe a prayer!"

Then Tannhaeuser, moved deeply, sank to his knees and exclaimed: "Almighty God, praise to thee, grant me the marvels of thy mercy!" But the pilgrims' chant again resounded, as they passed from the shrine: "To thee, O Lord, my steps I bend," etc., as above. After they had finished and receded, Tannhaeuser, in an ecstasy of prayer, repeated with great fervor the former words of the pilgrims, which happened just to fit his condition. "O see my heart," he said, "by guilt oppressed, I faint, I sink beneath the burden; nor will I cease, nor will I rest, till heavenly mercy grants me

pardon.'' The pilgrims could still be heard farther off, and as their voices ceased, hunting-horns could be heard approaching. Nearer and nearer the hunters came; it proved to be the landgrave and his minstrels, descending from the mountain forest, who, after discovering Tannhaeuser, apprized him of his happy lot in having won the fair Elizabeth.

## 146. THE PILGRIMS' PRAYER

(WAGNER'S 'TANNHAEUSER — PILGRIMS' CHORUS')

—A—

*"Gratitude is not only the memory but the language of the heart—rendered to God for his goodness."*—WILLIS

After the pilgrims had visited Rome, they passed by the same valley and sang a song of praise and thanksgiving. First they expressed their joy at being once more in their home country, thus: ''Once more I may greet my home with joy; once more, O flowery meadows, I welcome you.'' Then they gave vent to their feelings of rest and quiet of conscience after their long journey, saying: ''My pilgrim-staff may rest now, because heaven's sweet peace dwells within my bosom.''

Filled with gratitude and intense joy at the fact that through earnestness of prayer they had obtained the forgiveness of their sins, they next sang: ''The sinner's lament was heard and was accepted by a gracious Lord, those tears I shed before the shrine are now turned to hope and joy.'' And acknowledging that to God's mercy and clemency all was due, they broke out in a loud hymn of praise, thus: ''O Lord, eternal praise be unto Thee! Let Thy mercy overflow on all souls that are repentant and who seek Thee; bestow on them Thy love.''

Growing more and more exultant, the singers lifted their voices in expressing the great confidence which they now had in the divine goodness. ''I have no fear,'' they said, ''of hell or death, for my gracious Lord is nigh.'' They then brought their sublime chant to a grand conclusion with a loud and heartfelt exclamation, saying: ''Alleluja! Alleluja eternally, eternally!''

## 147. THE EVENING STAR

### (Wagner's 'Tannhaeuser — Evening Star Song')

—A—

*"The miserable hath no other medicine but only hope."*
—Shakespeare

Wolfram, hearing the chant of the pilgrims and hearkening till it died away in the distance, looked up to the sky and beheld the evening star rising. In its loving rays he saw the sweet picture of hope, and thinking of Tannhaeuser's redemption, (for the latter had also been with the pilgrims), began to improvise on his harp and thus to sing: "Like death's dark shadow night extends her gloom." As he sang these words, his voice fell lower and lower, to express the darkness. "Her sable wing," he continued, "she spreads o'er all the valley; the soul longs for the skies, yet dreads the gate of death!"

Then turning to the evening star, he sang, lifting his voice aloft: "I look on thee, oh star of heaven, thy gentle beam thou sendest afar, darkness shares thy loving ray, and like a friend thou showest the traveller the way." With much emotion he then played an interlude on his harp, still gazing at the beautiful star. At last he said: "O evening star, thou smilest on my spirit's troubled dream! Greet Elizabeth, (the beloved of Tannhaeuser, whose heart was broken on account of his infidelity), bear her beyond this vale of sorrow to fields of light that know no morrow, bear her beyond this vale of sorrow to fields of light that know no morrow." Then, with his eyes riveted on the star he continued playing on his harp, while the melody of his song seemed to resound through the trees, telling him that hope would still win the day and that Tannhaeuser would be redeemed at last.

## 148. THE NEGRO'S PSALM

### (Coleridge-Taylor's 'Deep River')

—A. S.—

*"The moral virtues, without religion, are but cold, lifeless, and insipid; it is only religion which opens the mind to great conceptions, fills it with the most sublime ideas, and warms the soul with more than sensual pleasures."*—Addison

Among the great composers was one who, being himself a negro, took special pains to make use of the negro melodies in his works.

Thus he fashioned a most beautiful piece from the words of a negro song beginning: "Life is a deep river. O Lord, take me safely over to the camp ground." The negro is of a very emotional and sentimental trend, and nowhere does this trait so manifest itself as in his religious connections. The song mentioned was afterwards arranged for violin and piano, and proved very pleasing; for the violin is capable of an extraordinary amount of emotional expression. Thus was it described by a lover of art:

The piano's deep introduction imitates the rolling of the wavelets. "Life is a deep river," thus speaks the emotional violin. What a natural flood of poetry is hidden in that simple sentence! "River" signifies, in one short word, that awful truth of time's swift passage, of that time which will never more return, bearing along with it the unalterable testimony of our deeds, the testimony which will inevitably be emptied into the gulf of eternity on judgment-day. "Deep" points to an especially serious and comprehensive truth, namely, that life is beset with pitfalls and temptations and is not unlike a deep river in which the fallen victim is in the most imminent danger of perishing.

That the negro's emotional thought has a strong tendency to burst forth into enthusiastic energy, anyone that has ever attended one of their camp-meetings, will readily concede. It is the enthusiasm of prayer, of that interior faith which, summoning up all the energy of the spiritual man, breaks forth in a loud and almost wild cry of longing. This accounts for their well-known habit of shouting in the course of their meetings. "O Lord, take me safely over to the camp ground!" The negro is by nature and circumstances somewhat lacking in energy, but let his fear be once aroused, and he is all action. There is no one that can pray more earnestly in the face of danger. The "camp ground" is the negro's simple paraphrase for "heaven," and though it be a crude one, it serves its purpose very well for his childlike and simple heart. And why not? Heaven is his heritage as well as the white man's!

Thus did the lover of art express his idea of this violin song. And indeed, it is said that the negro melodies can as a rule be traced to some spontaneous outburst in their camp-meetings; which shows that their music is not ear-music so much as soul-music, and as such may rank with the other beautiful music of the world.

## 149. THE BOMBASTIC TUBAS

(MEYERBEER'S 'FACKELTANZ')

— S —

*"The lustre of diamonds is invigorated by the interposition of darker bodies; the lights of a picture are created by the shades."*

—JOHNSON

A composer was once asked to write a magnificent piece for a very festive occasion—the marriage ceremonies of a royal couple. It was stipulated that he should use the form known as the 'Torchlight Dance,'' which had come down from the times of the old mediæval tournaments. He revolved the suggested idea in his head, and somehow or other could not conceive the piece; he began to write, but tore the paper in bits. He thought and thought, but still was unable to reach his aim. At last he went to bed, having a vague hope that sleep might come to his aid. And it did.

In his dream he saw a very peculiar sight. It seemed to him that all the instruments of the orchestra were persons and were gathered around him, ready to fulfill his commands. So he said to them: ''I want you to play a Torchlight Dance, with a very grand and pompous introduction.'' Lo! with the word they obeyed. Powerful indeed was the first lengthened note! Robustness was in full sway. Especially did the basses seem bent on showing their talents to the best advantage. In fact, these lordly gentlemen began to take things into their own hands, intoning a powerful theme of their own. They were certainly bent on saying something! However, the other instruments straightway interfered, almost drowning the basses' voices; the latter answered with a series of pouting exclamations, while the rest stubbornly kept up their protesting.

''Silence!'' suddenly cried the composer, whose patience had come to an end. At the same time he ordered the modest cornet to come forward, saying: ''You senseless basses! Do you not know that there is nothing so monotonous as continual grandeur?'' Whereupon the cornet's soft and delicate theme offered a most sweet contrast. However, the basses were very self-willed and could not so easily be brought to forfeit their flattering opportunity. They gradually entered again and reclaimed their place till, with a decided figure, they triumphantly ushered in a repetition of the original theme, loud and grandiose. Their voices seemed to glory in their giantlike power.

"All right," exclaimed the composer, "if you basses are so desirous of showing off, send forward the tubas for a solo!" The other instruments looked aghast;—the tubas play a solo! But the bombastic tubas had already forged ahead and were playing their solo; wonderful indeed was their effort; the other instruments, envious before, now could not refrain from cheering and applauding, till the vain tubas were vaunting with glory.

"To the front, Monsieur Cornet!" cried the composer, "tubas, recede!" The cornet again played a beautiful melody, though the basses continued grumbling at their sudden deposition. They watched their chance, and were soon again in the lead; they grew triumphant, they breathed exultation, nay, as the piece neared its close, they emulated the agility of the cornets themselves, their last effort being full of spirited action and earnestness. Needless to say, this dream solved the composer's doubts, and as soon as he awoke, he seized his pen and soon had the piece completed.

## 150. CHARACTER SKETCHES

### (Sarasate's 'Caprice Basque')

— s —

*"Every man is a volume, if you know how to read him."*

—Channing

The Basques, for the most part inhabitants of the Pyrenees, are a simple, brave, and independent people, jealous of their mountain freedom. It happened that a traveller, traversing this country, met with a wandering violinist who was quite a novel old fellow; for a small recompense he offered to describe on his violin any kind of person that happened to be passing just then. The traveller, anxious to hear this musical entertainment, readily paid the required sum. Whereupon the old violinist played his introduction, which was full of zest and life, and indicated that the characters about to be described would not by any means be of a languid type.

The traveller looked ahead and saw an individual approaching who by his whole bearing seemed the very picture of energy; the old violinist, gazing intently, began to describe this character with energetic strains, evidencing a power that not only portrayed the energy of the passer-by but also aroused that of the traveller. Then came two companions. The first spoke, and in his words were discerned the movement of humor and the teasing variety of wit; his

pleasantry was naive and well adapted to feelings of joy. The other made answer; he seemed to belong to that set of mortals that have a glib tongue, are quick of perception, swift of action, and ready for anything, that seem to know no difficulties, and whose agility is an object of wonder to their fellows. These two the old violinist described in turn, and very appropriately too.

The fourth person making his appearance was in direct contrast to the foregoing. He was reserved, took his time, and appeared to be of the cast that think twice before they speak once. Care and forethought marked his every word and action. The old violinist did full justice to his characteristics. But who was this approaching? A youth, in the bloom of energy, passed by. He seemed to possess a soul spurred on by an activity as restless as it was courageous. Enthusiasm marked his brow. Him also the old violinist described perfectly. Behind him rushed a young boy, reckless and boisterous, one of those nervous spirits that are always living in a state of excitement—whose actions and words stumble over one another passing and going like flashes of lightning. To depict this character took all the skill of the old fiddler, but he was equal to it.

Suddenly was heard a laughing and chattering, and along came running a crowd of little children. They were bubbling over with lightness and gayety and the merriment of life's springtime. The old violinist exulted as he described these little folk, for he had a great love for them. The last character was a counterpart of the third, with this exception, that his quickness and agility were not marked by superficial ease but by nervous energy of the most decisive kind. Those that accompanied him listened to his words with respect and followed his gestures with interest. In fact, he represented the very acme of action, and offered the old fiddler a fitting subject for a grand climax to his novel piece.

## 151. THE JEWS IN EXILE

(Achron's 'Hebrew Melody')

— s —

*"A man is always nearest to his good when at home, and farthest from it when away."*—Holland

King David wrote many beautiful psalms, but none excelled in poetry and burning thought the one beginning: "On the rivers

of Babylon.'' For therein he depicted in a truly powerful manner the intense feeling of exile and undying patriotism of the Hebrew heart. The psalm describes the Babylonian captivity, and has two principal moods,—the sadness of exile, and the desire of repossessing the lost homeland. A composer, filled with this twofold spirit, one day was inspired with a longing to write a thoroughly Hebrew piece; his finished effort we shall delineate, so that it may be seen how clearly the spirit of David, that is, the sentiment of David, guided his hand.

The orchestra, with its deepest tones, chanted the doleful introduction. It was the voice of a whole nation groaning from the depths of its captivity. Then a solo violin entered with four monotone notes, repeated in various figures eight times, the whole duplicated in the treble. To impress here the proper mood upon the soul, the listeners were directed to recall the parallel words of the psalm: ''Upon the rivers of Babylon, there we sat and wept; when we remembered Sion; on the willows thereof we hung up our instruments.'' Further, they were directed to note the ideas: 'By the rivers,' that is, in solitude; 'of Babylon,'—the enemies' city; 'we sat'; 'we wept'; 'Sion'—our home; 'willows'; 'hung up our instruments,' that is, kept silent for grief. Everybody therefore understood that the mood was the 'grief of exile.'

Now the music took on an increasing tempo and a more nervous character. The mood might have been aptly compared to the indignant resentment of the homesick Jews when asked by their captors to sing a hymn in the hated place of their exile. ''And they that carried us away, said: 'Sing ye to us a hymn of the songs of Sion.' How shall we sing a song of the Lord in a strange land?'' Here the mood abounded in passionate feeling. Next was heard an ascending figure of the violin, answered in the orchestra. More and more vehement grew the strains, till the audience seemed to hear the voice of the whole Jewish people cry out with trembling emotion: ''If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten!'' The mood here was attachment, filled with longing.

At this juncture the climax was reached,—a gushing, torrent-like descent of the violin. The mood was filled with the highest determination and most vehement desire. In defiance the Jews seemed to exclaim: ''Let my tongue cleave to my jaws, if I do not remember thee: if I make not Jerusalem the beginning of my joy!'' Then the orchestra took up the four-note theme, while the violin

ascended like a bird to the high heavens, singing of hope and comforting the captives below with the promise of final deliverance. It was like the sun shining after a storm. Finally, the violin once more descended to earth and intoned the theme of grief; but now there was comfort hidden in it,—the time of exile was not destined to last forever!

## 152. THE GRATEFUL PEASANTS

### (Portugal's 'Adeste Fideles')

—A—

*"The nature of Christ's existence is mysterious, I admit; but this mystery meets the wants of man."*—Napoleon

When Christ was born in Bethlehem, the angels announced the joyful and long looked-for event to the shepherds and peasants who dwelt in the country around. So happy were these simple folk to know that the Savior had at last come, that they could not refrain from addressing one another with the inviting words: "Come ye faithful, with great joy ye may now celebrate the triumphant advent of the Messiah!"

Then others cried out to their neighbors, who asked where the Savior was to be found: "Come, come to Bethlehem! Behold there the divine child,—the king of the angels!" To which the questioners responded with the sweet refrain: "Come, let us adore, come, let us adore, come, let us adore the Lord!" Whereupon all together repeated the words: "Behold the divine child, the king of the angels!" Afterward a single shepherd took up the prayer with the refrain as follows: "Come, let us adore, come, let us adore," while the whole throng, now growing larger with every moment, added: "Come, let us adore the Lord!"

Hark! what was that? It seemed that chimes were re-echoing the words of the simple peasants far up in the regions of the stars. The shepherds bowed their heads in silent prayer and listened reverently. Then they hastened their steps. Lo! there was the cave; and a great light beamed forth and illumined the whole place. "God of God, light of light," exclaimed an aged shepherd, "behold, he is born of a virgin, true God, born, not made." Then he fell on his knees and sang softly, thus: "Come, let us adore!" Several joined him, also falling on their knees and saying: "Come, let us adore!" Then, with one jubilant outbreak of the whole assembly,

all prostrated before the divine Infant, while the words rose aloft and reverberated through the cave: "Come, let us adore the Lord!"

## 153. BABY'S SLUMBER

### (Mozart's 'Cradle Song')

—A—

*"Our foster-nurse of nature is repose."*—Shakespeare

Evening was creeping on. Baby's little eyelids were growing heavy. Mama's arms were also growing heavy. The cradle was therefore arranged, the lights were turned low, and baby was soon in his downy little nest. Now mama began to rock her darling to and fro, calling him her little prince, and singing to him of the lambkins, the little birds, the bees, how all of them were now at rest and how scarcely a sound could be heard in all nature.

Even the little mice, continued the fond mama, have gone to sleep! So sweet and childlike was her voice that it seemed like the humming of a little child to her dolly; for the maternal affection that burned in her breast made her for the moment forget she was a woman and gave her by sympathy the appreciation of a little child! Baby was enjoying it all, though his little eyelids seemed to picture him as already asleep.

Beautiful reflections came coursing through the mother's mind as her wee prince began to doze away. 'Nothing but rest and play' —'no toil, no care'—'only pretty toys and happiness unbroken!' These were the ideas that floated through her mind and flooded her breast, as she gazed on her darling. Softer and softer grew her humming, as baby fell deeper and deeper into his sweet slumber. 'Sleep, oh sleep,' she sang slowly and softly, while baby at last lay there completely overpowered by the magic influence of night. A few slight rocks of the cradle, and all was hushed.

## 154. THE GUARDIAN ANGELS

### (Handel's 'Angels Ever Bright and Fair')

—A—

*"The guardian angels of life sometimes fly so high as to be beyond our sight, but they are always looking down on us."*—Richter

A sweet song of the angels, sung by a lyric soprano, accom-

panied by violins and 'cellos! Who would not be enraptured by this poetic combination? Such was the piece composed by Handel the wonderful musician. To impress the proper poetic mood upon his hearers he had recourse to four features: first, a very restful tempo; secondly, a great sweetness of melody; thirdly, smoothness of harmonic progression; fourthly, unbroken lyric quality. Thus did a certain person describe the piece.

By means of the orchestra's soft introduction we are prepared for the song, finding ourselves in a mood of deep peace and reverent attention. The sweet strains introduce to us the singer, then modestly step to the background a moment while she sings her first two notes. "Angels, ever bright and fair,"—how delightfully the orchestra echoes the last notes! "Angels ever bright and fair, take, O take me to your care!" Beautiful indeed is the long note on 'care'; does it not express the persevering importunity of a soul filled with faith in the protection of the angels? "Take me"—the echo of the orchestra seems to include an assuring answer from the angels—"take, O take me, angels, ever bright and fair, take, O take me to your care; take, O take me to your care."

Here the mood gathers vehemence and confidence. Note the splendid rise, expressive of this new turn. "Speed to your own courts my flight, clad in robes of virgin white, clad in robes of virgin white." The soul here seems to feel distrust of its own prayers, preferring to appeal to those of the pure spirits "of virgin white." Then the music returns to its first theme: "Take me, angels, ever bright and fair, take, O take me to your care."

Such a spiritual theme abounds in poetic beauty. It lifts us out of the daily and conventional, into a purer atmosphere, where nobility and delicacy, unhampered by the earthly grossness around us, have opportunity to expand and develop to their full perfection and beauty. There is something in the idea of poor humans being protected by higher and purer creatures, that strikes a sympathetic chord in our souls. In one word, this beautiful song makes us feel ourselves for the moment behind closed doors, where incense is burning and where naught can enter but the spirit; where we are lifted for the time above the earth to the invisible and uncontaminated. Thus did the description come to a close.

## 155. THE PHILOSOPHER'S COMMENT

(HAYDN'S 'MINUET IN D, No. 2')

— S —

*"Nothing is rich but the inexhaustible wealth of nature. She shows us only surfaces, but she is a million fathoms deep."*—EMERSON

The great composer Haydn, who was full of the sunshine of life, and whose music reflects this brightness as a mirror the light, was once inspired to write a delightful melody in the form of a Minuet. The first theme thereof was a short, simple phrase, wherein was hidden vigor with freshness, willingness with joy, while between its repetitions were inserted passages of tender delight and pleased satisfaction. A certain philosopher, hearing this theme, said: "We might apply this mood language to the soul; for vigor is one of the most desirable of traits, as it promises accomplishment; freshness argues perseverance; willingness pleases, since it holds in itself the all-important part of energy—love; joy spurs onward, furnishing the oil that lends smoothness to the running wheels."

As the music continued, those that had heard the philosopher's words said to themselves: "He spoke very truly." But the philosopher continued: "Energy and zeal however must be moderated by a certain tenderness of mind and heart, that may guide and solace; that of the mind we call prudence—that of the heart, compassion. All these qualities mixed together in a congruous proportion produce a soul full of spiritual sunshine. They deserve man's deepest consideration."

Again the audience listened, and again exclaimed: "He spoke very truly." But now the music reached the Trio, and the philosopher thus commented on the strains: "In the footsteps of work and zeal always follow rest and contentment, just as sunshine always makes shade. This seems to be the spirit of the music now. It seems to me that I have just been walking in the warm sunshine,—when, reaching a wood, I have entered into the cool shade, peaceful and pleasant, disturbed only by a few straggling rays of sunlight that break through the foliage and fall upon the flowerets around." Then he recited Longfellow's lines: "When the warm sun that brings seed time and harvest, has returned again, 'tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs the first flower of the plain."

The audience was highly pleased with this comment, and, as

the music returned to its first theme, looked questioningly at the philosopher, to hear what he would add. After listening intently for a few moments, he slowly said. "Here we feel ourselves again stepping out of the shady wood into the sunny world of life and activity."

## 156. ANNO DOMINI 1914

### (Elgar's 'Carillon')

—A—

*"Our virtues are dearer to us the more we have to suffer for them. It is the same with our children. All profound affection admits sacrifice."*—Vauvenargues

All the world was startled in the summer of 1914, when the terrible news was sent broadcast that the great nations of Europe were locked in deadly combat. In their midst was a little nation—Belgium—which, though innocent and weak, was trodden under foot in the melee. This formed one of the most pathetic scenes in the great tragedy. So pathetic did it appear to many that three great men, one a poet, another a musician, and the third a speaker, concluded to celebrate this sad theme in an artistic manner. The result of their labors and genius we shall forthwith set down.

First in the orchestra was heard the chime-theme, which was developed at great length, especially recalling the chimes in the Belgian churches, and figuratively representing the moral and religious courage of the brave Belgians. Then the speaker began to deliver with a pathetic voice the touching lines of the poet: "Sing, Belgians, sing! Even though our wounds may be bleeding, and though our voices be breaking, sing louder than the storm or the guns, sing of the honor of our defeat 'neath the bright autumn sun, and sing of the joy we feel, when cowardice were sweet." The orchestra here touched on the sorrow-theme. "Let the drum sound, let the bugle blast, lo, there are the ruins of Aerschot, of Dinant, and Termonde!"

Now again was heard the courage-theme, or chime-theme. "Dance, Belgians, dance, and sing of our glory; even though our eyes be burning, even though our brain be turning, join in the ring." At a signal from the drum, the whole orchestra—as it were, in the person of all the Belgians together—entered with the courage-

theme. Finally, bracing themselves up once more, the brave Belgians intoned with renewed energy the courage-theme.

The second part of the poem continued with a powerful presentation of the courage-theme in full orchestra, gradually melting away as if the funeral bells were heard tolling in the distance. "With branches of beech, all afire, we'll cover our children's graves, while the drum beats their dirge," and the orchestra, as if with a human sigh of parental anguish, echoed the doleful strains of the sorrow-theme. "We'll choose such a day, when the poplars, trembling in the breeze, and the woods, scented with the odor of the drying leaves, may bear witness that they (scil. the children) are bearing along with them to the great beyond the perfume of our land." Here again the orchestra interposed with the sorrow-theme. After this the poem gradually worked up to its climax. "We'll beg the earth which they so loved, to rock them in her arms and warm them at her breast, sending them dreams of other fights, retaking Liege, Malines, Brussels, Louvain, and Namur, and of their triumphant entry, at last, in Berlin!"

The orchestra, with a mighty burst of enthusiasm, intoned the courage-theme, following it up with the sorrow-theme, now however heard with a loud and resolute character, picturing the patriot's glorious death. At length the speaker declaimed the poem's grand conclusion: "Sing, Belgians, sing! Even though our wounds may be bleeding, and though our voices be breaking, sing louder than the storm or the guns, even though our wounds may be bleeding, and our voices be breaking, sing of hope and fiercest hate, 'neath the autumn sun, sing of charity's pride, when vengeance would be so sweet!"

## 157. THE POET'S SONG

(Dittersdorf's 'Andante')

— s —

*"The written poem is only poetry talking, and the statue, the picture, and the musical composition are poetry acting."*—Ruskin

Late one night a young lady was busy reading a volume of poems. She was especially struck with the beauty of one by Moore, which began: " 'Twas one of those dreams that by music are brought." Suddenly outside her window the sweetest music began

to sound,—as if a quartet of musicians were serenading her. The melody they played, which was adorned with the most pleasing harmony, just fitted the words of the poem. So she sang along after this manner:

" 'Twas one of those dreams that by music are brought, like a light summer breeze, o'er the poet's warm thought, when, lost in the future, his soul wanders on, and all of this life but its sweetness is gone." The musicians, perceiving her voice, wondered. But they continued, playing a very melodious interlude. Then they repeated the original strains, and were delighted to hear the young lady's voice again accompany their music with perfect rhythm and altogether new words: "He listened—while high o'er the eagle's rude nest the lingering sounds on their way loved to rest; and the echoes sung back from their full mountain choir, as if loath to let song so enchanting expire."

The enraptured musicians now furnished a second interlude, after which, returning to their already repeated strain, they heard the young lady's voice thus accompany them: "It seemed as if every sweet note that died there, was again brought to life in some airier sphere." The musicians, overflowing with a flood of feeling at the beauty of the words she had uttered, continued playing most beautifully, as if they desired to hear still more. And they were not disappointed. "Was again brought to life in some airier sphere," the lady softly sang, "in some airier sphere," while the music slowly died away in the night silence.

## 158. THE CATARACT

(Dittersdorf's 'Finale')

— s —

*"It were happy if we studied nature more in natural things."*
—Penn

The young lady, mentioned in the foregoing story, was so highly pleased with the novelty and tender delight of her late experience that she could not refrain from clapping. This gave the serenaders assurance of her heartfelt appreciation. So, seeing their music was welcome, they began another piece, which however was quite a contrast to the foregoing, for it was fast and vivacious. As she listened, her eye fell on the volume of poems and the thought

entered her head: 'Could I perhaps find another poetic parallel for this piece?'

She opened the volume at random, and there found Southey's "Cataract of Lodore," 'How fitting,' she immediately said to herself, 'the rocks represent the principle of solidity, the water that of pliability. The water indeed makes the melody, but only because it is played on by the rocks. Thus percussion is everywhere evident in the music, just as it is in the cataract.' Then she mused further: 'Herein appears a phase of life; for while some men are as unalterable as the rocks, others again are as pliable as the water,—and both together, clashing, form the music of variety. The rocks will take no other shape, no matter how much water for the moment strikes against them, but the water on the contrary gladly and easily shapes itself according to any size or manner of rock it finds in its way, splashing and leaping and hastening onward unhindered to its goal—a sunny picture of joy and abandon.'

Of a sudden the music stopped outright. It was to her as if the water had reached a little precipice and, while leaping to the bottom, found nothing to strike upon—whence the silence. But the silence was only momentary—there soon followed a few measures of 'musical' foam. Nay, immediately came the rapids; the rocks seemed smooth enough, but the water leaped and bounded in unconstrained freedom. The young lady cast a look at the poem, and there read the very appropriate words, which she recited to the rhythm of the music: "Rising and leaping, sinking and creeping, swelling and sweeping, showering and springing, flying and flinging, writhing and ringing."

The accompanying instruments now sustained, while the violin was allowed to continue its course. 'How like deep water,' thought the young lady, 'is the effect produced by these accompanying instruments, one and all holding their low, deep tone,—while the violin's song is like that of a shepherd boy dreamily playing his pipe on the green bank!' She looked at the poem again; there she read: "Through moss and through brake, it runs and it creeps, for awhile, till it sleeps, in its own little lake."

Another sudden pause was immediately followed by a new motion as if the little lake were being disturbed. It seemed to the young lady that the brooklet was waking from its 'sleep.' Again was heard the original merry theme, while she read thus: "And thence at departing, awakening and starting, it runs through the

reeds, and away it proceeds, through meadow and glade, in sun and in shade, and through the wood-shelter, among crags in its flurry, helter-skelter, hurry-skurry.''

## 159. THE MOUNTAIN CLIMBER

(Balfe's 'Excelsior')

—A—

*"As plants take hold, not for the sake of staying, but only that they may climb higher, so is it with men. By every part of our nature we clasp things above us, one after another, not for the sake of remaining where we take hold, but that we may go higher."*

—H. W. Beecher

Longfellow, the great American poet, one day was seized with a thought which he could not get out of his mind. So taking his pen, he wrote the short poem called 'Excelsior.' Therein he drew the picture of a young boy climbing the Alps, with a banner in his hand labeled 'Excelsior,' who, overcoming all hindrances, climbs and climbs until he reaches the summit, only to find his death in the frigid snows. Some who read the poem thought it strange; but a musician, seeing the real meaning, set the poem to music, while one who heard his finished work interpreted both it and the poem as follows.

''The shades of night were falling fast, as through an Alpine village passed a youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice, a banner with the strange device: Excelsior.''—The truth inculcated in this verse is, that a man should have a progressive spirit in life, and not be addicted to idleness or dreaming.

''His brow was sad; his eye, beneath, flashed like a falchion from its sheath; and like a silver clarion rung the accents of that unknown tongue: Excelsior.''—A man of character is soon recognized; his mind is like a sword that proclaims the right; his heart like a trumpet announcing his determination to follow that right.

''In happy homes he saw the light of household fires gleam warm and bright: above, the spectral glaciers shone; and from his lips escaped a groan: Excelsior.''—Pleasure is not the end of life, but duty. A life of inordinate pleasure means a life of idleness and unprofitableness; but a life of effort and labor is the secret of many and valuable achievements, and demands not a little sacrifice.

Now is noticeable in the music, as it were, the fear and anxiety

felt by those who watch a daring climber. "Try not the pass, the old man said; dark lowers the tempest overhead; the roaring torrent is deep and wide! And loud that clarion voice replied: Excelsior!"—Some people are weak enough to listen to dissuasion; but it is the man that despises the counsel of the pusillanimous as well as all human respect that reaches the goal!

"A traveller, by the faithful hound, half buried in the snow was found, still grasping, in his hand of ice, that banner with the strange device: Excelsior."—Steady perseverance to the end of our lives in effort and duty—this is the goal for which we should strive.

"There in the twilight cold and gray, lifeless but beautiful he lay: and from the sky, serene and far, a voice fell, like a falling star, Excelsior."—'Lifeless but beautiful'—here is the highest praise of those noble men and women who have gone before us! Their souls, freed from the shackles of the body, are now freer than ever, more acute, more able; what, asks the poet, shall eternity have to tell of their progress, when even here they were never idle?

## 160. THE JOY OF SALVATION

### (Wagner's 'Parsifal — Good-Friday Spell')

—A—

*"True religion and virtue give a cheerful and happy turn to the mind; admit of all true pleasures, and even procure for us the highest."*—Addison

Parsifal, the favored knight of the Holy Grail, finding himself near the hermitage of Gurnemanz, came forward and greeted the aged man. Gurnemanz, gazing on him, recognized him as the one who was to redeem the sins of the Grail knights. It was springtime, and the verdure of nature was everywhere bright and cheery. Gurnemanz therefore, in beautifully poetic language, explained to Parsifal how even on Good Friday (for it happened to be that day) nature could rejoice. For after Parsifal had expressed his surprise at the bright cloak of nature, and said that surely on this day all earth should be in garments of mourning, not of joy, Gurnemanz replied:

"Nevertheless, thou seest it is not so. The sad and repentant tears of sinful men have so besprinkled the earth with holy rain that

fields and woods glow with vernal beauty. For every earthly creature, in remembrance of the Savior's most sweet presence, has seen fit to rejoice on this blessed day; these manifold creatures can not see Him on the cross, but they behold Him in man the redeemed, reinstated and pure, freed from fear, and this is the reason they smile. Each blade of grass and each little flower experiences on this day the sacred feeling of immunity from harm, as if man for very reverence, could not tread on them; for man, when he considers with what charity he was saved by the loving Redeemer, has not the heart to disgrace such a dear occasion by the least cruelty to nature. This is the grand cause of nature's rejoicing to-day,—man is redeemed, all nature has regained her innocence!''

## 161. A SON'S PETITION

### (Wagner's 'Parsifal — My Father')

—A—

*"Let not him who prays, suffer his tongue to outstrip his heart."*
— South

Amfortas, knight of the Holy Grail, as he saw his dead father Titurel borne in on a bier and set down in the midst of the holy temple of the Grail, broke out in a most fervent prayer, crying to the departed loved one that he should intercede for him in heaven. ''My father! Most venerated hero, most pure and chaste, to whom even the angels once bowed, I alone should have died, but alas, thou hast been snatched away instead of me!''

Then he turned his gaze heavenward, as if he saw his father in the heavenly Jerusalem, and touchingly addressed him thus: ''O thou, who art now safe in the heavenly courts and beholdest the Savior with thine own eyes, I beseech thee to beg of Him this boon: that His precious blood, if I must to-day once more call down His blessing (he was chief knight) may bring to me at last my death.'' Most solemn was his voice as he added: ''Death! To die!''

Then thinking of the wound he had in his bosom, which he had received from the enemies of the Grail, he grew energetic and lifted his voice in heartfelt earnestness, thus: ''O one only mercy! That horrible and poisonous wound take from me, and give peace

at last to my tortured heart!'' Then raising his voice in pitiful pleading, he concluded: ''My father, I call on thee! Do thou in turn call on the Redeemer thus, 'O Savior, give rest to my son!' ''

## 162. TRUE BROTHERLY LOVE

(Mozart's 'Menuet in D-Major, No. 1')

— S —

*"Humanity is never so beautiful as when praying for forgiveness, or else forgiving another."*—Richter

In a little corner of a garden stood two persons, seemingly well acquainted with each other. The one seemed to have offended the other, for the latter was downcast, while the former offered his hand and begged for pardon. With tender and pathetic words he explained that the offense was not meant. Seeing that the other lent a listening ear, he began to tease a little, to draw forth a smile of forgiveness.

At length success crowned his efforts; the smile was forthcoming. He therefore enlarged on the successful means he had employed, breaking forth in a torrent of jollity and fun, thus still further to heal the wound, rejoicing with all the exuberance of his soul at the happy outcome.

The other being now completely reconciled, the offender began to reassure him, promising never to be so rude again, repeating with redoubled confidence all he had said before, now however with a spark of latent humor or a half-serious remark or two concerning 'touchiness.' Finally the other said abruptly: ''Let it pass! It's all forgotten.'' Wherewith they shook hands with a hearty jerk, and all was over.

## 163. THE HAPPY LITTLE BIRD

(Schumann's 'Prophet-Bird')

—A. S.—

*"All who would win joy, must share it; happiness was born a twin."*
—Byron

A certain nature-lover one day found himself wandering through the depths of a thick forest. Seating himself on a grassy

plot, he listened to the delightful concert which nature played all around him. Suddenly above his head he heard a little feathered songster begin his cheering mélody. Low and sad was the sweet voice as it began; soon it grew warm and lively; then sad again; then nervous again. Next were heard some delightful descending octaves containing a delicious bit of bird-humor. Emotion followed: then another series of nervous, joyous tones. The whole melody ended slowly and swéetly.

A beautiful contrast now impressed itself on the ear of the nature-lover. The bird was silent and all that could be perceived was the soft swaying of the verdant branches overhead. He was left to his own musings. Deeper and deeper the lesson sank into his bosom; warmer and warmer grew his thoughts; he realized that he was resting in the hallowed sanctuary of God's omnipotence and omnipresence. All else in the world seemed hushed for reverence.

Hark! The soft voice was again heard. Ah! the dear little songster began to repeat his enchanting ditty. As he neared the end, he spread his wings and flitted away. In the distance was heard a single echo, like the long-drawn note of a flute; then all was silent. "Truly," said the nature-lover to himself, as he pursued his way through the forest, "I have been in nature's temple and have heard the voice of one of God's tiniest and happiest creatures! In comparison I am but a rough-hewn stone, ever sinking down to earth by my sinful weight."

## 164. A REVERIE OF LIFE

### (Liszt's 'Caprice Poetic')

— s —

*"'Twill not be long — this wearying commotion, that marks its passage in the human breast, and, like the billows on the heaving ocean, that ever rock the cradle of unrest, will soon subside; the happy day is nearing, when bliss, not pain, shall have its rich increase; e'en unto thee the dove may now be steering, with gracious message. Wait, and hold thy peace; 'twill not be long."*

—Anon.

It was midnight. An aged man sat in his study poring over the beloved companions of his well-nigh spent life—his books. In one he read the anonymous poem beginning: " 'Twill not be long," and, after he had read the first stanza, a piece of music occurred to him which he had heard the day before, played on the piano by a

visiting friend. He had been so pleased with the piece, that he had begged his friend to repeat it several times, so that now it came back quite familiarly to his mind. Looking again at the poem, he thought to himself: 'The sentiment of these lines fits the piece precisely.' He forthwith sat down and wrote the following commentary, keeping in mind the piece of music; afterwards he sent it to his musical friend.

" 'Twill not be long." This is the introduction of the poet, who lifts his comforting voice from the depths of the present, pointing to the future. Hardly have the strains begun,—the nervous unrest breaks forth more and more, that "wearying commotion that marks its passage in the human breast." To and fro the soul is tossed, up and down, backward and forward, hither and thither. Who is there that does not feel this 'commotion,' try how he will? It 'marks' its passage, that is, leaves its mark in the soul as wrinkles are impressed on the countenance; life's battles can never be forgotten!

We now hear a swift descending run in the treble which develops into a series of gliding chromatic scale passages that indeed rise and fall "like the billows on the heaving ocean, that ever rock the cradle of unrest." But "the happy time is nearing, when bliss, not pain, shall have its rich increase!" The music seems to grow very joyful and full of expectancy, exultant in its hopes for the future; the "dove is steering with gracious message."

Now the music gradually returns to its first character, placing us again in the mood of comfort. "Wait, and hold thy peace; 'twill not be long!" Slower and slower the melody drags; the soul is at last entering into its true rest!

## 165. THE BRAWNY WARRIORS

(Delibes 'Coppelia — Czardas')

— s —

*"War! that mad game the world so loves to play!"*—Swift

In Hungary there is a certain dance in vogue called the Czardas. It possesses two contrasted characteristics, the first slow and sad, the second fast and vivacious. Liszt, the greatest musician Hungary ever produced, attributed these two qualities to the temperament of his countrymen, saying that on the one hand they were possessed of a "depressing sadness," on the other of a "warlike

enthusiasm.'' A French composer, wishing to write such a Czardas, conceived the following piece.

First, the mood of the introduction was dark, like the hue of the gypsies; but it possessed crude and rugged strength, especially evidenced in the drum-roll and the shrill blast at its conclusion. It almost made the hearers see the gypsies! Now was heard a slow and melancholy movement in the lower register, accompanied by sharp and stern chords in the bass. The mood here was anything but bright and cheery. Indeed it represented the first characteristic of the gypsy temperament, as given above, ''depressing sadness.'' Next were heard some sharp notes in the treble, as if a signal were being given. But the gypsies seemed to lapse into their melancholy spirit again.

The music now began to take on some motion, both in the melody and the accompaniment; it represented the beginning of the gypsies' ''warlike enthusiasm''; they were roused. To heighten the situation, the sharp notes again occurred in the treble—the second signal. But the theme of melancholy soon returned, enlivened however by a sprightlier rhythm and a more active accompaniment. At the end the music retarded, as if the gypsies were not yet altogether decided as to their course.

But now the hearers were reassured. The nervous melody in the lower register accompanied by the no less nervous chords in the treble showed that the hot blood of the gypsies was rising without doubt. Energy suddenly turned to excitement. With a crashing and ominous outbreak the whole orchestra belched forth its impersonation of the gypsies' ''warlike enthusiasm,'' now heard in all its impetuousness; faster and faster grew the tempo, more and more excited the strains. The warriors were plainly bearing everything before them, filled with that awful zeal that knows no barrier,—the zeal of war! With a final shout (the syncopation) they plunged into the fray.

## 166. THE BEAUTEOUS SUNSET

### (Massenet's 'Twilight')

—A. S.—

*"Beauty is but the sensible image of the Infinite."*—Bancroft

It was a summer evening; in the west the sun was slowly sinking, while wonderful colors decorated the sky like the pigments

pigments on an artist's palette. Beneath the shadow of a dark green oak a musician lounged, reveling in the silence and beauty of the surroundings. His eye fell on the golden hue of the sky, and it seemed his ear detected the mystic playing of a harp. The color was suggestive. He said to himself: "What is better than gold? what more desirable than uprightness?"

Now he seemed to hear a violin enter with a dreamy and graceful melody; it was like the streaks of red appearing amid the gold, blending with it in wondrous variety. It too suggested a thought to him. "Red represents fire," he said to himself, "and fire charity." Uprightness and charity were therefore uppermost in his mind and filled him with a host of most pleasant moods, such as happiness, joy, admiration, gratitude, generosity.

Suddenly, as he was lost in reverie, the red changed to violet, as if the violin had ceased and a 'cello had taken its place. The clouds, like the melody, remained unchanged, but the red had given place to the violet. Again the color was suggestive; in the violet tone-color of the 'cello he heard as it were the deep voice of compassion. And now the blending of compassion with uprightness — the 'cello with the harp — furnished a still greater variety of moods, such as tenderness, affection, sacrifice, magnanimity, and comfort.

Finally amid the streaks of violet and gold again appeared those of the red. Imagine now the wealth of variety! The fleecy clouds of gold — the harp's arpeggios — mingled with the fiery glow of red — the violin's melody — and the soft contrast of violet — the 'cello's obbligato — now in this hue, now in that, changed with every moment, presenting a different phase of the color-scheme with every tick of the clock of time. And how many moods now flooded the musician's being! The conjunction of the three principal moods, uprightness, charity, and compassion, gave rise to a well-nigh infinite multitude of moods; at least they were so subtile and changeable that he was as little able to grasp them as a painter could have seized their respective hues and pinioned them to his canvas ere they had vanished.

When the musician afterward described his experience to a friend, the latter said: "You make too much of color; it was made for the eye, not for the mind." But the musician answered: "There is much mood in color; consider for instance one of the masters' Madonnas in all its beauty, — that delicate pink of the

cheeks, that softness of the hair, etc. It is this color idea that the musician transfers to music; and they who miss its messages miss many moods."

## 167. THE MADONNA

### (Kahn's 'Ave Maria')

—A—

*"The deepest wishes of the heart find expression in secret prayer."*
—Rees

Long, long ago the Archangel Gabriel was sent down to earth from the heights of heaven to a little town called Nazareth, announcing to a lowly virgin named Mary that she was chosen by God to be the mother of the Redeemer. He said: "Ave Maria (Hail Mary), gratia plena (full of grace), Dominus tecum (the Lord is with thee), benedicta tu in mulieribus (blessed art thou among women)." Afterwards, when the Virgin Mary visited her cousin Elizabeth, the latter greeted her thus: "Et benedictus fructus ventris tui (And blessed is the fruit of thy womb—Jesus)."

Many centuries passed, and a prayer was made of all these words, the name of Jesus being added. Then the following invocation was subjoined: "Sancta Maria, Mater Dei (Holy Mary, Mother of God), ora pro nobis peccatoribus (pray for us sinners) nunc et in hora mortis nostrae, Amen (now and at the hour of our death, Amen)." Then a certain man, a great artist, painted a beautiful Madonna, called Della Sedia, and a musician composed a sweet melody, while a renowned singer and a no less renowned violinist rendered this melody to the words as given above, all being faithfully reproduced by the modern invention of a great scientist.

Here is what a lover of the beautiful in art found in all these things. The male voice represents sinful Adam, that is, fallen man, while the violin, with its contrasted female voice, together with its purity and sweetness of expression, is a picture of the pure and lovable mother of Christ. The violin enters, with its virginlike voice, unfolding as it were like a flower—and there looms before us the picture of the virgin—of Raphael's 'Della Sedia.' Her eyes are full of pathos and gentleness, her modest smile is the glorification of sweetness and love.

First the mood is reverence: "Ave Maria, gratia plena." Then

confidence: "Dominus tecum, benedicta tu in mulieribus, et benedictus fructus ventris tui, Jesus." Then reverence and attachment: "Ave Maria, gratia plena." Now the suppliant's voice is silent for reverence, while he gazes aloft through his tears at the radiant Madonna before him. The mood changes to that of entreaty; taking courage, he begs the virgin for her prayers: "Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis!" Then contrition: "Nobis peccatoribus." Then importunity: "Nunc et in hora mortis nostrae." Now comes the climax; the mood is that of vehement prayer: "Sancta Maria, Mater Dei," followed by that of humility: "Ora pro nobis,"—finally by that of hope: "Amen, amen"—so be it, so be it!

## 168. DEATH AND THE HERO

(Chopin's 'Funeral March')

— S —

*"Death, to a good man, is but passing through a dark entry, out of one little dusky room of his father's house, into another that is fair and large, lightsome and glorious, and divinely entertaining."*

—Clarke

Chopin, the great composer of Poland, once conceived a most earnest and soulful piece of music, using the form of the dead march. Therein he seemed to describe the stepping of a body of mourners as they escorted some departed hero to his last resting-place.

Soft, slow, heavy, dark, sad, gloomy, tearful,—all this and much more was couched in the first strains heard. Sadness was the undeniable mood—a very depressing sadness. For the first two measures nothing else was heard but one deep note repeated in the melody over and over; indeed, there was no variation till the end of the third measure, when almost immediately the strain again fell back into the monotony of the deep bass note.

This was the theme proper to 'death.' Earth's pleasures, beauties, distractions, frivolities, all had passed away; there was but one visible thing left of the departed hero's glory—the monotone of death! Yet his memory—the recollection of all he had done—still lived on in the minds of his fellows! The music therefore gradually grew more and more animated till, with a sublime

sweep, of both melody and chords, it rose to the skies like a loud acclamation; again and again the people's voice was lifted, even though it was echoed by death's song, that never ceased.

The key now changed. The moans of sadness and the shouts of praise were hushed; the tears of comfort took their place. The hero, though temporally passed away, was still living in the land of eternity, victor forever, as his friends and admirers hoped. Aloft all eyes were lifted; where sweetness, love, joy, pleasure, glory—all now lived on and reigned forevermore.

Some who heard this march endeavored to refer it to the fall of Poland; but there was no direct evidence that pointed to this interpretation as being the one intended by the composer. However, it is not impossible that Chopin did have in mind his unfortunate country. As it stands, it is a universal legacy, left to all the world—an illustration in music of that truth contained in those beautiful and comforting words of Longfellow:

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul."

## 169. THE STORY OF FINLAND

(SIBELIUS' 'FINLANDIA')

—A. S.—

*"Easier were it to hurl the rooted mountain from its base, than force the yoke of slavery upon men determined to be free."*
—SOUTHEY

Finland, the vast region between Sweden and Russia, has always been a bone of contention between those two countries, the one or the other ever endeavoring to make a conquest of it. In the twelfth century it lost its independence to Sweden, again in 1809 to Russia. In the World-War of the twentieth century it succeeded in once more proclaiming its independence. Its greatest native composer, Sibelius, thus told the story of his fatherland in music.

What are those sighing chords? Are they not the groans of a people under bondage? Do they not paint in heavy colors the uplifted voice of two and a half millions of people longing for

freedom? The strains continue along these lines, till a sweet and tender passage is heard in the treble, as if resolution were lifting its powerful voice and the people were listening. It is not hard to see that something is brewing here!

Next we have a theme of robust energy; it contains the irresistible spirit of a whole people panting for self-government. What powerful effect has been attained by making use of a heavy bass!

Afterward we hear a pleasant, hymnlike melody, harmonized by a master-hand, and developed with great skill. Does not this passage breathe the spirit of peace and progress hoped for by a century-sorrowing people, which at last sees its own flag flying before its enraptured gaze? With one more triumphant repetition of the theme of energy, the magnificent tone-poem comes to an end.

## 170. THE SUFFERER'S PANGS
### (Tschaikowsky's 'Nur wer die Sehnsucht')

—A—

*"To love mankind a cheerful state of being is required; but to see into mankind, into life, and still more into ourselves, suffering is requisite."*—Richter

The great poet Goethe once wrote a short poem of only twelve lines in which he described the feelings of a heart that has been separated from the object of its love. So intense was the emotion in these few words that many musicians of the first rank coveted to set them to suitable music. Their efforts proved more or less successful, until the great Russian composer Tschaikowsky, whose melancholy temperament and serious turn of mind fitted him pre-eminently for interpreting such burning words, gave his version to the world, which proved the best of all. It was afterward transcribed for violin, and played by a master violinist. Its description will be found very interesting.

The piano played the introduction, which made use of the principal theme—a very sad strain rich in emotion, and slowly descending by a very sombre figure nearly two octaves. As the audience listened to this falling melody, it sank as it were into the deepest recesses of the sufferer's heart. Then the violin entered like a voice of wailing: "Only a yearning heart can feel what I must suffer, condemned to solitude, and banished from the joys of life."

The pent-up emotion of the sufferer's bosom seemed to cry out into the ears of all with most pitiable sorrow, so that the audience stopped a moment to meditate on the situation.

Then the violin renewed its wailing: "I gaze upon the firmament and scan the distant stars,—ah! my beloved is far, far away." The voice of the violin seemed to grow almost desperate, as it winged its flight upward with nervous and impatient ascending figures, heightened by double-stopping; the strains sounded as if the sufferer's soul were endeavoring to burst its bonds and hasten to the side of the absent one. But ah! the futile effort must yield, and give place to resignation. How full of emotion were the three concluding notes of the violin, followed by the one echoing measure of the piano!

Now the violin rose to the octave: "Only a yearning heart can feel," etc., increasing in vehemence, while the volume continued swelling with the sublimest pathos. It seemed as if the briny tears were trickling in very deed! "I gaze into the firmament," etc. With a powerful ascent the melody grew still more strong and soulful. Grief seemed to press the soul to the last extremity, so that sobs and sighs began breaking forth in unbounded profusion, ending with a perfect avalanche of emotion.

"My brain is turning, my heart's afire; only a yearning heart can tell what I must suffer!" Ah! now everyone could imagine the sufferer with eyes closed and reason swimming, resigned to the inevitable in a sort of dazed despair, with hardly enough energy left, after the ordeal, to speak! Fainter and fainter grew the voice, but also higher and higher did it rise, as if to indicate that not all hope had vanished; for, even though time should never grant the coveted boon, eternity might still supply it!

## 171. THE MERRY SINGERS
### (Arne's 'Under the Greenwood Tree')

—A—

*"Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt; and every grin, so merry, draws one out."*— Wolcott

Jacques was a merry and original old fellow, who, whatever happened, could always make some interesting and appropriate observation concerning it. He liked to hear others sing, and often

coaxed them till they favored him with their ditties. But then he always said something droll, or perhaps composed an amusing verse or two himself. Thus one day, as he was in the forest with his men, Amien, his friend, made him an offer to sing a song. Jacques of course approved of the idea. So several of them took their instruments—flutes, oboes, and bassoons—and started to play.

Soon Amien entered with the following words: "Under the greenwood tree, who loves to live with me, and tune his merry note unto the sweet bird's throat, come hither, come hither, come hither; here shall he see no enemy, but rough and wintry weather!"

When old Jacques heard this merry song, he asked for more, and listened contentedly as Amien and his musicians repeated over and over the concluding words. "More, I prithee, more!" responded Jacques. But Amien, winking his eye, replied: "My voice is ragged; I know I can not please you." But Jacques with a sly glance, retorted: "I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing."

So Amien and his men sang another verse, and as they concluded, lo! Jacques himself intoned still a third, and amused the whole company with his drollery. The forest rang with the humor of these reveling lords, and old Jacques ended the merry meeting with these words: "I'll go sleep, if I can; if I can not, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt." Such was this peculiar old specimen of humanity and his friends.

## 172. THE COMMON LOT

(Cherubini's 'Requiem Mass')

—A—

*"One may live as a conqueror, a king or a magistrate; but he must die a man."*—Daniel Webster

Death is never more eloquent than when the individual concerned is a high personage, known for great things and whose taking off leaves a void in public affairs. For then death holds the mirror to man's face and shows him that, no matter how high the dignity and great the achievements, every mortal must stand with his lowest neighbor before the Judge's face, whose treatment knows no respect of persons, and must answer the inevitable question: "How have you lived?"

It is on occasions of the death of such great men that the Catholic Church shows her Catholic spirit; for they are treated by her the same as the lowest peasant, receiving her prayers for mercy before being lowered into the cold embrace of mother earth. "Requiem aeternam," she sings over the corpse, "dona eis Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis!" (Give eternal rest unto them, O Lord, and let the light everlasting shine unto them). "Te decet hymnus Deus in Sion, et tibi reddetur votum in Jerusalem" (It behooves us to sing a hymn, O God, in Sion, and to return thee our vows in Jerusalem). "Exaudi orationem meam, ad te omnis caro veniet" (Hear my prayer, all flesh shall come to thee!). "Requiem aeternam," etc.

Then calling upon the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, she solemnly sings: "Kyrie eleison; Christe eleison; Kyrie eleison" (Lord, have mercy on us; Christ, have mercy on us; Lord, have mercy on us). In the Mass which Cherubini the great composer wrote, now the violins, now the 'cellos, again the basses, repeatedly sing their doleful strain as the singers rest, sounding like the wind wailing over the graves. Powerful is the climax of his Kyrie, representing the strength of common petition; and touching is the gradual sinking of the orchestra and voices, as if the coffin were being slowly lowered into the grave.

## 173. SADNESS AND GLADNESS

### (Dvorak's 'Slavonic Dance, No. 1')

— S —

*"For every bad there might be a worse; and when one breaks his leg let him be thankful it was not his neck."*—Hall

The Bohemians, or Czechs—as they are now called—belong, with the Poles, to the western branch of the Slav race. Dvorak, who was a native Bohemian, was especially happy in his musical portrayal of his countrymen's temperament and national characteristics. Thus, in his Slavonic Dances, he showed the two elements which mark the Bohemian national life. The one element is a certain undercurrent of sadness, resulting, as is generally the case with small inland nations, from the peculiar environments of the country, the inhabitants being hedged in between larger and more powerful peoples, at whose hands they must continually suffer in some way or other. The other element is that native joy and

buoyancy of spirit by which the Czech never quite loses the treasure of his cheery disposition. Dvorak's Dance in G-Minor, which furnishes an excellent illustration of these two elements, was thus described by one who heard a great artist play it.

Hearing the first plaintive melody, we might imagine ourselves looking into a sad, pensive countenance—say of some travelling Bohemian fiddler—far away in a strange land. The thoughts of his home come back to him. Perhaps the old fiddler is thinking of some loved one. Soon however the sun of his good cheer breaks through the clouds. He can not long remain pensive; it is not in his nature. Yet neither can he long remain cheerful, remembering his beloved land's many sorrows; hence his first melody returns for a few measures. At the end we hear a peculiar sigh as it were, a little grace-note deep down in the lower register. Is it a tear oozing from the fiddler's eye?

A tear? No, it is only a merry twinkle. Once more the good cheer returns; it is now unmistakable, as it uses syncopation, causing us to think of a jolly group of dancing peasants; perhaps he is thinking of his own wedding-day! But again he grows plaintive, as he returns to the original melody; yet a certain tinge of energy and fortitude begins to enliven the pensiveness. The strain is even repeated. "Fie! What does it profit to worry?" he says to himself; and with another effort he begins to play the dance theme. However, toward the end, it seems that his notes sink into grief and his fiddle refuses to continue, so with a quick, ascending run, he strikes the final sharp note, as if he said: "Make the best of it!"

## 174. THE DEAREST SPOT

(Dvorak's 'Slavonic Dance, No. 2')

— s —

*"Home, the spot of earth supremely blest, a dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."*—Montgomery

The same person who wrote his impressions of the foregoing dance, also jotted down the following notes concerning this one. This dance, he said, possesses the same twofold characteristic as the foregoing; however, the serious part is much more intense, so that it contains rare poetic thought; and in the same manner is the cheerful part also heightened, so that there appears to be present nothing less than the most sparkling humor in its tripping strains.

By humming the melody along, we are able to feel with great clearness the intensity of the poetic thought. How the violin does sigh, as though its voice were telling the heart-wish of some exile! Especially is this the case where it gradually rises, with double-stopping, and increases in tone with strong vehemence.

But of a sudden we are transported. The exile seems to sit in spirit by a little brook of his native land, while the waves make music on the rocks and the little birds keep time with wondrous flourishes and trills. This mood we might find excellently set forth in that well-known passage of the poet Lowell:

> "A little of thy merriment,
> Of thy sparkling, light content,
> Give me, my cheerful brook,—
> That I may still be full of glee
> And gladsomeness where'er I be,
> Though fickle hate hath prison'd me
> In some neglected nook."

However, the Bohemian's heart can not forget his home and loved ones. Again we hear sadness with tenderness, longing with hope, vehemence with resignation, till the original theme returns in all its plaintiveness, followed by a little touch of the brook's remembrance, the whole composition ending with the faint echoes of the little birds, their sweet voices dying away in the hazy distance of memory.

## 175. IN HUNGARY

### (Berlioz's 'Damnation of Faust — March')

—A. S.—

*"Nothing is so contagious as enthusiasm. It is the real allegory of the tale of Orpheus; it moves stones, and charms brutes. It is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it."*—Bulwer

Faust, the aged philosopher, was seated in his room, while outside resounded the cries and merrymaking of the people. This led him to meditate on the vanity of all earthly things, especially since a military detachment of Hungarian troops was just preparing for an expedition of war.

From the distance he heard the shrill trumpet give the signal

to the warriors. Then it seemed that the latter began to answer the summons, coming together from all sides. A band of musicians, belonging to the regiment, played in the meantime a very spirited march. An occasional cymbal-crash lent much force to the strains, for the cymbal has something terrible and frightening in it. Even though we know it is about to sound, still its sudden percussion fills us, despite ourselves, with a certain feeling of nervousness.

Faust now perceived a secondary theme, that seemed to accompany the excited warriors, mounted on their chargers and approaching from the distance. Next he heard a strongly syncopated figure accompanying the galloping of the foaming steeds. Suddenly however there was a lull in the action. The warriors were now forming themselves in array. With an impulsive plunge, the basses began a loud descent, immediately followed by the trebles. This gave rise to more action, befitting the impatience of the high-mettled steeds, whose riders however succeeded in holding them in check.

The music now descended lower and lower, till it reached the deep bass register, growing tremulous and mysterious, punctuated by the hollow-sounding kettle-drums. Faust, listening very attentively and with much interest, imagined that he saw passing before his mental gaze a musical description of the restless, active thoughts of the warriors, as they impatiently waited for the more exciting part of their tactics. Gradually both warriors and steeds grew more and more lively, till—with a tremendous chord sharpened by a loud, ringing cymbal-crash, they reached the beginning of their enthusiasm. From now to the end Faust was treated to a magnificent portrayal of all the proud and warlike upheaval of the Hungarian temperament, and said to himself when it was all over: "This then is man's greatest greatness!" Irony sparkled from his eyes.

## 176. THE PLANTS AND THE FLOWERS

### (Haydn's 'Creation — With Verdure Clad')

—A—

*"The useful and beautiful are never separated."*—Periander

The third day of the creation God brought forth all the plants and green things; the barren fields became alive with verdure, and as far as the eye could see, little plants and shrubs began to push

up through the earth. Everything looked fresh and beautiful. "With verdure clad the fields appear, delightful to the ravished sense."

Then little flowers started to bloom on the plants; here was a red one, there a white one, again a yellow—and still again a blue one. Daffodils, roses, violets, forget-me-nots, daisies, and a host of other flowers mixed their pleasant sight and sweet perfume, regaling all the earth. "By flowers sweet and gay, enhanced is the charming sight."

But the plants and flowers were not only for man's pleasure and delight; they were also meant to give him means against sickness. Many are the herbs that God ordained for this or that illness, which, if used correctly, preserve man's health wonderfully. "Here fragrant herbs their odors shed; here shoots the healing plant." And thus the almighty and all-wise Creator, providing for man's welfare, at the same time made everything beautiful.

## 177. THE MOCKER'S SONG

### (Berlioz's 'Damnation of Faust — Serenade')

—A—

*"Satan was the first that practiced falsehood under saintly show, deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge."*—Milton

A serenade is a song, suitable for the evening or the night, expressing kind sentiment and well-wishing. Mephistopheles' serenade was full of mockery, both words and music being of a very sneering character. While seeming to warn Marguerite, the insidious tempter ended with really goading her on the more. He even showed this openly by his diabolic laughter at the end of each verse. The music moreover cleverly described his guitar. Let the words of his song tell the story.

"What dost thou here before the door of thy lover? Dear soul, why are you here so early? Sweet maiden, beware; come away, do not enter! Maiden, turn back; refrain, do not enter there!" After these words, he laughed in a most fiendish way.

Then he sang a second verse: "Ah, take heed, fair lass, lest thy lover betray thee! Then good night, good night, good night! What shall prevent thee from ill? Let thy lover therefore prove the truth of his advances." Again was heard his mocking laughter, while he cast a most disdainful look upon the poor victim.

Thus Mephistopheles, in his role of hypocrite taught the lesson which has often been inculcated by wise men,—the lesson that shows us not only to beware of Satan, but also of men who, like him, practice vile hypocrisy. Shakespeare warns us: "One may smile and be a villain still."

## 178. NIGHT-THOUGHTS

### (Paderewski's 'Nocturne in B-Flat')

—A. S.—

*"Even silent night proclaims my soul immortal."*—Young
*—'Night-Thoughts'*

An actor was present one evening at a social gathering, during which a pianist played a very remarkable composition. During the rendition of the piece, the audience could not but notice the deep attention and reverie of the actor, who appeared to be oblivious of all the world. After the conclusion of the pianist's effort (which itself was enough to rivet the hearts of even the most phlegmatic) a friend thus accosted the actor: "You seemed to be thinking very deeply during that number; will you please give us the benefit of your thoughts?" The rest of the company, by their applause, showed how anxious they were to hear the actor's comment. Wherefore rising, he gazed with an unearthly gaze into space and slowly recited in a most emotional and polished manner the following beautiful lines from Young's famous poem called, 'Night-Thoughts.'

These thoughts, O Night! are thine;
From thee they came like lovers' secret sighs,
While others slept. . .
O majestic Night!
Nature's great ancestor! Day's elder born!
And fated to survive the ancient sun!
By mortals and immortals seen with awe!
A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waist; clouds, in heaven's loom
Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form,and, heaven throughout,
Voluminously pour thy pompous train:

Thy gloomy grandeurs—Nature's most august,
Inspiring aspect!—claim a grateful verse;
And, like a sable curtain starr'd with gold,
Drawn o'er my labors past, shall clothe the scene. . .
From short (as usual) and disturbed repose
I wake: how happy they who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wrecked desponding thought
From wave to wave of fancied misery
At random drove, her helm of reason lost.
Though now restored, 'tis only change of pain
(A bitter change!) severer for severe:
The day too short for my distress; and night,
E'en in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the color of my fate. . .
Silence and darkness! solemn sisters! twins
From ancient Night, who nurse the tender thought
To reason, . .
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave your kingdom: there this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye?
Thou, who didst put to flight
Primeval Silence, when the morning stars
Exulted, shouting o'er the rising ball;
Oh Thou! whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun, strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.

## 179. MONDAY'S DREAM

(MENDELSSOHN'S 'MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM—OVERTURE')

—A. S.—

*"Man is a poetical animal, and delights in fiction."*—HAZLITT

A certain man once had a very strange dream. He thought he was in an enchanted wood near Athens in Greece, where any amount of fairies, together with Oberon their king and Titania

their queen, lived. First he heard four mysterious chords of music that seemed to issue forth from secret places in the trees and rocks and pointed to something about to follow. He waited to see what that something should be, and soon found out.

From every side the tiniest forms and most fantastic shapes began to glide — dancing elves with delicate wings and most agile limbs. Oberon, their king, was in their midst, while Titania, their queen, sat crowned with roses on a violet-bed in the center of her flower-maids. But what all the commotion was about the man could not make out.

Then strains seemed to waft from the distance, like the majestic music of a prince's equipage, while through the wood two youths and two damsels hastened, smiling at each other, then again frowning with most strange incoherence, while several clowns entered, one of them with an ass's head, braying with all his might.

As these latter began to leave, the little fairies again became active and danced around their queen, Titania, with much ado. Soon she fell asleep, and they too, after a while, laid their tired little heads on the downy grass and soon were buried in dream-land.

The man woke, and shook his head with astonishment and perplexity; for he had never before had such a novel dream. 'Perhaps,' he thought to himself, 'I may dream the rest to-morrow night,' for it was Monday, and he figured that he still had five days of the week left. At least he passed the morning and afternoon of Tuesday with the fervent desire to continue his dream during the ensuing night and to find out if possible more about these wondrous fairy-folk and their doings.

## 180. TUESDAY'S DREAM

(Mendelssohn's 'Midsummer Night's Dream — Scherzo')

—A—

*"Works of fiction . . . repeat, rearrange, and clarify the lessons of life, disengage us from ourselves, constrain us to the acquaintance of others, and show us the web of experience, but with a single change — that monstrous, consuming 'ego' of ours struck out."*—R. L. Stevenson

The man went to sleep Tuesday night with a vague expectancy that his dream would be continued. This is what he

saw and heard. He found himself again in the same wood near Athens, while one by one the fairies appeared on the scene, flitting about like fireflies among the trees and green grass, and whispering to one another in unintelligible fairy-language, laughing and chattering all the while. One of the principal among them was Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, as he was often called, known for his love of mischief. He was generally leader in the fairies' frolics.

Now Puck was the favorite of Oberon, king of the fairies. A quarrel having risen between the king and the queen, the former instructed Puck to fetch a certain flower, the juice of which he wished to rub upon the eyelids of the sleeping queen, by the power of which she would, upon awaking, be enamored of the next best creature she should see. But he also told him to hunt for a certain youth whom he had observed flying from his beloved, and to take some of the same juice and rub it also on his eyes, so that he should, upon awaking, be filled with a true affection for his beloved.

Puck was in his glory at all this work. But as he loved mischief, he was not so particular as to results, and so, with a wink of his bright eye, started off with the extract, having in mind to play some pleasant tricks if possible! The man awoke, and, after considering the things he had experienced, said to himself: "Surely, more is coming." And so he patiently waited till the advent of Wednesday night.

## 181. WEDNESDAY'S DREAM

(Mendelssohn's 'Midsummer Night's Dream — You Spotted Snakes')

—A—

*"Ballads are the gypsy children of song, born under green hedgerows, in the leafy lanes and by-paths of literature, in the genial summer time."*—Longfellow

Going to sleep on Wednesday night, the man was again transported to the wonderful wood. As he gazed around he beheld a most entrancing sight. There was Titania in the midst of her fairies, about to slumber on a bed of violets. After directing some "to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds," other "to war

with bats for their leather wings, to make her small elves coats," she told the rest to sing her to sleep.

Forming themselves into a choir, and asking some of the best musicians of fairydom to accompany them on their tiny violins, 'cellos, and clarinets, they began the following beautiful song: "You spotted snakes with double tongue, thorny hedgehogs, be not seen; newts and blindworms, do no wrong, come not near our fairy queen. Philomel, with melody, sing in our sweet lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby; never harm, nor spell nor charm, come our lovely lady nigh; so, good night, with lullaby. Weaving spiders, come not here; hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence! Beetles black, approach not near; worm, nor snail, do no offence. Philomel, with melody," etc.

Then one fairy solemnly intoned the following words: "Hence, away! Now all is well: one aloof, stand sentinel!" Whereupon all the band tiptoed away and soon had vanished from view.

Upon awaking, the man was highly pleased, for the beautiful strains continued ringing in his ears. But he wondered what was to follow.

## 182. THURSDAY'S DREAM

(MENDELSSOHN'S 'MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM — INTERMEZZO')

—A—

*"Humor is a genial quality; it dwells in the same character with pathos, and is always mingled with sensibility."*—GILES

All day Thursday the man was wondering what the continuance of the magic drama would be, especially what would come of the juice which was to be rubbed on the eyelids of Titania, and also what pranks the mischievous Puck would play. He therefore went to bed with great expectancy on Thursday night.

In his dream he saw two youths and two damsels running about the wood, all confused at one another's diction and action. For Puck had rubbed the juice on the wrong person's eyelids! The one damsel thought she was being mocked by one of the young men who, at first running away from her, now declared his warm

affection for her. Their heated conversation and disputes sounded to the man like beautiful music full of movement and passion.

But here the scene changed; a party of tradesmen, who wished to give a play for prince Theseus, entered the wood to hold a rehearsal. They were a very crude set, especially Bottom the weaver, who had a very loud voice and boisterous ways. Puck, seeing this fine chance, contrived to place an ass's head on Bottom, without his realizing it. When the other tradesmen saw this, they all ran away. Bottom brayed as loud as he could, but to no avail. Lo! Titania now wakes, and, by the influence of the magic flower's juice, which the king had rubbed on her eyelids, immediately falls in love with Bottom — he of the ass's head! It was a sight to see Titania, the proud queen of the fairies, doting on such a creature!

## 183. FRIDAY'S DREAM

(MENDELSSOHN'S 'MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM—NOCTURNE')

—A—

*"The night is made for tenderness so still, that the low whisper, scarcely audible, is heard like music."*—WILLIS

"Truly," said the man on Friday, "last night's dream explained some of these strange happenings. That Puck is the prince of rascals!" And he waited with impatience for the night to come.

He could hardly go to sleep for anxiety to know the next happenings. But at last he slumbered. It seemed the wood was lighted by the beautiful, soft rays of the moon. The youths and damsels were sleeping, while Titanian was showering all sorts of caresses on old Bottom with the ass's head. Oberon, the king, tiptoed near, and, with Puck at his side, laughed heartily at the sight. Meanwhile Titania and Bottom both went to sleep.

Oberon, at last satisfied with his prank, dispelled the charm and woke Titania. But she, rubbing her eyes, exclaimed: "My own dear Oberon! what visions I have seen!" But he pointed to Bottom who was still sleeping and snoring loudly. Gazing upon him, the queen now loathed him exceedingly. So Oberon

commanded Puck to remove the ass's head from Bottom while he slept. Then both king and queen rejoiced together, since they were again reconciled.

Afterwards the youths and damsels awoke, and their affections were no longer confused, for Puck, by the direction of the king, had squeezed the magic juice on the eyelids of the right person and so altered the situation. All was turned to joy, and the tears of vexation were dried, while those of pleasure and satisfaction began to flow, so that the man himself, on awaking, had a tear of joy in his eye.

## 184. SATURDAY'S DREAM

(MENDELSSOHN'S 'MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM — WEDDING MARCH')

—A—

*"Men dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake."*—POPE

The man's first thought on Saturday was that the last dream would surely present a happy outcome of the whole affair, possibly a double wedding of the two couples. And so it proved. As the two couples entered into the royal palace with the prince and nobles of the court, the musicians intoned a very fine wedding march, full of the spirit of the occasion and expressing all the pomp and joy that such a celebration always brings along with it.

Afterwards all together witnessed the play which the crude tradesmen had rehearsed, and which was so ridiculous and rough-hewn that the party could hardly hold their laughter long enough to hear the actors speak their parts. The tradesmen themselves were very serious and spoke in earnest.

After the play had ended, the strains of the wedding march again resounded and an elaborate dance was begun. Then one and all went to their night's rest, to dream of the fairies and all the wonderful things that had come to pass through their trickery.

As the man awoke from this his last dream, he said: "I must make a drama of these pretty pictures." And so he did. The man's name was William Shakespeare. Lest anyone should criti-

cize his strange play, he thus concluded it, causing Puck to address the audience in the following words:

"If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumbered here,
While these visions did appear. . .
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends."

## 185. STRENGTH OF CHARACTER

(Bach's '3d Suite — Overture')

— s —

*"The longer I live, the more deeply am I convinced that that which makes the difference between one man and another — between the weak and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy."*
—Buxton

A certain man was asked to express his idea of the moods contained in four of the great classic symphonies. He disliked to do so, for he feared criticism, since symphonic music is generally so subjective. But those that asked him, replied: "We will take your interpretations not as authentic ones but as suggestive ones." He therefore acceded, and chose as his first symphony Bach's Third Suite for orchestra. Thus he began:

The four great elements in human activity are thought, motion, energy, and excitement; this is their natural or logical order, according to gradation. They have always furnished the poets with variety—that all-necessary adjunct of literary success. It is these same elements that have been taken over by the great composers to aid them in laying the plans for their more pretentious instrumental works. The modern symphony, in its four movements, usually arranges them thus: (1) energy; (2) thought; (3) motion; (4) excitement. Bach's symphony is called a suite, with five movements instead of four. However, the order is the same as that of the symphony, the second last movement—the Bouree—consisting of a sort of introduction to the last and in a manner belonging to it.

The first movement of Bach's Third Suite bears the name

Overture, and is built upon the third element—energy. The first part is rather slow and solemn, picturing that kind of energy which those possess who are serious and determined, and, taking their time, accomplish step by step all that is demanded of them. Bach is a tone-poet of measured exactness and earnestness of meaning rather than of mere beautiful language; for, his rhythmic power and wealth of harmony generally overshadow his melody. The energy in evidence is one of prompt action and far-seeing motives, not one of mere passing and exterior interest.

The second part of the first movement is a fugue; it presents a new phase of energy—we might call it ambition and enthusiasm. There is more movement noticeable. It is as if we were listening to the poetic narration of some great battle-scene, where all things are centered on the attainment of one end and that with an energy most invigorating. The rhythm is constant—like the beats of the poetic feet; the harmony is intricate—like the variety of characters, objects, and actions in the poetic narration. In fact this intricacy is one of Bach's beauties. He is like a poet, whose lines can be read over and over, presenting something new at each perusal, to be read—as we say—between the lines!

## 186. THE POWER OF THOUGHT

### (Bach's '3d Suite — Air')

— s —

*"Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force — that thoughts rule the world."*—Emerson

This, continued the interpreter, the second movement of Bach's Third Suite, is founded on the first of the four elements—thought. It is of a very meditative and withal restful character, exhibiting Bach as a poet of simple and beautiful language, the whole importance being laid on the melody. Observe how he obtains his effect by a very slow and subdued rhythm, so that the attention will not be distracted by an unnecessary observance of the beat; also how the notes of the melody are long and sustained, as if a cloud were slowly and majestically riding across the sky before us.

Soon we are aware of other melodies beside the principal one; they seem to grow out of somewhere and nowhere, and to vanish again in the same magic manner. They are like those secondary

thoughts which we have while reading the beautiful lines of a poem — thoughts that are not exactly defined, yet come from the chief thought with unmistakable logic, and somehow slip away from us before we have quite grasped them.

Finally we become aware of that continual bass, punctuating the melody with a never-ceasing precision of stroke. It is indeed like a heart-throb, that always proceeds, hindered by nothing. And this heart-throb is like the life-germ in a poem, where what we read is forever pointing to human nature and its all-vivifying presence.

## 187. THE VIGOR OF JOY

(Bach's '3d Suite — Gavottes')

— s —

*"True joy is a serene and sober motion."*—Seneca

This double Gavotte, wrote the interpreter, the third movement of Bach's Third Suite, represents the third element—motion. It gives a more definite clue to Bach's principal mood, and is a logical outgrowth of the vigor hidden in the preceding movements; for healthy energy and fine thoughts always bring forth a certain joyfulness of soul. In fact, as soon as we hear the brilliant strains of this first part of the double Gavotte, we feel ourselves aroused to joyful activity. And indeed Bach elaborated the Gavotte from a dance! What most strikes us therein is the strong and vigorous rhythm. We see in this feature a picture—musically drawn—of a finely executed stanza of poetry, where the mere flow of the lines captivates by its superior symmetry of diction.

The second part of the double Gavotte is a sort of Trio. Its poetic quality belongs to that kind of motion which spells ease and grace, the former vigor of the rhythm giving place to a certain playfulness of melody and sweetness of harmony.

The first part is now repeated, and we see how fine a shade of difference exists between the moods of the masters. For these two Gavottes are like two brothers that look just alike, but that possess two delicately contrasted temperaments (moods). They are like two poems with the same metre, but with an exquisite shade of difference in language and thought character.

## 188. THE RUSH OF LIFE

(BACH'S '3D SUITE — BOUREE AND GIGUE')

— S —

*"The rush of life, the vigor of earnest men, and the conflict of realities, invigorate, cleanse, and establish the truth."*

—H. W. BEECHER

The interpreter concluded Bach's Third Suite thus: These two numbers—the Bouree and the Gigue—bring the whole work to its proper close, and exemplify the last of the four elements—excitement. The Bouree represents that moderate and incipient excitement which arises from simple pleasure, being another logical outgrowth of the motion just noted in the preceding Gavottes. In order to obtain his results Bach uses another dance form. For the Bouree is said to have originated among the woodmen in the south of France. As all dances depend more upon rhythm than upon melody or harmony, so we notice here that the music is remarkable especially for its pleasant flow. We might compare this feature to the flow in certain lines of Poe's "Bells." For instance: "Keeping time, time, time, in a sort of Runic rhyme, to the tintinnabulation that so musically wells from the bells, bells, bells."

The finale is the Gigue, representing excitement grown gay and jolly. It is the ancestor of one of the merriest of dances, best known to us by the name of 'jig.'* To feel its mood the better we may read to its rhythm some lines from Southey's 'Cataract of Lodore.' "Rising and leaping, sinking and creeping, swelling and sweeping, showering and springing, flying and flinging, writhing and ringing, through moss and through brake, it runs and it creeps, for awhile till it sleeps in its own little lake." As in Southey's poem, the effect is obtained by melody (pleasant wording) and rhythm (measured wording).

Further on we hear a beautiful rise, by steps; here we may read the words: "And thence at departing, awaking and starting, it runs through the reeds, and away it proceeds." Directly after a no less beautiful descent occurs, fitting the lines: "Through meadow and glade, in sun and in shade, and through the wood-shelter, among crags in its flurry, helter-skelter, hurry-skurry." We see therefore that, while Bach's Suite can not compare in depth of

* See story 49.

meaning with, for instance, a Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, it nevertheless possesses its own charm, that of lighter melody, intricate harmony and healthy rhythm; for its purpose is not depth through depth, but depth through pleasure.

## 189. TRUE PLEASURE

(HAYDN'S 'SURPRISE SYM. — 1ST MOVEMENT')

— S —

*"To be able to furnish pleasure, that is harmless and pure and unalloyed, is as great a power as man can possess."*—JOHNSON

The second symphony which the man made choice of for his interpretation was Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony. He said: In this symphony the four movements follow the regular symphonic order, thus: (1) energy; (2) thought; (3) motion; (4) excitement. The principal mood is joy, such as is found in the celebration of some holiday festivity. A well-nigh perfect parallel of his theme is had in Longfellow's 'Evangeline,' where the 'Feast of Betrothal' is described. We quote the lines, as they follow Haydn's moods.

The introduction to this first movement of the symphony is slow—'adagio cantabile.' It represents the incipiency of energy, such as those feel, who arise in the morning to make their initial preparations for some festivity. Longfellow describes this energy no less beautifully in words than Haydn does in music.

"Pleasantly rose next morn
the sun on the village of Grand-Pre.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft,
sweet air the Basin of Minas,
Where the ships, with their wavering
shadows, were riding at anchor.
Life had long been astir
in the village, and clamorous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands
at the golden gate of the morning."

The tempo and mood now grow lively—'vivace assai.' We seem to see the gay country folk on their way to the festival, all decked in their morning smiles and gaudy costumes, laughing and

talking to one another, with no shadow of care or sorrow. Notice that Haydn uses melody above all, just as Longfellow uses pleasant wording; for the scene is merely that of pleasure, not of depth.

"Now from the country round,
from the farms and the neighboring hamlets,
Came in their holiday dresses
the blithe Arcadian peasants.
Many a glad to-morrow and
jocund laugh from the young folk
Made the bright air brighter,
as up from the numerous meadows,
Where no path could be seen
but the track of the wheels in the greensward,
Group after group appeared,
and joined, or passed on the highway."

## 190. CONVERSATION

(HAYDN'S 'SURPRISE SYM.—2ND MOVEMENT')

— S —

*"The first ingredient in conversation is truth; the next, good sense; the third, good humor; the fourth, wit."*—TEMPLE

After the first spell of energy has been spent, continued the interpreter, pleasant thoughts and a brief lull ensue. This is the general mood of the second movement of the Surprise Symphony. The peasants have reached the place of their festivity, and sit down leisurely to rest and have a little chat among themselves, not without an occasional outburst of humor or naive gayety. Let Longfellow describe the situation.

"Long ere noon, in the village
all sounds of labor were silenced.
Thronged were the streets with people;
and noisy groups at the house-doors
Sat in the cheerful sun,
and rejoiced and gossiped together.

Every house was an inn,
where all were welcomed and feasted;
For with this simple people,
who lived like brothers together,
All things were held in common,
and what one had was another's.

Yet under Benedict's roof
hospitality seemed more abundant:
For Evangeline stood
among the guests of her father;
Bright was her face with smiles,
and words of welcome and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips,
and blessed the cup as she gave it."

## 191. THE BANQUET

(HAYDN'S 'SURPRISE SYM.—3D MOVEMENT')

— S —

*"Often and often to me, and instinctively, has an innocent pleasure felt like a foretaste of infinite delight, an antepast of heaven. Nor can I believe otherwise than that pure happiness is of a purifying effect; like the manna from heaven, no doubt it is meant to invigorate as well as to gratify."*—MOUNTFORD

The third movement of the Surprise Symphony, wrote the interpreter, is a Menuet, and reminds us of some pleasant gathering. Banquets and pleasant music always accompany folk-festivities; the mood increases in pleasantry, representing the next stage or element—motion. Longfellow says:

"Under the open sky,
in the odorous air of the orchard,
Bending with golden fruit,
was spread the feast of betrothal. . .
By the cider-press and bee-hives,
Michael the fiddler was placed,
with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.
Shadow and light from the leaves
alternately played on his snow-white

Hair, as it waved in the wind;
and the jolly face of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal
when the ashes are blown from the embers.
Gaily the old man sang
to the vibrant sound of his fiddle.
'Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres,'
and 'Le Carillon de Dunkerque,'
And anon with his wooden shoes
beat time to the music.''

## 192. GOOD CHEER

(HAYDN'S 'SURPRISE SYM.—4TH MOVEMENT')

— S —

*"A cheerful temper joined with innocence will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable."*—ADDISON

This, the fourth movement or Finale of the Surprise Symphony, concluded the interpreter, represents the last element—excitement. In Longfellow's mind the festivity is now in full sway. Young and old are filled with rejoicing; the dancers spin round, the refreshments are passed, the glasses ring, the music grows hilarious, the tongues garrulous. All is life and delight, with only a tender memory here and there to furnish variety.

''Merrily, merrily whirled
the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard trees
and down the path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together,
and children mingled among them.
Fairest of all the maids
was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter!
Noblest of all the youths
was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith.
So passed the morning away.''

## 193. IDEAL VIRILITY

### (Mozart's 'G-Minor Sym.— 1st Movement')

— s —

*"Man himself is the crowning wonder of creation; the study of his nature the noblest study the world affords."*—Gladstone

The man chose as his next symphony Mozart's masterpiece—the immortal G-Minor. This work, he said, follows the usual arrangement of the four elements. Though written for the most part in the minor mode, its strains possess nevertheless a certain joyfulness that is indeed most refreshing. However, this joy is deeper than that of Haydn's Surprise Symphony. It holds more seriousness. Haydn's joy is rather objective, describing something that we can see and hear; whereas Mozart's is more subjective, indicating the feelings of the interior. In order therefore to interpret the moods of this beautiful symphony, I think it best to imagine that Mozart is painting a character, a model character who, into whatever element he may be thrown, be it energy, thought, motion, or excitement, always deports himself with beauty of virtue.

Is not every good man himself a poem? Has he not the beauty of melody—virtuous speech? Has he not the beauty of rhythm—regulated actions? Has he not the beauty of harmony—pure, truth-loving, and deep thoughts? This picture of ideal virility Mozart shows us, if we wish to understand him so. He has balanced his melody, rhythm, and harmony so perfectly that we can not say one is more prominent than the other; all three are wonderfully concentrated into one powerful whole. There is indeed a certain agitation and passion present in the energy which he depicts, but it is of a healthy, robust kind, and betrays no vein of weakness. It is like a mirror wherein we behold the soul and being of the model man —joyful, patient, earnest, faithful, benevolent, determined, persevering!

At the beginning of the second part of the first movement of the symphony we hear two sharp chords, followed by a sweet legato descent in the treble. Here begins the 'working out' of the material already presented. Let us now remark how Mozart, in infinite variety, develops his themes. What a marvellous wealth of rhythm and harmony he pours out of his horn of plenty! This is indeed a picture of the noble character, whose energy is not confined to one

phase of life, but knows how to adapt itself to any circumstances. How the melody or theme bends itself into all shapes! — thus are a good man's words equal to any occasion. How the rhythm throbs with the strength of manly vitality!—thus are a good man's actions always forthcoming, never delayed unnecessarily, never slothful, yet ever guided by true beauty and good sense. How the harmony is continually taking on a multiplicity of shades and colors!—in the same way are a good man's energetic thoughts marked by sympathy with all men and all things—nothing is too hard but he can feel with it, nothing too simple but he will graciously condescend to it.

## 194. THE SOUL WITHIN

### (Mozart's 'G-Minor Sym.—2nd Movement')

— S —

*"It seems to me as if not only the form but the soul of man was made to walk erect and look upon the stars."*—Bulwer

In the second movement of the G-Minor Symphony, thus continued the interpreter, Mozart shows us the same character as it exists in its leisure hours, when thought and interior meditation take the place of exterior labors. In the slow, soothing strains we detect three features. The first is heard in the beginning, and is rhythmic, consisting of those regularly occurring strokes on each beat of the measure. The second is heard soon after and is melodic, consisting of delightful turns and lyric phrases, now in the treble, again in the bass. The third enters with the sixteenth measure, and consists of peculiar little particles of sound following close upon one another in various and entrancing combinations; its character is that of adornment or embellishment coupled with childlike simplicity. These three features are closely connected with the mood, and may be taken to depict the three qualities of a good man's leisure time: (1) the peacefulness of good order—the rhythmic feature; (2) the pleasure of pursuing one's favorite hobbies—the melodic feature; (3) the little flowers as it were of our dear ones' lovable and quiet company—the embellishment feature. Why is this symphony so loved? Is it not because it contains so true and withal so beautiful a picture of the human soul cleansed of its dross? Truthful and beautiful poetry is always loved! Yes, even

the uneducated will appreciate art when it reaches into the very being and life-work of man himself. Man ennobled belongs to the same beauty as a beautiful symphony, hence to see the one means to see the other. A good symphonist fulfills Bacon's injunction: "Come home to men's business and bosoms."

## 195. THE BEAUTY OF REFINEMENT

### (Mozart's 'G-Minor Sym.—3d Movement')

— s —

*"Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse; whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy, is the best bred man in company."*—Swift

Mozart, in this Menuet or third movement of the G-Minor Symphony—thus continued the interpreter—tells us how a good man enjoys himself and mixes with his fellows in social intercourse. In this Menuet is illustrated the next element—motion. The little masterpiece is so full of beauty that the very listening to it with the thoughtless ear renders us joyful and content. There is just enough motion present to satisfy, without causing the soul to grow too active. Moderation is everywhere in evidence, that golden mean, by which a person of refinement and virtue knows both how to take part in social amusements and at the same time never to offend against good manners. Those who have seen a Menuet danced, will appreciate the term we here make use of—'refinement'; for there is nothing vulgar, bold, rough, or exciting in its onward flow.

The Trio. Now the music grows doubly refined, seeming to picture those delicate shades of etiquette and affability possessed by the cultured, and couched under the one term 'charm.' And indeed a character at once sociable and polite is one of the most charming treasures of human society! Notice in this Trio how Mozart causes everything to take on a legato character, and marks nearly every measure 'soft,' so as to attain as much elegance as possible. Such is a goodly-mannered soul, possessing affability in speech (melody), amiability in action (rhythm), and a wide sympathy in thought (harmony). He pleases everyone, gains everyone, encourages everyone.

## 196. HEALTHY VIGOR

(Mozart's 'G-Minor Sym.—4th Movement')

— s —

*"Excitement in the higher realm of thought and feeling does not wear out or waste men. The moral sentiments nourish and feed us."*— H. W. Beecher

This, concluded the interpreter, is the Finale of Mozart's G-Minor Symphony, and is based on the fourth element—excitement. No matter how refined and virtuous a man's life may be, there will always be times when some sort of excitement falls to his share. Common men lose themselves in such trying circumstances; as long as the lake remains serene, they can ply their oars, but let a high wind arise, and they behave themselves most awkwardly. Mozart's conception points to a perfect mastery of circumstances. Again three features are prominent. First, he is careful to make his melody very strong, lest the great speed and many broken sounds hide it; he does this by having both first and second violins nearly always play in unison or in octaves, besides often reinforcing them by other instruments. Secondly, he builds on a rhythm that never lags, but with a clocklike precision holds to the set speed. Thirdly, he makes his harmony logical, so that it is indeed marvellous to follow his most intricate progressions and see how they always turn out well. Such is a man who is master of himself in excitement; his words (melody) leave no doubt as to his principles; his habit of promptness (rhythm) enables him to form quick decisions and to judge correctly; finally his interior convictions and resolutions (harmony) are based on logic, that is, he so weighs and considers all things in themselves and in their relations to other things that he never or rarely arrives at any false conclusion.

Besides the principal theme there is also another—a contrasted melody, full of sweetness and pleasantry. It represents, let us say, the good cheer which is never lost by the model man, even though he may be placed in the most distracting and trying circumstances, where excitement usually confuses. He has a sweet word for everyone (melody), a good deed to heal the wounds of all (smooth rhythm), and sympathetic thoughts for even the most unworthy (harmony).—Mozart's music, thus considered, possesses more than mere beauty of sound,—it takes on a depth of meaning that both instructs and edifies. And just as a beautiful poem, if not studied,

remains nothing but a sweet sound; so music, if only listened to, pleases the ear but does not reach the soul. By endeavoring to *feel* Mozart's immortal strains, we have culled a most profitable lesson, a lesson of the natural world, a lesson of true humanity, no empty dream of something vague and impossible. Mozart's G-Minor Symphony will always remain one of the greatest poems of all music!

## 197. PARADISE LOST

(Beethoven's 'Fifth Sym.—1st Movement')

— s —

*"He (man) is of the earth, but his thoughts are with the stars."*
—Carlyle

The greatest minds comprehend the deepest truths. Thus did the interpreter begin his notes on the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven. He then continued: They are able to gather together many factors around one powerful center. Thus was Shakespeare endowed, who, by his intellectual strength, not only fashioned characters true to nature, but arranged them in such a manner, that, brought together, they result in perfect pictures of life. Now what Shakespeare was in the poetic realm, Beethoven was in the purely musical. For he was a creator of characters, that is, musical themes of extraordinary meaning and suggestion, as also a master organizer of such themes, having the ability to hold the serious, unified and unbroken interest of his audience for the better part of an hour by the mere means of instrumental moods. His favorite mouthpiece for these stupendous productions was the orchestra, for which he wrote nine symphonies, each of a different color and cast and each an acknowledged masterpiece. The best known and most representative of these nine symphonies is the Fifth. Therein the great master speaks in language that tells of the most profound motions of the soul. Although he follows the same arrangement of elements as Mozart and Haydn, still his music is of a much different character. Mozart puts before us the emotions of an ideal soul; but Beethoven, in his Fifth Symphony, pictures for us a man of strength and passion, folly and ambition, that is, human nature not altogether as it should be, but as it really is.

In this first movement Beethoven furnishes no mystic title to

his master-work, but announces it in the plainest words, just as Milton's title—"Paradise Lost"—at once tells us his whole story in a breath. And just as Milton's title has four syllables, Beethoven's has four notes. This four-note theme is the marble block out of which the Michael Angelo of tone is to fashion a Moses. Listen to those wonderful harmonies he weaves,—those simple yet grand chords sounding like voices from eternity! Truly, here we have the deepest poetry of the ear, no mere melodious trippings of the tongue, but solid soul-speech. And what does it all mean? As the French horn intones the four notes, an entrancing melody (the second or contrasted theme) is heard stealing in like the sweetness of a summer breeze, laden with the scent of roses and lilies. Ah! now the meaning dawns upon us: before we were listening to Adam, now we hear Eve! Note how Adam's voice continues in the bass. At length both themes begin mixing, till Adam's again gets the prominence, and his voice is heard in unmistaken chords. We have now reached the end of the first part—the statement of the themes, and have seen that we are dealing with the third element—energy. A pause ensues.

Again Adam's voice sounds; it is like Macbeth's "I have done the deed!" And oh, how the consciousness of his guilt and its evil consequences—all his passions and trials—gradually overwhelm him! Here is indeed energy, but it is the energy of his own buying —the serpent's ware—and his breast is full of pangs and his heart throbs, throbs, throbs with the terrible truth: "I have done the deed!" Soon the music assumes a conversational style; chords are heard answering each other from treble to bass in mystic words. All melody and rhythm have vanished, harmony alone remains; the poet is uttering the unutterable thoughts of our fallen parents as the angel drives them from paradise. Then comes again the awful cry of anguish: "I have done the deed! I have done the deed!"

Remembrance of evil done breeds sadness. After a few moments of nervous agitation, the oboe is suddenly heard with a short interlude. It is the voice of sadness and the lament of fallen nature. Again the evil pursues Adam; do what he will, it follows him at every step, crying aloud in his ear with mocking tenacity: "I have done the deed!" The floods of passion rise like mountains; like ocean waves they lap one over the other. Nor can even Eve's sweet voice—the return of the secondary theme—cover up the pangs; they persist (in the bass) and gradually return with all the

vehemence of life's commotion; the orchestra belches forth its terrible harmonies (Adam's thoughts) with an awful insistence! There is a pause, then one final outburst, like a vehement "Mea Culpa." Ah! Adam's contrition has gained him a Savior. Now begins the beautiful Coda. The music takes on the mood of hope and courage. The 'conversation' of chords now points to a brighter future; the very misery of Adam's realization—"I have done the deed"—takes on a tinge of supernatural beauty, the beauty of penance, the beauty of hope. He is strengthened in soul by the promise of redemption.—Who will doubt Beethoven's right to the praise of having written the greatest of all tone-epics—the "Paradise Lost" of music?

## 198. PARADISE REGAINED

### (Beethoven's 'Fifth Sym.—2nd Movement')

— s —

*"Man is, properly speaking, based upon hope; he has no other possession but hope; this world of his is emphatically the place of hope."*—Carlyle

The interpreter continued: With this second movement of the Fifth Symphony Beethoven goes over to the first element—thought. It comes like a rainbow in the wake of a storm. There are two features brought into service. The one (heard in the beginning) is full of a certain spirit of pleased interior emotion like that of gratitude, developing for twenty-four measures in a beautiful and gradual up-and-down flow, as if Adam's thoughts were ascending from earth to heaven and descending from heaven to earth. This passage ends with four staccato chords—the first echo of the four-note theme of the first movement. We have now heard the sentimental side of Adam's gratitude; now comes its practical side—courage and determination. As soon as the second theme is intoned we feel this practical thought-life; it throbs like the pulse, lifting the soul into the regions of confidence, and telling of coming deeds! This second feature ends with a sweet legato passage of meditative beauty, where serene harmony (peaceful thought) rules supreme.

The two features or themes are now taken through a series of variations. Adam's soul begins to revolve the pleasant and

encouraging circumstances of his new strength obtained through the promise of redemption. Note how happiness marks the strains, yea an exultant joy that speaks in unmistakable terms of some interior and intense pleasure! Then those thought-laden chords, soft and muffled, followed by those naive progressions of the wood-instruments! It is indeed all like a man's imagination building castles—perhaps air-castles—but for the moment serving his purpose! This section ends with a powerful presentation of the second theme by full orchestra. Courage and determination above all must prove Adam's gratitude.

This third section begins with some simple figures in the strings, continuing with triplets, like the thoughts a man has, of which he can scarcely see a source or an end. However, these seemingly trivial sounds soon expand into a further beautiful development of the two themes, first the courage-theme, then the gratitude-theme, all ending with a sweet presentation of the gratitude-theme in the wood-wind instruments—as if the angels were speaking to Adam—and with an echo thereof in the strings below—as if Adam were speaking to the angels. Then the tempo is increased, and the accompaniment takes on a very pleasing character, the eighth-notes of the violins answering those of the basses with delicious grace; while the bassoon intones the courage-theme. From now to the end the orchestra mirrors the peaceful, joyful, and determinate thoughts of the reinstated Adam with the most delightful variety. We might call this movement the first part of Beethoven's "Paradise Regained."

## 199. SOCIAL INTERCOURSE

### (Beethoven's 'Fifth Sym.—3d Movement')

— s —

*"From social intercourse are derived some of the highest enjoyments of life; where there is a free interchange of sentiments the mind acquires new ideas, and by a frequent exercise of its powers, the understanding gains fresh vigor."*—Addison

With the third movement of the Fifth Symphony, continued the interpreter, is now introduced the second element — motion. However, it is not the gay, jolly motion of a Haydn or a Mozart,

but represents rather the daily routine (motion) of ordinary social life. Man must live, and in order to live he must labor; and while there is much pleasure connected with this labor, both in itself but more so in its wages, still it has also its side of earnestness. This earnestness is detected in that four-note monotone given out so decisively by the French horn. It is another reflection of the principal theme in the first movement — Adam's "I have done the deed." For was not Adam condemned, precisely on account of that deed, to earn his bread in the sweat of his brow? It is interesting to hear how this earnest four-note theme returns every now and then in the midst of the pleasant harmony to assert its presence, as if it were saying: "Remember, man, that thou art dust, and unto dust thou must return!"

The Trio. The basses begin, the other instruments gradually enter; it is like the coming together of different characters, clashing or agreeing, as the case may be; for social life partakes of all the peculiarities of individual life. But now the basses have a most ludicrous solo; the passage reminded Berlioz of "gamboling elephants." We must remember, Beethoven's music draws man as he really is; hence the ridiculous side of human nature is inserted here, illustrating those that are awkward either by nature or intent, as for instance clowns or humorists; these people put a little spice into life, and merit the hearty laughs and applause of the rest of mankind (the other instruments of the orchestra). Gradually the music becomes more legato, till the theme of the Trio is heard in the flute, accompanied by the wood-winds—a truly beautiful passage. It seems to point to man's higher aspirations; for he has both a lower and a higher nature!

The first section of the Scherzo now returns; as it proceeds, man steps aside, and his fair consort, woman, comes forward—the delicate pizzicato of the strings. The melody, harmony, and rhythm are the same, but what was rough and earnest becomes refined and sweet, what was heavy becomes light, what was virile becomes gently feminine. This is indeed a beautiful contrast, and paints a most delicately balanced picture of the two sexes. Finally the transition is heard—a sustained tone which grows louder and louder. We are approaching the description of man's enthusiasm. The Scherzo has shown him in his ordinary activity; the Finale will show him in his extraordinary ambitions and works.

## 200. ENTHUSIASM'S TRIUMPH

### (Beethoven's 'Fifth Sym.—4th Movement')

— s —

*"Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of enthusiasm. Nothing great was ever achieved without it."*—Emerson

Thus concluded the interpreter's words: In this the fourth movement of the Fifth Symphony the minor mode is now changed for the bright major; the fourth element—excitement—is brought into full play; man is described in his most enthusiastic moods and most ambitious projects; we feel his soul expand with elation, we behold him proudly moving about in the midst of his gorgeous ceremonies and festival pomp. The melody suddenly takes on a somewhat slower and tamer character, (enthusiastic men are always friends of extremes), but gradually the speed and the excitement return; triplets (which are often used to heighten musical effects) are introduced into the melody. Like a foaming stream the music now rushes forward—loud-soft, soft-loud—a true description of man in his wondrous dreams and boasting idealism. The whole passage ends with a number of loud bombastic chords, while the violins rush like mad to the top of the staff, then as madly rush down again—a picture of enthusiasm in its most extravagant flights.

The second theme is now heard, ending with a heavy accent of the four beats of the second measure—again the echo of the four original keynotes: "I have done the deed." But they are full of salvation's enthusiasm now; while the violins leap aloft like tongues of fire. The theme is repeated in full orchestra and the music soon again develops into those nervous triplets, now bent as it were into every shape and form—man's innumerable inventions and discoveries—growing livelier and more astounding till they result in a perfect storm of sound and activity. Suddenly Beethoven reintroduces the Scherzo (third movement)—a most pleasing conceit; we seem to see man as it were come to himself again, after his giddy flight into the realm of high fancy, and hear him for the moment as he realizes that there is a present and practical life to live. Especially beautiful in this pleasant contrast is the oboe's melody, which we might take as representing the poetic female element, soothing the prose of man's practical life.

Again to the skies! The original enthusiastic theme of glory is intoned by full orchestra, and we see ambitious man once more in the midst of his pompous surroundings. The same triplets are used, developed in still more wonderful and charming combinations; the second theme with its never-failing four notes, reminding man incessantly of his fallen nature, again recurs; then another treatment of the triplets, telling of ever new achievements of man's untiring intellect, till the deep-throated bassoons announce the Coda, followed immediately by the horns, then the flutes, clarinets, etc., with those silvery liquid ascents of the little piccolo that shoot aloft like the sun's first rays at dawn and speak of hope. The music then continues till—'Presto' (very fast)—when the violins intone for the last time the second or four-note theme, which is now developed, concluding with one more reminiscence of the very opening of the Finale, as if to say that man, through all his byways and wanderings, if he will but labor well, may yet tread the right path, confident that to those who try, all things will at last turn out propitiously.—This then is the mighty Beethoven's song of man's triumph, the victory—as we understand it—of the higher man over the lower.

## 201. THE MARCH OF THE GUILDS

### (Wagner's 'Meistersinger Prelude')

—A. S.—

*"Too much gravity argues a shallow mind."*—Lavater

During the middle ages there arose among the people of Nuremberg an institution known as the Mastersingers' Guild. It gradually formulated such stringent laws for the composing of music that Walter, a young knight, determined to show them the folly of their contrapuntal severity. A very beautiful maiden was offered as a prize for the most pleasing song, and Walter entered the competition.

It is not our purpose here to describe how he won this prize, but only to show with what pomp and grandiose music the different members of the Mastersingers' Guild marched to the place where the contest was to be held. With much ado they gathered from all sides—'Scholars,' 'Schoolmen,' 'Singers,' 'Poets,' and 'Masters,'—according to rank.

A special march, in strict—yea overstrict—accordance with the principles of counterpoint, had been composed for the occasion, and as it broke forth with its bombastic introduction the elated Mastersingers fell into line and slowly and solemnly advanced to the place designated. There was Hans Sachs, the cobbler; Pogner, the goldsmith; Vogelgesang, the furrier; Nachtigal, the buckle maker; Beckmesser, the town-clerk (who could play hardly five notes on his lute); Kothner, the baker; Zorn, the pewterer; Eisslinger, the grocer; Moser, the tailor; Ortel, the soap-boiler; Schwarz, the stocking weaver; Folz, the coppersmith; and David, the apprentice of Hans Sachs.

As they neared the contestants' platform, Kothner, the baker, solemnly advanced with a banner bearing the portrait of King David with his harp; whereupon the people cheered with much enthusiasm, and waved their caps. Then planting the banner near the throne of honor, Kothner made way for the beautiful Eva—the prize—who, led by Pogner, was taken to the throne, where she was immediately surrounded by her maids of honor, the latter strewing round about in lavish profusion flowers of rarest beauty. Finally, the 'Scholars,' solemnly coming forward, addressed the people thus: "Silentium!" (Silence!) Whereupon the contest began.*

## 202. THE DISPUTE SETTLED

(Beethoven's 'Fourth Symphony—Adagio')

— s —

*"All loving emotions, like plants, shoot up most rapidly in the tempestuous atmosphere of life."*—Richter

There once arose a spirited dispute among a number of concert-goers, some of whom said that Beethoven's Adagio from his Fourth Symphony was a very beautiful piece of music, full of deep meaning, and others who avowed that it contained nothing but a medley of melodies and embellishments made unpleasant by a continual thumping in the accompaniment. So warm did the dispute wax that it was proposed to consult a master-critic on the subject. This plan was adopted, and the following enlightening criticism of the piece was received.

* See story 39.

The Fourth Symphony of Beethoven is in many respects one of his more important works, because it presents a phase of life somewhat unusual with this giant of tragedy and seriousness, to wit, a phase of refined humor, mingled with pleasant sentiment and the passion of affection. In this Adagio we see Beethoven 'building' in the same way as in the slow movement of his Pastoral Symphony.* He has three distinct features on which he draws for his material: first, the throbbing of passion; secondly, the refinement of delicacy; thirdly, the emotion of affection. A certain writer, well versed in Beethoven's symphonic works, points out this threefold character with the words: "Refinement, sentiment, passion there are in highest abundance, and constant variety in that enchanting portion (the Adagio) of the work." (Grove) We might designate the 'variety' here alluded to as the skill with which the three features mentioned above are combined and contrasted. Our analysis follows this plan.

The peculiar series of staccato notes heard in the first measure is called by the writer mentioned, 'the drum-figure.' We venture to enlarge on his term and call it 'the human drum,' or 'the beating of the human heart,' or, as we said at first, 'the throbbing of passion.' Note how this figure recurs throughout the composition; indeed, it forms the very backbone of the whole piece. With the second measure then begins a very beautiful melody on high 'do,' gradually descending to the lower 'do,' then again ascending. This beauteous first theme represents the second characteristic—'the refinement of delicacy.' After a very loud and pronounced presentation of the 'throbbing figure,' we have a repetition of the first theme, with additional embellishments and harmonies. Note how the 'throbbing' continues in the lower register.

Suddenly the melody ceases, and the accompaniment ushers in the third feature, 'the emotion of affection,' represented by legato arpeggios, beginning in the lower register, afterwards mounting into the higher. As the music proceeds, notice how this third feature is entwined with the other two. This section contains eight measures, ending with a loud staccato passage played by all the instruments; it forms the transition from the first to the second subject. Next is heard another beautiful rising melody; it is nothing else than the second subject. Note how it is developed, with free use of the three characteristics.

* See story 102.

Finally the first subject again returns, with some slight modifications, and adorned with new and very intricate figures in the accompaniment. There is so abundant a variety here that it is difficult to go into detail; the listener must himself, by repeated hearings, examine this wonderful bit of music and unravel its beauties, using the three mentioned features as his guide.

Needless to say, this lucid explanation of Beethoven's masterpiece settled the dispute so thoroughly that the very ones who before were so antagonistic, now became the warmest admirers of this—one of the most beautiful and withal deepest Adagios ever written.

## 203. THE MASTER'S LESSON

### (Moszkowski's 'Serenade')

—A. S.—

*"Nothing is so strong as gentleness; nothing so gentle as real strength."*—St. Francis of Sales

Moszkowski, the great pianoforte composer, once conceived so beautiful a little piece, which he called a 'Serenade,' that it soon made him famous all over the world. One day a stranger from America, in company with one of the composer's friends, took a trip from Munich to Berlin, and while there had the pleasure of visiting Moszkowski and of hearing him play some of his most beautiful pieces.

The stranger, knowing the 'Serenade' very intimately, had a great longing to hear the composer himself play it; so he whispered his wish into the ear of his friend, who quickly whispered back: "For mercy's sake, no; he has played and heard that so often that he is well-nigh sick of it." But the stranger persisted, until the composer's friend reluctantly made the desire known. With a genial smile the composer immediately granted the request, saying that as a matter of fact he liked the little piece.

Ah! what bell was that, with its silver tones gently ringing from some angelic belfry, and its exquisite modulations deftly carving the air-waves into tonal flowers! Thus thought the stranger, as the master interpreted his own conception. He closed his eyes and allowed his imagination to carry him away just as the music dictated. A most entrancing scene seemed to appear to him, where

the moonlight shone through the verdant foliage, and the soft air of the night wafted the sweet music into the chambers of a romantic castle.

Suddenly, as the energetic middle part of the Serenade was reached, the stranger awoke from his reverie and saw there before him the stalwart form of the composer evoking most manly harmonies from the grand piano, harmonies that spoke in magic tones and in unmistaken clarity of fortitude. The experience thrilled him so powerfully that he felt as if he were seated in a church and were listening to a great orator impress the undaunted strength of the just man, to whom all obstacles must bend, as the reed to the wind.

As the music diminished and returned by those mellifluous runs to the original theme, the stranger lapsed into a most sweet, earnest, and thoughtful mood. For he saw now the true idea of life. Beauty without strength would become monotonous, strength must relieve its sweetness; or, in other words, life must be a mixture of the practical and the beautiful, so carefully and pleasantly balanced, that both together elevate as well as strengthen, strengthen as well as soothe. Filled with gratitude, the American left the presence of the great Moszkowski, and the remembrance of his most profitable visit never more left him.

## 204. THE FOLK GATHERING

### (Tschaikowsky's '4th Symphony—Finale')

—A—

*"If you cannot find pleasure in yourself, look about you. Go to the people. See how they know how to be merry, how they give themselves up to gayety."*—(Tschaikowsky, *interpreting this Symphony)*

Who or what can describe the celebration of a folk-holiday? Nothing but experience can do that. Yet there is a subtle power in music which, like a mirror, is able to reflect interior emotions and throw them on the screen of exterior life. Just such a reflection was attained by the great composer Tschaikowsky in the Finale of his Fourth Symphony.

First we hear the noise and bustle, the joy and glorious variety of the occasion. The many persons gathered from far and near, with their different costumes and contrasted features, let out their

mirthful feelings without reserve. Moving hither and thither with alacrity, they resemble a forest with its leaves swaying to and fro in a strong wind. They are all smiling too, some are even laughing with boisterous freedom. The eye can not begin to grasp the situation in its entirety, nor the ear the flood of confusing sounds.

But now there suddenly comes a lull; all tongues are hushed, all eyes are riveted on the spectacle; an old man with his oboe appears, his little daughter at his side. "In the field there stood a birch-tree"—these are the words of the song they are singing. Ah! deep memories are stirred in the hearts of many—sweet and sad memories. Yea, the thoughts aroused by the song continue even after the song itself has ceased. The noise and bustle return, but the remembrance of the song can not be destroyed!

Yet the old man and his little daughter, at whose music the crowd became silent, are now relegated to the background, nay, they are forgotten—not even a penny is given them as a reward for their entertainment. The crowd has said its Bravo! Bravo! and concerns itself no longer with the two, despite the fact that the sweet song still vibrates in the common memory.

"Father," said the little girl, with a tear in her eye, "they do not even notice how poor and needy we are." But the old man replied: "Comfort, my daughter! do not be surprised at this; men are men! Consider how they enjoy themselves, and how happy they are, at least in their festivities. They at least do not deny us this pleasure and privilege. The world is gloomy and sad only to those that make it so. There is happiness somewhere for everyone. Let us rejoice then in the happiness of others; and this will also make us happy, at least we can bear up the better with life's ills." The little girl was silent for admiration, and a smile now broke through her tears, as she gazed around her and listened with joy to the noise of the people.

## 205. THE HOMESICK SLAVE

### (Foster's 'Old Folks at Home')

—A. S.—

*"Every human feeling is greater and larger than its exciting cause — a proof, I think, that man is designed for a higher state of existence."*—Coleridge

When slavery was still in vogue in our country, it happened

that a certain negro, while yet a boy, was purchased by a rich man and then taken far away, where he henceforth lived and labored in the sweat of his brow. Of course, he never saw his home again, and many a time his thoughts wandered back to the dear old plantation home. These thoughts he harbored deep down in his bosom and, though his master was a kind man, the aging negro never gave up the desire once more to see the home of his childhood.

One evening he was thus musing with himself, while above his head the stars were twinkling and the silence of the night reigned all around. Suddenly from the distance sounded a soprano voice. Thus it began: " 'Way down upon de Swanee river, far, far away, dere's wha my heart is turning ever, dere's wha de old folks stay." The old negro was charmed; the words fitted his situation perfectly. The voice continued: "Up and down de whole creation, sadly I roam, still longing for de old plantation, and for de old folks at home." By this time the cheeks of the slave were wet with tears.

But when he heard the chorus, he broke down completely. These were the words: "All de world is sad and dreary, everywhere I roam; oh, darkies, how my heart grows weary, far from de old folks at home." Sobbing like a little child, he buried his face in his hands—a picture of human emotion in its most pathetic moments.

Then the voice was heard singing the second verse of the song, thus: "All round de little farm I wandered, when I was young, dere many happy days I squandered, many de songs I sung. When I was playing with my brother, happy was I, oh, take me to my kind old mother, there let me live and die." Whereupon followed the chorus again, and the old negro's tears flowed afresh.

The third verse sounded thus: "One little hut among de bushes, one that I love, still sadly to my memory rushes, no matter where I rove. When will I see de bees a-humming, all around de comb? When will I hear de banjo tumming, down in my good old home?" The chorus was repeated still again and died away in the silence, while the slave sat there as if stupefied with emotion. Just then his master arrived. "Well, George," he said, "you are free. The Stars and Stripes have conquered. You may go home tomorrow." The rest can be better left to the imagination of the reader than entrusted to the pen.

## 206. LABOR AND LEISURE

### (Chopin's 'Fantasie Impromptu')

— s —

*"Leisure for men of business, and business for men of leisure, would cure many complaints."*—Thrale

There was once a very foolish man, who thought that the ideal life was that of rest and absence from all labor. He therefore slept away most of his time on a soft bed, and otherwise endeavored to make himself as comfortable as possible. His next-door neighbor was a harpist, and was able to play the most difficult pieces of music on his instrument. Often did it strike the foolish man referred to above that all the time consumed by the harpist every day in practicing (for he practiced very much) might be spent much more delightfully. As he was lying down one day on his soft couch, musing in this manner, the harpist suddenly began to play a piece. As the foolish man listened, he began to think (something unusual for him), and seemed to hear the music tell him some very important truths, as follows:

What, thought the foolish man—as the harpist's fingers raced over the harp's strings—what could be more nervous than this 'allegro,' what more full of the spirit of vitality and energy? The strains put him in an undoubted mood of action, and indeed such action as our modern times demand—quick action, unerring action, thorough action. As he looked through the window, he saw in the distance the many smoke-stacks of the city pouring forth their black clouds, whereby he was reminded of our business-life of to-day, where no time can be lost, where skill alone counts, where commercial order and efficiency are developed to the limit.

Then the strains grew very soft and tender. Could anything, thought the foolish man again, be more in contrast with the foregoing restlessness? Now he felt himself no longer at work, but riding on the smooth waves of peace and quiet. How sweet was the change, how welcome! And all the more so for the labor that went before! The machinery of business had stopped, the mind and heart were meditating in the seclusion of their own flowery nook. Virtue, affection, all life's redeeming comforts flooded the memory and sweetened the bitterness of the distracted soul; duty appeared a joy, charity became a necessity, even the idea of prayer grew sweet!

But just as the foolish man was saying to himself: "Would that man might thus rest always!" the harpist once more began his nervous 'Allegro.' Well, thought the idler, the machinery has again started, and I see now that it behooves every hand to cooperate. Faster and faster the wheels flew; and, rising from his bed, the awakened mortal at last made a resolution to labor as well as rest! He had learned a lesson of wisdom; for life has two phases—activity and seclusion. Activity must prevent seclusion from falling into idle and unprofitable dreams; seclusion on the other hand must prevent activity from making excessive demands.

## 207. THE CHANGING PICTURE

### (Moszkowski's 'Spanish Dance in G-Minor')

— S —

*"As land is improved by sowing it with various seeds, so is the mind by exercising it with different studies."*—Pliny

A lecturer once hit on a novel plan for explaining the beauties of music. With great care he selected twelve pieces for his program, and, whilst they were played, lectured on the moods they contained. But he also had a screen prepared, whereon appropriate pictures were shown, illustrating the different points of interest as the music proceeded.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "the four cardinal points of development in all human activity are thought, motion, energy, and excitement. *Thought* is the slow principle—the first step; it includes tenderness, sorrow, reverie, contentment. *Motion* is the next step, including joy, modest playfulness, good cheer. *Energy* is the third step, where seriousness breaks forth, marked by such moods as determination, fortitude, intensity, passion. *Excitement* is the last step, where we find enthusiasm, haste, gayety, jollity, merriment, nervousness, impatience, vivacity. Our first illustration will show all four principles; it is Moszkowski's Spanish Dance in G-Minor, played by the orchestra."

The lights were extinguished and a beautiful picture was seen on the screen—a gypsy colony resting in the woods. One old gypsy was seen playing leisurely on his clarinet. In the orchestra was heard sweet and tender music. "Gypsies," said the lecturer, "all

love to mix languor with gayety, lassitude with liveliness. Listen how the clarinet's slow melody seems to possess that languor of spirit to which the gypsy is addicted in his more quiet moments."

Suddenly there was a slight commotion among the figures in the picture; the gypsies seemed to be breaking camp. "The gypsy," continued the lecturer, "can not long remain pensive; he is a rover, and motion is part of his creed, that is, the motion of changing places." The music reflected all this. But the gypsies again settled down into their pensiveness. "Nor can the gypsy likewise," added the lecturer, "remain in motion for any great length of time; he must soon rest again." The clarinet could be heard again slowly pursuing the original tempo.

But look! The picture now becomes enlivened without a doubt. The gypsies are roused: they are bent on accomplishing something! The music was more brisk and earnest. "Energy," was all the lecturer said, and the audience understood.

But look again! The picture teems with excitement: the gypsies are roused to concerted action; their very passions are stirred; their enthusiasm flames forth. All of this was exactly portrayed in the orchestra. Moreover, this exitement was followed by a second and bolder version of the energy theme, supplemented with the never-failing castanets, in turn followed by a repetition of the excitement theme. The lecturer had no need to say anything. The audience understood without words. The rest of the piece was enjoyed in silent admiration.

## 208. THE TEARS OF REPENTANCE

### (Tschaikowsky's 'Andante Cantabile')

— s —

*"Blest tears of soul-felt penitence, in whose benign, redeeming flow, is felt the first, the only sense of guiltless joy that guilt can know."*—Moore

The lecturer here asked the first violinist of the orchestra to step forth for a solo; then he invited one of the second violins, one of the violas, and one of the 'cellos to accompany the soloist, thus forming a string quartet. "We shall now have the pleasure of observing how a great composer has made exclusive use of the first principle—thought. Our selection is that of Tschaikowsky—his

beautiful 'Andante Cantabile'." Immediately there appeared on the screen a new scene. A man was seen seated, gazing into empty space, buried in thought.

The music began. "There is plainly emotion present in these languid strains," remarked the lecturer, "but it is an emotion of seriousness and inborn virility, no mere sentimentality. The music seems to hint at that feeling of healthy compunction which a man sometimes experiences when thinking of his weak, fickle nature, as if he were weeping silently over his lack of character, and earnestly resolving on at least bearing up with himself and hoping for some improvement as time wears on." In the picture the man could be seen brushing a tear from his cheek.

At this point the motion of the music grew stronger, while the melody rose to the higher register. "How beautiful," continued the lecturer, "is the answer, in the lower register, of that sighing phrase! First we hear it in the treble, then in the bass. And how moving is its repetition in the fourth above!" Immediately after this figure the melody was transferred, for a few notes, to the lower register; which lent a very sombre and earnest thought-character to the whole, and prepared the way for the drop of the solo violin into the lower register. The man in the picture buried his head in his hands, and night seemed to be falling on the scene around.

"Here we have a real Tschaikowsky treatment of the theme," said the lecturer, "for while the rest of the instruments begin a series of two short notes or chords, the solo violin chants its solemn 'mea culpa, mea culpa,' as if the soul had sunk into the recesses of its deepest existence and were there communing with the invisible." The man in the picture still held his head in his hands.

At length the solo instrument began an ascending figure, while the two-chord accompaniment persisted; the ascent ended with a high note full of emotion, and the harmony grew indeed ethereal, while the man in the picture slowly raised his head and gazed aloft, his inmost soul seeming to pray to his Creator for help. And just as his condition changed, so the music. Once more his thoughts sank into the depths of self, as he hung his head, but as quickly raised themselves again; for lo! the man rose from his place, fell on his knees, looked beseechingly aloft into the sky, which was growing bright as the sun, while one final sustained note in the music seemed to picture the strength of a spirituality not to be

overcome by earth but destined to endure to eternity! The lecturer merely added: "It is the man who thinks, that makes something of himself; and everything that makes us think, is a school!"

## 209. IN THE COUNTRY

### (Scarlatti's 'Pastorale')

—A. S.—

*"Not rural sights alone, but rural sounds, exhilarate the spirit, and restore the tone of languid nature."*—Cowper

"Human life," began the lecturer, "is generally divided into two phases—city and country life. The latter is of course, as far as motion is concerned, of far greater moderation than the former. Hence, of all those species of musical composition which represent motion, the 'pastorale,' with its pleasing description of country manners and customs, is the most even and flowing. We shall now have the pleasure of hearing a master-violinist interpret the renowned 'Pastorale' of Scarlatti, a very suitable example serving to introduce to us the study of the second stage of human activity —motion."

The violinist stepped forward, while a beautiful rural scene was depicted on the screen, with waving foliage, a sunny sky, and many other delightful details of natural beauty. The violinist began. The lecturer softly said: "What motion do we feel here? Certainly no nervous hastening to and fro of messengers, vehicles, and merchandise; we hear no blowing of whistles, ringing of bells, no noisy whirl of machinery; artificial life we do not find here, but rather nature in her own pristine peacefulness and joy."

Now a few simple country folk began to move leisurely along the road in the picture. "We see very few persons," continued the lecturer, "and these are moving along at a very moderate gait; the farmer drives his horses and cattle with a spirit of happy freedom that shows him to be no slave of nervous haste, but a master of his time."

Then in the picture could be seen the field-laborers. "The fields," added the lecturer, "are mowed patiently, row by row, till the last shock of grain is set up to dry; we hear no myriad of shrill whistles announcing midday, but instead the liquid voices of the little birds sweetly resounding on every side from sunrise to sun-

set, the 'laus perennis' of the Maker of all things. We are not startled by exciting gongs warning us of danger, but instead revel in the pleasant tinkling sounds that waft across the meadows from the grazing herds. Neither are we deafened by the mad whir of untiring factory wheels, but are soothed by the music of the rustling leaves all around us. Such is the gentle motion of country life."

## 210. THE SMILE OF SORROW

### (Mozart's 'Quartet in D-Minor—Menuet')

— s —

*"Sorrow . . . is remedied by exercise and motion."*—Johnson

The lecturer introduced his fourth number thus: "When a man is joyful, he feels like moving about; but when he is sad, he is inclined to remain quiet and brood. However, true virtue is not guided in this matter by inclination, but by duty, propriety, and profit. Hence, though sadness often bears down upon us, we resist its depressing influence and, contrary to our own feelings, show a joyful exterior, ready to speak to others, smile with them, hearken to them and compassionate them. This is the next kind of motion to which I desire to call your attention."

On the screen was now thrown a picture representing a crowd of merrymaking soldiers, and the lecturer continued: "Here we have a picture to help us enjoy the moods of Mozart's beautiful little Menuetto from his D-Minor Quartet. The string quartet will please favor us with this little gem." In another moment the music had begun.

"Look," said the lecturer, as he pointed to the picture, "at that soldier sitting off to the side with an open letter in his hand. He has just received some sad news from home; still he must show himself joyful with the rest. Observe him therefore." As he spoke, the picture and the music varied accordingly. "We are aware of his interior grief, by reason of the minor mode of the music, which nearly always hints at sadness of some sort, however hidden it may be. But the motion which we observe in his facial expression, his gestures and whole deportment, indicate that he is trying to forget his troubles and adapt himself to his fellows. Several times, however, we think we almost see him give vent to his feelings, as

we hear the music grow very plaintive, descending by those soulful half-tones. But he recovers his equilibrium."

"Nay," the lecturer continued, "he now begins to send forth beams from his countenance; this is discerned in the Trio, that delightful melody of subdued joy, which the violin is playing while the other strings accompany with an enlivening pizzicato or plucking. Surely, this little Trio is the motion of the lips (which we call smiling) drawn in tone by the hand of a master! If we hum it along to ourselves, we shall hardly be able to resist smiling in very deed. It is a musical duplicate of the visible picture before us. However, we are not led further; here is no merriment, but just enough motion to show that the virtuous man is not exteriorly overcome by the interior emotions of his soul, but remains master of himself, especially of his exterior behavior. In this light the present happy inspiration of the inimitable Mozart reminds us strongly of the text of St. Paul: 'As dying, and behold we live; as chastised, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.' " (II.Cor.6)

"The Menuet," concluded the speaker, "now returns to its original theme. Again we see the lips of our friend smiling through the veil of his interior grief, speaking to us not of the darkness that envelops his own sad heart, but of the light of life, of its joys and comforts, its hopes and consolations." The music ceased, and the lecturer added with warm emotion: "Dear friends, here we have had in music a most delicate portrayal of that modest activity of noble souls who, far from locking themselves in the narrow cell of their own subjective thoughts, open their eyes, move their lips, utter the words prompted by charity and an objective observance of men, things, and events. They waste not their time in sterile thought, but help to push the great world along by their healthy, albeit modest, contribution to the realm of motion."

## 211. THE INSPIRING PORTRAIT

(Beethoven's 'Quartet in C-Minor—Menuet')

— s —

*"'I cannot' never accomplished anything. 'I will try' has wrought wonders."*—Hawes

"The spirit of man," began the lecturer, "is always desirous of progress. But here are found two kinds of persons. Those on

the one side are possessed of such a nervous and restless disposition, that their activity is no longer characterized by mere motion, but by real bodily and mental excitement. Those on the other side are disposed quite differently; they go ahead evenly and surely; not with impatience but with composure, not as if time were to end to-morrow, but with a cool and deliberate resolve to make use of every moment to-day, whether their work be finished by to-morrow or not. The latter class have the true idea of progress; for they have the idea of patient growth. Progress is at the bottom of all success; and growth is at the bottom of all progress. It is this idea of progress that we find so well featured in the Menuet of Beethoven's C-Minor Quartet. The players will please favor us with this Menuet."

As the players began, the screen displayed a 'close-up' of a man, every lineament of whose countenance was marked with firm and cool-headed resolution. "Notice," commented the lecturer, "how the strains continually incline to rise; 'always higher, always higher,' they seem to say. But this zeal of progress is not of the nervous, excited kind, but of the sedate, measured kind. It is not a caprice to which we are listening, but a well-formed composition, depicting order and sequence in its every phrase. We note this 'rising' motion in the first four measures; it continues throughout the whole piece. Take notice of the strength of those accents on the half-notes. They picture the resolution seen in the manly face before us."

Now came the Trio. The motion increased slightly. The violin divided its notes by short strokes, while the melody was cared for in the lower register. "Listen," said the speaker, "to those ascending figures of the violin, how they rise and rise, till they reach as it were the very pinnacle of tone. This is an excellent picture of that principle of progress—'always higher, always higher' —Excelsior, as evidenced in yonder face! For human activity is different from every other activity of earthly creatures, since man's spirit is inexhaustible, he being fitted with reason and immortality. The animals have their instinct, further they never advance. The plants and the lower creatures always remain by their set laws, and need another hand to improve them. Man alone strives of himself for something better."

The Menuet was now repeated; however, the tempo was increased, while the face on the screen showed added energy. This

provided another view of the situation. "A person," concluded the lecturer, "who has the reserve necessary for true progress is nevertheless ready for an increase of motion if called upon by necessity or utility. Thus these strains of Beethoven sound very well when their tempo is increased, though the increase, let us take note, avoids excess, never developing into excitement, but always remaining within bounds."

## 212. THE CLOUDS AND THE SUN

(KREISLER'S 'RONDINO')

— S —

*"It is better that joy should be spread over all the day in the form of strength, than that it should be concentrated into ecstasies, full of danger, and followed by reactions."*—EMERSON

The lecturer now requested the string quartet to prepare for Kreisler's 'Rondino,' while he introduced the author himself as the soloist. On the screen was shown a bright picture depicting a crowd surrounding a certain personage whose whole bearing denoted good cheer and exhilarating humor. As the master began his little piece, the lecturer thus softly commented: "There are some happy souls who seem to be always in a cheerful mood, always in good humor, as we say. It is a real delight to meet them, for they are never sluggish, but always exhibit that buoyancy of motion and action so much prized by the human heart. Their own good cheer goes over into all that come in contact with them, like the sunshine that brightens everything it shines upon. Such persons are described excellently by this little Rondo."

"Of a very blithe and cheerful character is this little theme," he went on, "and it can well be taken to represent such a person as is described on the screen, whose presence always throws rays of brightness and joy on everything around. Note how it gradually climbs upward from the lower tonic note to the octave above. Gracefulness and beauty are here in great profusion. The next eight measures are made to represent, let us say, the memory of our ever cheerful friend, leaving his amiable ways so impressed on our mind that we can not forget them. Whenever we gaze on that face of good cheer, it is just the same, never changed! We find ourselves impressed more and more with its influencing power.

Our own sluggishness begins to thaw in the sunshine of this superior fellow being. If we meet him, his joy appears, his smiling lips greet us, his warm hand shakes our own with all the fervor that bubbling life and sweet charity can lend."

After the performance, the lecturer thus concluded: "If anyone wishes to find a cheerful friend, let him try to find one that is habitually so; habitual motion is the best of all motions; a watch that runs one hour and stops the next, no one cares to possess."

## 213. LIFE'S PASSING SHOW

(Paderewski's 'Minuet in G')

— s —

*"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on the dial; we should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."*

—Bailey

The lecturer now introduced to the audience no less a personage than Paderewski himself, announcing that the great artist would favor them with his own delightful 'Minuet in G.' On the screen appeared a street scene, with many kinds of people moving to and fro. "In this well known Minuet," began the lecturer, "we have represented, let us say, the third principle of human activity—energy, namely that movement of social life, where men are not exactly bent upon the serious things of life, but still reflect that seriousness in their dealings with one another. Observe therefore the picture, where all sorts of men and women are placed before our gaze."

On the screen was seen a dispute or disagreement, while the music grew loud and forceful. "See now the inevitable clash," continued the lecturer, "between the two classes. The procrastinators hold the tone in the treble and rise always higher and higher, while the advocates of exactness seize the theme in the bass, which henceforth gushes downward as if it were a mountain torrent bearing everything before it. Note how this energetic bass seems to carry the treble along with it, *nolens volens;* while the treble, whose honor is touched, seems proudly to say: 'You will find that I can keep pace with the best of you!' Thus the exact, growing exasperated, force the slovenly to wake from their lethargy." Soon

the original theme was repeated with great power, ending with a series of florid runs, while the lecturer said: "Here we have a portrayal of the energy of the exact predominating over the sloth of the inexact."

As the artist began the Trio, a new scene appeared on the screen; a number of very extraordinary individuals came along. "Now," said the lecturer, "in contrast to the practical sort of people with whom we have been dealing, another class enters—the poetic and sentimental. They see everything in a theoretical and ideal light, and soar so high in their pleasant dreams that their practical neighbors can only stand aside and let them sing and soar to their heart's content. They furnish the contrast and ballast, without which life would grow too cold and businesslike. Note the happy effect of those persisting trills in the treble; nothing can frighten such folk from their course; they are protected by the happiness and bliss they derive from poetry, and of which naught can deprive them.

As the artist finally began the Coda, the screen presented a novel sight. Old men, white and hoary, hobbling along on canes and crutches, passed by. "Wonderfully naive and playful is this little Coda, with its sparkling trills and velvet runs. We seem to hear in it the voice of the octogenarians who, having been through life and experienced all its phases and vicissitudes, chuckle to themselves and inwardly laugh at the bombastic drama, the self-flattery of the practical and the dreamy flightiness of the ideal!"

## 214. THE GOOD SAMARITAN

### (Chopin's 'Nocturne in F-Major')

— s —

*"Thought and theory must precede all salutary action; yet action is nobler in itself than either thought or theory."*—Wordsworth

"Our next example of energy," said the lecturer, "will be Chopin's beautiful Nocturne in F-Major, where we have thought in its more serious aspect, suddenly aroused by the exciting demands of real life, and developing thereby into a strong and healthy energy. Will the distinguished artist please interpret this masterpiece for us?" The genial artist bowed his assent, was soon

seated and ready to begin. On the screen was thrown the picture of that poor man in the Gospel who had fallen among robbers. Everyone became deeply interested; for they wondered what this had to do with Chopin's Nocturne! At a sign from the lecturer, the artist began.

"In this melody," remarked the lecturer, "is contained a seriousness of thought that bears us along with it quite powerfully. By humming it along to ourselves and endeavoring to feel its strength, we shall the more readily agree with this assertion. This strength is felt especially in the high B-flat, and I am happy to observe how the artist takes great pains to bring out this character of energetic thought-life." As the music progressed, the good Samaritan appeared on the screen; he gazed a moment thoughtfully at the prostrate sufferer. Then, as he stooped down to lift up the disabled form on his horse, the music grew powerful and went over into the minor. Triplets pervaded both the treble and the bass. The melody was in the bass, which went rumbling down to the lowest tonic note with great energy. "Behold," commented the lecturer, "the man who thinks energetically will also act energetically. Hence we find that a crisis does not confuse the thinker, but only arouses him to a state of active energy, as the next section of the piece will show more clearly."

Then in the music was heard another theme, struck with decided power in the bass, afterwards transferred to the treble with even still greater emphasis. The lecturer said: "Here we have an energy that is unmistakable in its impressive message. 'Action,' it says, 'action counts!' We feel that the soul that was a moment ago lost in thought, is now awake to the situation, grasping the practical side of things with a hand as dauntless as it is firm. We are stirred thereby in our own souls, and feel our weakness—if we have any; or our own strength—if we be blest therewith." On the screen could be seen the good Samaritan with his precious load of charity, now making ready to depart for the inn.

Finally the music returned to its first theme, marked 'Sotto voce' (in an undertone). On the screen could be seen the departing form of the good Samaritan with his horse and burden, slowly disappearing in the distance. "We now feel," concluded the lecturer, "that there is a certain degree of sweet satisfaction added to the original energy. And what could be more natural or con-

sistent? For after energetic effort in actual deed-life, there always follows a reward due to conscience and its consequent interior peace."

## 215. THE VOICE OF THE DEPARTED

(WIENIAWSKI'S 'LEGENDE')

—8—

*"Whene'er our country calls, friends, sons, and sires should yield their treasure up, nor own a sense beyond the public safety."*
—BROOKE

The lecturer asked the solo violinist to step forward. "We shall now hear," he said, "a beautiful resumè of all three principles—thought, motion, and energy, so that we may observe how the composer combines them. The piece chosen is Wieniawski's 'Legende.' This beautiful melody possesses an unusual depth of feeling and mood. Whether we consider its mere form, or its deeper poetic idealism, we must conclude that here is a piece conceived and written on the most lofty lines, an extraordinary example of both absolute and emotional musical power." On the screen was shown a Polish graveyard, where the brave soldiers who died for Poland's defense lay buried.

As the violinist began, the lecturer said: "The first strain is a very plaintive one and forms the nucleus of the whole composition. It is repeated; whereupon follows a rising climax of great strength, ending with another repetition of the first theme. This whole section is certainly most pregnant with that deep, emotional thought so suggestive of the Polish heart, where the most intense feelings of sadness and longing are ever pent-up, ready to burst forth and utter their sorrow to all the world. And indeed, is it not through her musicians that Poland has uttered her heart's cry to all mankind? What nation has impressed its interior life upon the human mind so indelibly as has Poland through her immortal masters of tone—her Chopin, her Wieniawski, her Paderewski? Music always endears! And he who can talk to the 'hearts' of his fellows, always finds compassion and love."

Here was heard a short passage where the violinist continued sounding one note in the bass while he simultaneously played a deep and sombre melody. "This," said the lecturer, "is the voice

of the fallen heroes, who, though their blood was seemingly shed in vain, still encourage their countrymen from the depths of their graves with the noble words of hope. But hark! the voice of the departed is not left unheard. A ray of sunshine penetrates into the dark dungeon of the patriot's heart. His theme is now no longer one of thought, but of motion—the motion of hopeful joy, developing by and by into a sort of energy and reaching its climax on that high note which is held for a moment and then quickly descends with a glide to the lower register, where thought again assumes the upper hand."

The first theme was repeated, and it seemed clarified with a new glory—the glory of energy; for it developed a strength, as it proceeded, that plainly told of an indomitable spirit and an unquenchable hope. Thus energy again gave place to thought. "Once more," commented the lecturer, "are heard the encouraging voices of the past heroes. 'Persevere, persevere!' they say, 'Poland shall yet come into her own.' And what does that ethereal rising and falling figure that follows remind us of but the sweet voice of hope, which never leaves us grovelling in the impotent dust of earth, but always lifts our eyes to the almighty arm above?"

## 216. THE PASSIONATE REBUKE

### (Wieniawski's '2nd Concerto—Finale')

— s —

*"In the history of the passions, each human heart is a world in itself."*—Bulwer

"As we speak of the real nerves of the body," continued the lecturer, "we might also speak, by way of comparison, of the 'nerves of the soul,' that is, the passions. For when the soul is excited, the effect is not unlike that produced when the body is excited, indeed, the excitement of the nerves and the excitement of the passions go hand in hand, since the one generally causes the other. In the Finale of Wieniawski's Second Concerto we have an excellent example of the fourth principle—excitement, namely the excitement of the soul's nerves, or passions. There are, indeed, signs of bodily nervousness present, but this nervousness is rather the effect of a certain excited state of emotion than the fruit of its own making. We feel that passion governs thoughout the piece."

The very introduction of the piano indicated an extraordinary movement of the soul; the minor mode, the full, heavy chords, repeated in quick succession, the unrestful tempo, all prepared the audience for an outburst of passion. At last it broke. Its vehemence however was not of the loud, heavy kind, but of the quick, sharp kind. On the screen was shown a person of apparently a very glib tongue giving vent to displeasure at a neighbor's action. The notes of the music seemed to depict the torrent of feelings that rushes over such a soul while the angry words are being spoken. "Notice," said the lecturer, "that chiding is generally done in passion, since excitement, as a rule, is its occasion."

A contrasted theme was next heard, likewise full of passion, but containing more control, especially in the beginning. "We might see in this," remarked the lecturer, "the answer of the chided person. Starting slowly and with emotion, as if an excuse were being made, it develops into a stronger character as it proceeds, hinting at resentment, and ending in the lower register." The picture agreed with the words. "But now," continued the lecturer, "we hear the first speaker. He is not satisfied with the explanation and is offended at the resentment. His interior passion breaks forth anew in a series of nervous ascents and descents, representing the successive outpourings of his displeasure, one of which is hardly over when the next begins." There were four of these rising and falling figures, the last of which reached a climax high in the treble and dropped to the lower register with a concluding voice of chiding tone.

"The chided person," observed the lecturer, "again takes up the word and tries once more to argue with the other, first with tender appeal, then with determination, aided finally by decisiveness of tone. The first individual therefore bursts forth with his selfsame complaints, though he now seems a trifle exhausted, for his utterance does not last so long. Then the other once more seeks to defend himself and grows more and more set in his position, the music rising by a series of short trills to the highest treble." Meanwhile the figures on the screen were acting in perfect accord with the music.

"Behold," he added, "as the one chided holds his own, the one who chides breaks forth, and for a moment both continue as it were wrestling with each other. Soon however, the one who chides gains the floor and proceeds with redoubled zeal. The other en-

deavors to answer, but is quickly overpowered by the vehemence of his corrector, who bids him be silent and, after one more final outburst of trimphantly ascending passion, announces his victory, which is repeated in the music by several fiery and powerful chords."

As the piece came to its conclusion, a certain very critical musician in the front row of the audience sneeringly remarked to his neighbor: "Wieniawski had no more idea of such things when he wrote this Finale than of spaghetti!" But the lecturer overheard him and thus retorted: "Wieniawski, to be sure, had no intention of setting down this sequence of pictures, as we have presented them; but we may use his music to portray them. There is much pride in passion. When once aroused, a passionate person will not easily change his mind, until he has reached the end for which he is striving. Our example dealt with only one phase of passion. To take other instances, a man of lustful tendencies grows more and more excited till he blindly plunges into the abyss of his desires; a murderer, bent on the blood of his victim, rests not till he sees it flow; and thus with all passions—they are like torrents, that gather more strength the farther they advance, or like fire, that is so constituted that it will spread more and more, till everything in its reach is consumed. This is the abstract truth that this Finale presented to my mind, and without pictures the most of us are blind." So the critic said nothing more.

## 217. THE MERRY CHILDREN

### (Wieniawski's 'Scherzo-Tarantelle')

— s —

*"Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support life by tasteless food, but God has given us wit, and flavor, and brightness, and laughter to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to charm his pained steps o'er the burning marle."*

—Sydney Smith

"Another kind of excitement," began the lecturer, "is that pertaining to the sense of pleasure, and is generally found in mirth, merriment, playfulness, and similar moods. Though all excitement partakes more or less of excess, still that of the sense of pleasure is the least injurious to the human system and make-up; yea, if

well regulated, it is even beneficial. It is especially in children that this mirth is kept up through the ages; for they have the innocence necessary for preserving it unsullied amid the hosts of evils and miseries to which, in older persons, it is liable to succumb. Wieniawski, in his Scherzo-Tarantelle, draws a picture of blithe and wide-awake humanity, a humanity that can smile, romp, and tease, a humanity especially exhibited in the innocent extravagances of ruddy youth and merry childhood." The screen exhibited a garden scene, full of flowers, sunshine, and cheer.

The introduction of the piano was a well-constructed and pithy musical sentence; it announced the coming jollity and unbridled fun; it was like the first appearance of Punch in a Punch and Judy show, where, before he utters a word, he leaps before the audience with his hooked nose and quaint grin. The violin entered without delay. On the screen suddenly appeared a crowd of running children, merry and gay. "As we listen to these many runs, twists, and turns," said the lecturer, "we cannot but feel the exuberance of youth and the merriment of life's springtime. Especially, when the violin is made to give forth those loud and almost 'scratchy' chords toward the end of the passage, are we reminded very strongly of laughter in its most healthy form."

Hereupon followed a sweet and tender melody; the excitement of both the music and the picture gave place to a moment of reverie. But this reverie soon developed into a new outburst of excitement, which possessed however a more refined and delicate character than the foregoing. It used another version of the 'laughing' chords, together with other devices pointing to the outpouring of jollity, such as a passage where the fingers were made to slide up and down in an almost ludicrous fashion. "Note the naive beauty of the slow time of this section," remarked the lecturer, "when it reaches the upper register. How childlike it is!"

The music returned to the original theme, and the first excitement was soon again in full sway. "The mirth of youth," continued the lecturer, "is like a gushing fountain that keeps spouting forth with a persistency that nothing can withhold—at least for any length of time." Then the excitement grew greater than ever, as the violin played in fast double-stopping for a moment, then dropped by a series of staccato notes to the lower register for a final short repeat of the first theme. "There is a refreshing character about this whole piece," concluded the lecturer, that

enables us to feel once more that nervous but healthy excitement experienced in our youthful and balmy days. It takes us back to our childhood! It shows us ourselves re-living in our children, who to-day romp and chatter just as we did years ago."

## 218. DERBY DAY IN FAIRYLAND

### (SUPPÈ'S 'PIQUE DAME OVERTURE')

— S —

*"Those who would enjoyment gain, must find it in the purpose they pursue."*—HALE

As the lecturer paused before presenting the last number on the program, he said: "My dear friends, a merry Finale is always welcome. Hence I have chosen Suppè's 'Pique Dame Overture' to conclude this concert; it will be played by the orchestra. You will notice that it contains all the principles, delightfully mixed so as to form one congruous whole." The light was suddenly thrown on the screen and there a beautiful woodland scene appeared.

As the music started, the lecturer said: "It is Derby Day in fairyland. See how the little elfs begin to gather and to take their places comfortably, to witness the gala event. And see, there appear the jockeys with their race-horses." On the screen could be seen two tiny fairies, one astride a squirrel, the other leading a rabbit. The frisky squirrel was impatient to begin, while the rabbit erected his aristocratic ears as if he said: 'I am ashamed to run with such an unsightly beast; why, he is all tail!'

By this time the music's thoughtfulness was gradually going over into motion. The squirrel grew more and more frisky. It was almost time for the race to begin. The audience of fairies and small woodland animals—not to forget the birds—were chattering and twittering and making much meaningless noise, as all pleasure-crowds do, when lo! the signal was given, and off they went—the squirrel and the rabbit with their queer riders. Energy was evident in their every movement; they were straining every muscle. But the squirrel, it was plain, was not accustomed to the ground; the rabbit was forging ahead. So against all the rules of racing, Mr. Squirrel of a sudden ran up a tree, and shot like lightning from branch to branch amid the greatest excitement of all the

throng, then down to the ground and see!—he was so far ahead of Mr. Rabbit that he won the race with great ease!

"This, ladies and gentlemen," said the lecturer, "is the first race; next comes the real Derby race." The music began as before. Soon on the screen appeared the contestants—a little baby fox and a lanky weasel. Their fairy jockeys could hardly hold them back, so restless were they and impatient to begin. One—two—three! at last shouted the referee, and like two meteors they shot ahead. Hurrah! Hurrah! cried the audience, and clapped and cheered wildly. Around and around they went, tails mixing and fur flying. The fairies, animals, and birds, were growing so excited that they at last forgot themselves and unluckily got in the way of the racers, —ah! such a collision as occurred then, was never seen since Ben Hur's renowned chariot race! Wings, tails, fur, noses, fingers, toes, and everything else were thrown into such utter confusion that it looked as if the whole assembly had turned to dust. That was the end of the Fairy Derby!

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the lecturer, "I thank you, and I hope you have enjoyed yourselves and learned something instructive concerning the four principles of music." All applauded heartily, thus showing their appreciation, and left the hall highly satisfied. The old critic, before mentioned, accosting the lecturer, said: "I could take twelve quite different compositions, and find precisely the same things in them that you have squeezed out of these." But the lecturer smiled, and replied: "So could I. You are entirely welcome to do so: and be assured, no one would find your lecture more interesting than I myself. For we all see the same things in a different light. But nature's principles we can not change."

## 219. THREE POLISHED DIAMONDS

(Saint-Saens' 'Waltz Etude')

— s —

*"Nobody contents himself with rough diamonds, or wears them so. When polished and set, then they give a lustre."*—Locke

After the concert described in the foregoing twelve selections, the lecturer was importuned by a number of musicians to the effect that he give another concert and this time explain some of the

principal artificial instruments used in the production of music, especially the piano. He gladly acceded, and arranged another set of twelve pieces. He headed the series with Saint-Saens' difficult 'Waltz Etude,' having engaged a very fine pianist for the occasion.

"This piano number," he began, "is designated by the composer as an Etude, that is, a study in the form of a Waltz. It is meant to serve as a brilliant display piece; and indeed, no pianist would attempt its rendition unless he were equipped with a first-class technique. But someone may say: 'I hear nothing but notes in this selection; there is no depth of mood, no deeper message.' This objection contains much truth. There is neither special depth of mood nor any particular message in the piece. But why? Simply because the composer had nothing of the sort in mind when he wrote it. Yet, even though there is no depth of mood present, there is much that is worthy of the musician's attention, from the consideration of which he might learn not a little. First, there is the genius of the composer himself; secondly, the skill of the performer; thirdly, the perfection of the instrument. The three together form a beautiful triangle of polished diamonds. Let us dwell shortly upon each as the piece is played."

Then he gave a sign to the pianist, who forthwith began to render the piece. "First," said the lecturer, "as to the *composer.* In order to compose a piece of such pretensions, not only a wide knowledge and experience in music is required, but also an intimate acquaintance with all the possibilities of the pianoforte; for here is music written in pure pianoforte idiom; it could not satisfactorily be played on any other instrument or combination of instruments. Moreover the piece exhibits an inborn feeling for the tone-values and carrying qualities of the pianoforte. Note this in the manner in which the melodies are arranged; for they are not so embellished and worked out in detail that they lose in strength; on the contrary the decorations only serve to bring out the melodious strains more clearly. Note also that the whole keyboard is utilized, from deep down in the bass, to high up in the treble. In fact, the whole workmanship is of a very high order and shows the acme of accomplishment in pure pianoforte composing."

"Then," he went on, "as to the *performer.* We shall merely point out a number of features which go to make up the excellence

noticeable in the rendition. Lightninglike response of the fingers, whether of the right or of the left hand, in other words, a highly trained technique; delicate control of the tone values, as is evident in the many polished changes from soft to loud, and vice versa; smooth legato, when demanded; crisp staccato; brilliant wrist motion; power of percussion in the fortissimo passages; a characteristic touch, forming the secret of the artist's interpretation—we would call attention to this particularly before the last delicate passage where the waltz rhythm is marked by simple accompaniment for several measures, how clean-cut is the touch here, and how well-shaded the decrescendo!"

"As to the *instrument*," he continued, "we may say that here indeed the piano is made to prove itself. When a business house wishes to exhibit the excellence of a certain article, it selects a demonstrator, who, by his experience and skill, is able to show the uses of the article to the best advantage. An inferior pianist would play this identical Etude on this identical piano with a far different result. But on the other hand, even the present performer, if the piano were an inferior one, could never succeed in drawing such an effect from its keyboard. Let us recall briefly a few of the points that make the pianoforte so obedient a servant in the hands of a true master. The perfect response of the mechanism, which, as soon as the fingers strike the keys, is set in motion; the soft and loud pedals, which enable the performer to obtain delicate shades of tone and to sustain certain notes that otherwise would be lost with the first percussion; the soundboard, which causes the sound of the strings to reverberate with that long, deep, and rich tone peculiar to the pianoforte; the ability to respond, not only with one tone, but with many simultaneously. In one word the perfected pianoforte is a picture of the human frame, with its nerves, its muscles, its blood resources, all working together in wonderful and exceedingly refined unison."

After the piece was concluded, the lecturer thus added: "The pianoforte is known everywhere; but alas, its voice is often allowed to be squandered on the most trivial tunes and rhythms. People ought to patronize the music teachers and conservatories more; there they would find the guides for their promising children. Real talent ought not to be satisfied with mediocrity, but ought to strive for perfection. For mediocrity is the death of the arts."

## 220. THE OLD FAMILIAR TUNE

### (Mendelssohn's 'Spring Song')

— s —

*"Music, in the best sense, does not require novelty; nay, the older it is, the more we are accustomed to it, the greater its effect."*

—Goethe

"Of all Mendelssohn's shorter instrumental works," the lecturer said, "the 'Spring Song' is without doubt the most familiar; it is played in all manners of combinations. But we shall now have the pleasure of hearing it precisely as it was conceived and written by the master , as a delicately wrought pianoforte solo." At a sign from the lecturer the pianist thereupon began playing the piece.

After a few measures the lecturer thus softly commented: "Notice how the melody sways as it were from side to side, as if imitating the branches of the soft spring foliage. The graceful arpeggios, continually recurring, help to keep up the action, supporting the melody with a simple and pleasing harmony. Note how well the artist brings out the rhythm, that is, the accent on the first beat of every measure. Many pianists fail to interpret the masters, precisely because they neglect the rhythm. Nothing is more important than rhythm; for it furnishes the order, without which confusion would result."

After a slight pause, the lecturer again commented as follows: "It is to be remarked that, in listening to this piece, care should be taken not to allow the attention to be arrested by the accompaniment; on the contrary, do not pay any attention to that—it will take care of itself—but center the mind on the melody. And in order to do this, it may be well *mentally* to hum the melody along. Moreover, we may try to experience some intimate feelings in the interior of the soul, feelings that may fit perfectly to the music. It is surprising how we can learn to appreciate more fully even a very familiar piece of music by thus making it our own; for it then appears to us in its deeper colors, not merely as a harmonized melody, but as an eloquent paragraph of musical language, far-reaching in its least details."

## 221. A MUSICAL DREAM

### (Liszt's 'Liebestraum')

—A. S.—

*"Love refines the thoughts, and heart enlarges."*—Milton

"Our third piano solo will be Liszt's 'Dream of Love.' " At this announcement the audience burst into a hearty applause. The lecturer continued thus: "Liszt knew not only how to write pianoforte music that would suit the critical ear, but that would at the same time prove everlastingly sympathetic to the popular ear. It is in this delightful little tone-poem that we have this twofold power exemplified in all its breadth. He called the piece 'A Dream of Love.' Love, being something abstract, is also something poetic; and indeed not only logically so, but also dramatically. Let us see whether the composer has expressed this at once tender and intense character of love."

As the pianist began, the lecturer said: "The first sound we hear is a simple repetition of one note; it is struck six times before any modulation occurs. At length this singing six-note tone is followed by its cadence; after which it is repeated, and followed by a second cadence. In this lyric one-tone melody we have the tenderness of true love or affection expressed, with all that goes with it—simplicity, purity, kindness, and joy."

"Now," he continued, "comes the contrasting figure, full of energy and intensity, rising higher and higher, growing more and more animated, till with a preparatory lull it soars into the higher register, whence it descends again like a shower of roses. This is the dramatic element of the piece, expressing love's intensity, hinting at the courage, bravery, sacrifice, and perseverance which are so necessary for true love."

"We have so far," remarked the lecturer, "heard the essence of the whole composition. The passage that follows is only a more highly developed version of the tender theme and its dramatic contrast. Notice especially how the perseverance is brought out, where the right hand continues striking fortissimo one note, or rather chord, as if determined to proceed, despite all hindrance or opposition. After a second shower of roses we hear a third development of the tender theme, this time with a sweet and beautiful Coda, with which the composition comes to a close." The last note

having died away, he concluded thus: "Liszt is with merit called 'the greatest pianist that ever lived,' because he not only made the piano speak technically but also soulfully. His 'Dream of Love' will always remain a most instructive piece of work for those that know how to understand its message."

## 222. A TRIPLE ALLIANCE

### (LISZT'S 'RIGOLETTO PARAPHRASE')

— S —

*"Union does everything when it is perfect."*—SENANCOUR

"Liszt," proceeded the speaker, "was remarkable especially in his strong and original treatment of transcriptions for piano, namely those compositions, originally written for orchestra or some other combination, and rewritten by a second person for a single instrument."

As the pianist began to play, the lecturer thus spoke: "Liszt's transcriptions are so full of vital spirit and interesting invention that they partake not only of the 'transcription' character but of real 'composition' character. In this number for instance we hear Verdi indeed in the melody, but Liszt in everything else. There is an embroidery-work of most delicate and exquisite workmanship so woven around and into the original simple melodies, that the result is fascinating. And this is done moreover in so masterly a fashion, that the ornamentation never obtrudes to the detriment of the picture's outlines, Verdi remaining Verdi, even though Liszt seems to reap all the glory."

The lecturer paused a moment; then continued: "Let us compare this wonderful bit of writing to the light of the sun. On the one hand, let us say that Verdi's melodies are objects upon which the sunlight falls; on the other let us call Liszt's pianistic decorations the sunlight itself. If we listen attentively we shall find that the brighter this sunlight (Liszt's embellishments) becomes, the more the objects (Verdi's themes) loom forth; which agrees perfectly with nature. Nay, if we consider further that the sunlight, if it falls on something already bright and beautiful, seems itself to become brighter and lovelier, then we see plainly the truth which lies at the bottom of this composition's excellence; for here is Verdi's masterpiece brightened with the intense light of Liszt's

genius, and Liszt's genius strengthened and beautified the more by the form of Verdi's creation."

After another pause, he added: "Respecting the technical difficulties of carrying out this idea of Liszt, we can not but listen with admiration to the beautiful rendition of the artist. How delicately his one hand plays upon the keys, while the other sings the theme! How exquisite are those descending Lisztlike figures, that seem to conjure up before us visions of airy cascades of water falling over a high precipice, breaking into a hundred thousand particles, while the sun, shining thereon, exhibits in them all the colors of the rainbow! And what confusion when they at last strike the bottom with their mad roar and perfect chaos of foam! Moreover, with what strength of attack and exactness of rhythm the loud passages are delivered!"

When the pianist had finished, the lecturer thus concluded: "The old proverb says: 'Two heads are better than one.' Here we have three, all combining their forces and furnishing a masterwork hard indeed to excel; Verdi conceives the outline, Liszt fills in the lights and shadows, the artist makes the whole picture live and move before our eyes. We see then that if men work together in unity, their strength increases; for what the one lacks, the other possesses."

## 223. THE APRIL SHOWERS

(Chopin's 'Waltz in C-Sharp Minor')

— s —

*"Gracefulness has been defined to be the outward expression of the inward harmony of the soul."*—Hazlitt

"It would not do," said the lecturer, "to pass over Chopin's beautiful Waltz in C-Sharp Minor; for it is such an apt illustration of that lighter form of pianoforte composition. The waltz, as here exemplified, is made into a pure concert piece. There is scarcely a greater opportunity for a pianist to prove the technique of his right hand than in a brilliant waltz; for the melody is everything, all ears attend to its smooth progression, distracted by its flowing beauty; the accompaniment remains almost unnoticed—a row of pegs, let us call it, upon which hangs the gorgeous festooning, although we must not forget that these pegs are the very

things that give the festooning its shape, since they furnish much of the accent and practically all the harmony."

At this point the lecturer was suddenly interrupted by an inquisitive little girl—a piano student. She queried: "Would you kindly explain what is meant by technique?" The lecturer graciously acceded to her wish, saying: "The term refers to that set of rules which have been formulated for the exact rendition of music; thus the singer has his proper technique, the violinist his, the pianist his, and so with each vehicle of expression. The more perfectly an artist observes the rules relating to his own instrument, the better technique he is said to have. To understand this better, a definition of 'interpretation' may be added. Interpretation is something apart from technique; it is the *manner* in which the artist renders the piece. Thus two artists may interpret the same piece very differently and still have the selfsame technique; the one, for instance, plays certain passages with great feeling and freedom of tempo, whereas the other lays the stress on the accentuation of certain passages. Both are exact in technique; they differ in interpretation. Fast music is generally capable of less interpretation than slow music, but requires much more technique, since speed always multiplies difficulties." So the little girl politely thanked him.

He then gave a sign to the pianist, who immediately began to play, while the lecturer said: "This is the 'Tempo giusto' or strict time. Though this waltz is written in the minor mode, its spirit is full of joy and youthful exuberance—a feat which few among the masters were able to accomplish well. Beauty, however, is its characteristic mark, a beauty which is the outcome of pleasing intervals, well-balanced phrases, and simple treatment. The ear is regaled, as also the soul. Note the delicate rendition of the ascending and descending chromatic passages, as clear-cut as crystal! The melody, as it drops into the lower register, grows pensive and thoughtful, ending on the low C-sharp in the treble. This is but the signal for renewed energy."

"Herewith," he continued, "we pass over to the 'Piu mosso' or faster time. With unmistakable signs of joy and exultation the treble marks the beat with steady step. How delightfully simple and withal graceful are those legato figures of six notes, following one another like so many showers of rain in April! Notice the artist's interpretation, and how smooth is his technique here, how

modest and unostentatious the upward glide at the end of the passage!''

''Here we go over into the 'Piu Lento' or slow time,'' he said, ''where the key changes to major, the signature to that of D-flat. Wonderful to say, whereas the music in the minor was joyful, now in the major it takes on a soulful character bordering on sadness, at least in certain places. The energy is still present, but it is graver, and moves along with more dignity and masculinity. But the lightness soon returns, with the change to the original key. From here to the end we have a repetition of the first themes, as is usual with the waltz form, with which the composition comes to a close. Note especially the exquisite touch which characterizes the artist's last notes.''

After the applause had subsided, the lecturer added: ''In this number we have had an opportunity of admiring the simple beauty of melody. Simplicity, mixed with modesty, grace, and loveliness, always results in something highly artistic. In the moral life this effect is designated as 'refinement.' For when a person is simple, modest, graceful, and amiable in manner, we say 'he is a perfect gentleman,' or 'she is a perfect lady.' And when we know that what we admire comes from the soul within, and is not hypocrisy, then we are captivated, and count that person's friendship as a jewel, not to be lost for love or money. The pianoforte is then a sort of mirror, in which we may gaze and see how we look.''

## 224. POLAND FOREVER!

### (Chopin's 'Polonaise Militaire')

—A. S.—

*''My country claims me all, claims every passion; her liberty henceforth be all my thought; for her, my life I'd willingly resign, and say with transport that the gain was mine.''*—Martyn

The lecturer, to the delight of the audience, introduced Mr. Paderewski with the words: ''We shall have the pleasure of hearing Poland's great pianist interpret the great Polish master's epic of Poland—Chopin's 'Polonaise Militaire.' '' Loud and long was the applause, as the artist stepped forth to take his seat at the piano. ''Before beginning this grand piece of music,'' said the lecturer, ''I must ask your indulgence for a few remarks. Here

we have a concertized dance peculiar to Poland. Therein Chopin has given a thrilling picture of national pomp and glory; for he has not only magnificently described the general idea of military greatness, but, by casting his conception in the form of the Polonaise, has referred the whole result to his own beloved country. Though Poland fell, she never lost hope; her spirit is still alive, and this spirit it is that breathes and speaks with such living accents in the Military Polonaise."

The lecturer gave a sign to the artist, who thereupon began. "By means of full chords in treble and bass," said the lecturer, "Chopin has obtained an effect scarcely equalled in any other similar work of musical literature, the more so since the manner in which he has treated his thematic material is pianistic to the core. Listen to those hammerlike chords, filled with a ring and a clang that nothing could lend but the percussion character of the piano. When we consider that many of these chords represent from seven to nine keys struck simultaneously, further, that each key on the piano represents two or three strings tuned in unison—hence an aggregate of from twenty to twenty-seven strings sounding on a single chord, then we realize that no other instrument could carry out Chopin's idea quite so well as his beloved pianoforte! But when we think, moreover, that it is not a stranger interpreting Chopin's immortal masterpiece, but one of his own countrymen, indeed the foremost of all, whose heart is not at rest until Poland again comes into her own, what feelings do not enter into our hearts? It is as if we heard Chopin's voice still thundering above the world's din, even as Patrick Henry's when he uttered those never-dying words: "Give me liberty or give me death!" At these words the audience almost burst into a loud applause.

"Notice," continued the lecturer, "what a beautiful contrast is here brought forward: a lovely and singing melody developing, now into most soft and tender pathos, again into the very storm of active life, as if a contest were being waged for right and liberty. And those rumbling trills in the bass—are they not like the echoes of belching cannon?"

The original theme then returned in all its power and majesty. The artist poured his whole soul into his fingers; they spoke, they cried, they shouted, as if they would resound over all the world with the words: 'Right and liberty!' Paderewski's feelings, as he played, seemed to be all gathered into one intense ray of musical light; for,

as he reached the second last chord, he took the liberty of inserting something not in Chopin's original—a tremendous bass note, struck, it might be said, not so much with the strength of his trained fingers, but rather with the whole power of his Polish heart!

After the audience had clapped loud and long, the lecturer added: "How vastly different is a piece of music after it has been well rendered and analyzed! For while before the language of music was beautiful only to the ear, now it is also full of meaning and feeling for the heart. The ear is enabled to discover more beauties than it dreamed of before, beauties that never die!"

## 225. THE TWO VOICES

### (Mendelssohn's 'On the Wings of Song')

— s —

*"No improvement that takes place in either of the sexes, can be confined to itself; each is a universal mirror to each; and the respective refinement of the one will be in reciprocal proportion to the polish of the other."*—Colton

"Next to the piano is the violin," began the lecturer, "with its solo character and sweet-voiced beauty. Indeed, as far as pure melody is concerned, the violin stands at the head of all instruments. It has a large range, so that it possesses as it were the two elements—female and male—in its higher and lower registers respectively. Our illustration of this wonderful instrument is Mendelssohn's 'On the Wings of Song,' which, among all Mendelssohn's songs, is generally considered as holding first place. This preference is due to the melody, which is not only beautiful, but also of universal appeal; there is something in it that fits right into the heart, feelings that take possession of anyone's soul, emotions endowed with that indefinable albeit overpowering influence over human thought-life. In the present arrangement the voice has been substituted by the violin, the words by the expression; so that, as it stands, we have another 'Song Without Words,' sung by the sympathetic voice of the violin."

As the violinist stepped forward and began to play, the lecturer said: "Let us dwell here upon the tone produced by this wondrous instrument. Though it seems to be the product of the strings set in motion by the drawn bow, still without the resonance

furnished by the hollow body of the instrument, the tone of the strings would be found very lacking in fulness and power. A man may have very good vocal chords, but if he is lacking a full chest and the proper resounding cavities of the head, his fine vocal apparatus will give but imperfect satisfaction. It is this fact, namely of the violin's being thus fashioned on the pattern of man, that renders its voice so impressive and emotional. Let us therefore listen to this song of Mendelssohn's and see whether we can not imagine ourselves in a room where two persons are present. Is not this first voice the voice of a man? Pathos, feeling, and desire are indeed in evidence, but they are of the deeper, graver kind, such as break forth from the male interior."

"Again the melody is heard," he continued, "but in a different key, and raised into the higher register. Now we have no longer the man's voice—the deep chest tone—but the sweet, flute-like treble peculiar to the female resonance. The pathos, feeling, and desire grow more vehement and are fraught with a greater exuberance of nature. Scarcely however has the female voice begun its tender tale, than the male voice reenters; and now we have a conversation. The difference of tone-quality is very noticeable; the treble holds its own, and the lower register holds its own; yet both agree in perfect harmony, losing none of their native warmth of feeling. Thus they continue to the end through a series of moods and contrasts. Remarkable indeed is the hand that can thus speak two languages at once—interpret the female voice and the male voice simultaneously and still leave in neither anything incomplete. Truly the human hand is after all the most wonderful instrument in the world!"

## 226. THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER

### (Schubert's 'Ave Maria')

—A. S.—

*"The prayer that begins with trustfulness, and passes into waiting, will always end in thankfulness, triumph, and praise."*—Maclaren

"We shall now," continued the lecturer, "hear a beautiful song, so arranged for the violin and the piano together, that both are shown in their relations to each other. It is Schubert's

renowned 'Ave Maria.' To enter the more deeply into this beautiful violin transcription, it will be well to quote at least one stanza of Scott's poem, the words of which furnished Schubert with his idea.

'Ave Maria! Maiden mild!
Listen to a maiden's prayer!
Thou canst hear though from the wild,
Thou canst save amid despair.
Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
Though banished, outcast, and reviled—
Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer!
Mother, hear a suppliant child!
Ave Maria!' ''

''The violin arrangement of this song, which we are about to hear,'' he said, ''is by the famous violinist, Wilhemj, and is a very effective one, consisting of two parts, the first imitating the voice with a 'cello-like tone on the silver-wound G-string, the other rising to the upper register and using with admirable taste octaves and double-stopping. These two parts represent two stanzas of the song. We might see in the first, with its deep and rather sombre tone, the prayer of the maiden, as it rises from earth like the smoke of incense. In the second we might suppose the prayer, as it reaches the heavenly mansions, where it pleads with the 'maiden mild' and begs most importunately for her favor and intercession.''

As the piece began, the lecturer thus remarked: ''In reading the words of the poem we are impressed principally with the spirit of confidence with which it is pervaded. Regarding this feature, Schubert doubtless tried so to conceive his music that it might reflect this confidence. How did he go to work? We know that one of the principal qualities of confidence is perseverance, or constancy. He who is confident, does not give up, but holds fast to his desire against all hindrance or difficulty. Hence we find that Schubert chose to delineate this mood by means of very long, drawn tones, which moreover all together form one long, unbroken chain. Everyone knows of the prayer of St. Monica for her wayward son; it took thirteen years before she saw the fruit. An impatient person might wish this melody to move on with more vivacity; however, if the proper mood be kept in mind, the tempo

and note-values will be found extremely well gauged. The piano, with its rippling accompaniment, furnishes a very pleasing contrast and helps to preserve the rhythm, which is always in danger of neglect when long, sustained tones form the melody."

"With the second verse," he continued, "the piano quickens its arpeggios, and rises and falls like the waters of a fountain in the sunlight; we might imagine the curtains of earth suddenly drawn back and the scene changed to heaven. With a suppliant voice of intense emotion the violin enters once more upon the scene, playing in octaves; afterwards, as it soars still higher, double-stopping is called into service, when the voice of supplication grows more vehement and emotional than ever. At last the composition comes to a close with a sweetly descending strain picturing as it were the voice of the supplicated answering that of the suppliant and graciously granting the requested intercession."

After the piece was concluded, the lecturer added: "Prayer is always filled with the spirit of poetry; for it takes us into higher regions, introduces us to superior beings, makes us leave for a time the miseries of earth and taste the moods of an ethereal atmosphere. To listen to this gem of Schubert in this manner, allowing the soul to be lifted aloft on the musical wings of the violin and the piano, as also on those of the poem's mood, is indeed a prayer in itself, for it means a personal and spiritual activity. And to think how many agencies have worked together to achieve this superior end! First, there is the poet, who furnished the words; then the composer, who set them to music; then the master of the violin idiom, who set the song in this beautiful frame; then the violinist, whose hands, ear, and soul have spent years acquiring such skill; then the pianist, whose admirable accompaniment also represents years of toil; then the artificial agencies, the violin and the piano, both embodying in their separate spheres the same grand principle—progress! Considering all this, our mind is broadened; we see what perhaps escaped our observation before—the importance of music and the real worth of the many lives spent in its service. If people could be induced thus to view the realm of music, it would change from a mere criticized pleasure to a highly lauded and appreciated art, and good music, that is, artistic music, would the sooner come into its own!"

## 227. THE POETRY OF SOUND

### (Rubinstein's 'Melody in F')

— s —

*"The office of poetry is not to make us think accurately, but feel truly."*—Robertson

"After the violin, we must grant the place of honor," said the lecturer, "to the 'cello, one of the most poetical of all the artificial instruments. As our illustration of this sweet-toned instrument, we have chosen a piece which you all know by heart, and which never grows old—Rubinstein's 'Melody in F.' " There was a spontaneous burst of applause at this announcement. So the lecturer beckoned to the 'cellist to begin.

"True poetry," the lecturer continued, "is true sentiment, that is, sentiment which ennobles and uplifts; it causes us to *feel* something, which feeling in turn moves us to hate some evil or desire some good. It is when this character predominates in a piece that the latter is said to be an example of poetic thought. In this famous little melody of Rubinstein, the form, though present, is so overshadowed by the pathos of the melody itself and the sympathetic beauty of the accompaniment, that we are placed in a mood of restfulness and deep thought."

"But it is not only the piece itself which is poetic," he continued, "the 'cello enhances this quality very perceptibly. We feel our emotions aroused, so that we abstract from other things and enter into ourselves; indeed, to experience this very intimately, we must hum along or sing along with the 'cello, trying to *feel* the melody; we should find this no difficult task, on the contrary a delightfully natural one."

"Notice," he added, "that the lower the melody descends, the deeper the feelings sink; while the higher the melody soars, the more full of strength and determination our soul becomes. The 'cellist himself interprets the little piece in this manner, for when he rises into the higher register, the more animated he grows, whereas when he descends into the lower, the more sad and thoughtful his tones become. There is one passage especially where the deep tones repeated several times sound most profound and soulful. Poetic pieces excite sentiments, but generally leave details to the individual; hence each person will listen to this selection in a different way

interiorly, adapting its emotions to his own inner longings and ideas of beauty.''

Upon the conclusion of the piece, the lecturer made the following short and pithy remark: ''The chief general effect left upon us by this composition is the deep realization that there is something higher, more refined in life than the exterior, gaudy, and loud, a something to be found only in solitude and self.''

## 228. LIFE'S CONTRASTS

(Mozart's 'Quartet in E-Flat, Menuetto')

— s —

*''A wedding party returns from the church, and a funeral winds to its doors.''*—Willmott

''One of the most refined combinations of instruments,'' said the lecturer, ''is that called the string quartet, consisting of two violins, one viola, and one 'cello. Only the best-trained ears and most appreciative music-lovers are able to value this delightful combination at its true worth. But all of us can learn. Let us therefore have an illustration of its delicate beauty from the pen of Mozart.'' So the string quartet assembled, and began to play.

''The first thing that strikes us,'' began the lecturer, ''is a certain liveliness and playfulness. The four instruments seem to be holding a pleasant and informal conversation. The first violin opens the discourse; the second violin joins in; the rest ask questions and listen with interest, as they seem to give their assent and smile with satisfaction. All is full of joy and well-wishing. Note the pleasing contrast Mozart here obtains by introducing the passage where all four instruments combine in the same figure and produce a succession of very beautiful staccato chords. Friends always get along well!''

''We come to the Trio,'' continued the lecturer, ''and as the Minuet was lively, joyful, playful, the Trio grows tender, soft, and tinged with sadness. The voice of the first violin is heard telling some pathetic little incident, while the other instruments retire to the background, contenting themselves with long drawn chords of subdued accompaniment. The effect of this contrast is admirable indeed; how soothing it is to the ear, how fitting to the reason, how natural to the heart!''

"Finally," he added, "to heighten the effect of the Trio the Minuet is repeated in all its pleasantry. Again we hear the friendly conversation, the questions, the answers, the silent listening, the assenting gestures, the expressions of satisfaction."

At the conclusion of the piece, the lecturer made the following reflection. "This composition has been delivered here just as Mozart wrote it. We are sometimes conscious of a certain monotony of tone-color and lack of variety when listening to the string quartet; but here we see how Mozart has contrived to set aside this disadvantage to a wonderful degree by means of the law of contrast. Even the greatest monotony can, by a judicious use of contrasted beauties, be overcome and even changed into something most interesting. Life itself is but a reflection of music in this regard, music but a reflection of life. What makes music interesting makes life interesting—contrast!"

## 229. FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY

### (Adam's 'Noel')

—A. S.—

*"Faith is the pencil of the soul that pictures heavenly things."*
—Burbridge

*"Hope is the last thing that dies in man."*—Rochefoucauld
*"Love is the hardest lesson in Christianity."*—Penn

"Another very pleasing combination, and more intelligible to the average music-lover," said the lecturer, "is that formed by joining the violin and the 'cello with the harp. We shall have the pleasure of hearing this delightful combination render Adam's 'Noel.' This little Christmas hymn possesses much beauty. As rendered by the present combination, we find its spirit especially well brought out. For its original character is molded on the Christmas mood, a mood among all musical moods the most spiritual; whence, being interpreted by three such instruments as the harp, the 'cello, and the violin, it finds itself indeed in its proper element, since these three instruments so well depict the softness and refinement necessary for spiritual things. Let us imagine we are in the stable at Bethlehem on Christmas night, and that the three instruments performing for us represent the three virtues—faith, hope, and charity—now active in our souls."

As the instruments began, he thus continued: "Faith (the harp), as the foundation, comes first. Through the eyes of faith we gaze upon the humanity of the Babe in the manger and see His divine mission. This is the necessary foundation, without which all the beauty of the Christmas theme dwindles to empty show. Thus the harp furnishes the fundamental mood; without it the 'cello and the violin would lose their strength."

"But Faith," he went on, "is not sufficient; it must be supplemented by Hope (the 'cello). Faith is in the mind, and believes that the Infant is the promised Savior; but Hope is in the heart and feels confidently that we who come to this Infant shall share in the redemption He brought. Thus the 'cello, with its deep voice, sinks into our interior, and is a mirror of that trust which we feel in Him who can neither deceive nor be deceived."

"But Faith and Hope," he concluded, "are only the stepping-stones to Charity (the violin). Though we believe and hope, we realize that there is still something lacking—our own cooperation; for man is redeemed only if he wants to be redeemed, since his free will is never taken away. This action of the soul is well represented by the vehemence and warmth of the violin's round and full tone."

## 230. THE RAINBOW

### (Suppè's 'Poet and Peasant Overture')

— s —

*"Variety of mere nothing gives more pleasure than uniformity of something."*—Richter

"Of all the combinations of artificial instruments," said the lecturer, "the orchestra is undoubtedly the grandest, where the strings are reinforced by the wind and percussion instruments, and where we immediately notice that there is much more tone-coloring present than in any of the other combinations. This perfection—which we may compare to the beauty of the rainbow—is attained by variegating the use of the instruments. We shall now have the pleasure of hearing Suppè's well-known 'Poet and Peasant Overture,' and our analysis or interpretation will be carried out on this guide-line of 'instrumentation.' The orchestra will please favor us with this number."

"We notice," began the lecturer, "that the introduction is entrusted to the cornet with deep accompaniment; note the coloring this lends, sombre and soothing, especially where the cornet is silent for a moment and the strings continue alone. This is an excellent preparation for the poetic mood which is to follow, when, with an introductory chord from full orchestra, the sweet voice of the violoncello is ushered in, like an actress with a sweet but sad part to play. Note how delightful is the melody, how songlike; moreover, how restful are the sustained notes of the bass, and how undulating and sympathetic are the pizzicato passages, namely the plucking of the strings, forming broken chords; finally what an excellent effect is obtained by introducing other instruments with sustained tones, which change their chords according to the melodic turns of the 'cello's voice. This latter feature is an idiom of the orchestra which is hard to obtain in any other combination. It renders the music full. But listen well to those sweet-voiced wood-wind instruments, especially the flute, with the joyful little theme, do, si, re, do. Between them and the 'cello a delightful conversation is held, into which the harp is drawn by and by, which, with its liquid tones, seems at last to soothe the sadness of the 'cello. Here ends the first part of the overture, which is appreciated best by the 'poets.' A hearty laugh arose.

"With the breaking of the clouds," he then continued, "comes the signal for the merrymaking, or part two of the overture, capable of thorough enjoyment even by the lowliest 'peasant'!" There was another laugh. "At the beginning we hear a rumbling sound, not a foreboding of something terrible, but rather a signal for joy. Soon all the instruments of the orchestra seem to be contending for supremacy. The axiom says: 'Varietas delectat' (variety pleases), and certainly variety has this effect in music; for the beautiful melodies which Suppè has strung together in this overture, are made all the more acceptable by being thus colored by the all-powerful brush of the orchestra. Man needs variety; nature needs it. The sky is not always blue; the sun is not always bright; the trees are not always green. On the contrary, each day, each season, each place, has its character. This we gratefully acknowledge as the gift of the provident and infinitely productive Creator."

As the overture was the last number on the program, the concert was now at an end, and the pleased audience, after applauding generously, rose to leave. A certain musician, privately con-

gratulating the lecturer, whispered into his ear: "I hope to have the pleasure of hearing more such concerts." But the lecturer, thanking him, answered: "To teach men to go deeper and higher is a work requiring much patience; but it will pay at last!"

## 231. VOICES OF THE FOREST

### (Wagner's 'Forest Murmurs')

—A—

*"Nature pleases, attracts, delights, merely because it is nature. We recognize in it an Infinite Power."*—Humboldt

Siegfried, the great hero, once found himself in a dense forest. The breeze caused the leaves to rustle and make a deep and murmuring music. To Siegfried's ear it was a symphony of his own feelings, and he thought that he heard mysterious voices, as it were of violoncellos, exerting a magic influence over his being.

Gazing upward into the branches, which now began to be stirred with more motion by the increasing breeze, he lay buried in deep thought. The remembrance of his mother came into his mind, and, as his tears of love and fond devotion trickled down his cheeks, the wood seemed filled with the most delicate and beautiful music. A master seemed to be playing a reverie on his clarinet.

Siegfried again lapsed into his former silent thoughtfulness, while the breeze gracefully rocked the foliage to and fro with ever-increasing movement. Hark! the listening hero becomes aware of the little birds all about him. He grows enraptured. His ears soon discover more bird-voices that he had before even suspected.

Addressing one of the little songsters, he said: "Thou happy little bird, I hear thy sweet warbling. Is the forest thy home? If I could but understand, thy strains would no doubt tell me some secrets,—perhaps some news of my mother." But the rustling of the leaves and the singing of the birds grew louder and louder.

At last with much vehemence the combined sounds of the forest and of the birds broke in upon Siegfried's soul like a torrent of most joyous and rapturous music. His interior expanded, his mind soared aloft, his whole being exulted in the admirable symphony of nature.

## 232. THE END OF ALL

### (Wagner's 'Siegfried's Funeral March')

—A—

*"Earth's highest station ends in 'Here he lies'; and 'Dust to dust' concludes the noblest song."*—Young

Siegfried was invulnerable in all parts of his body except his back; for he was so brave that there was no danger of his ever turning his back to the enemy, hence it was not necessary that he should be protected there. One of his enemies, Hagen by name, was told of this weakness, and, whilst eating and drinking with the unsuspecting hero, suddenly thrust a spear through his back. Thus the great hero, sinking to the ground, died like all mortals.

Afterwards his body was carried away in solemn style and the air seemed filled with the most sad and soulful music. Death, like a spirit, hovered over the procession, and his rattling voice sounded like deep drums. Those that carried the hero's remains to the grave thought of his brave life and wonderful deeds, and their cries of anguish and loud exclamations of sorrow rent the atmosphere. Passionate indeed were the melodies and harmonies that shook all nature as the awful procession moved along. Dramatic and tragic was the steady march of the mourners' feet. Funeral dirges, songs of the hero's sword, the themes of his forest wildness resounded with weird tones through the moaning trees. At last night closed, and the procession gradually disappeared in the depth of the dark and gloomy woods. Another hero had lived and perished!

## 233. THE ZEALOUS MESSENGERS

### (Wagner's 'Ride of the Valkyries')

—A—

*"Zeal is the fire of love, active for duty — burning as it flies."*
—Williams

The ancient god of northern mythology, Odin, or Wotan, was anxious to swell the number of heroes for his palace—Valhalla—the abode of the gods. His reason for this was, to prepare for the great contest which he knew must eventually come when all the giants would unite against him and his fellow gods and goddesses.

He therefore appointed the warlike and loyal virgins called Valkyries (Choosers of the Slain) to be always ready at a word to descend to the battle-fields of men and make choice of the most valiant among those that had been slain, bearing their spirits thence to Valhalla.

These Valkyries were armed with shields and spears, and wore bright helmets; they rode on spirited horses that had the power of leaping wildly through the air. When they rode forth their armor shone with a peculiar kind of flickering light that flashed in wonderful streaks over the northern skies, causing what among men gradually grew to be known as the aurora borealis, or northern lights.

Wild was their flight through the air, their impatient horses breathing fire and galloping forward over stony peaks and through dense vapors, while the eagles screamed round about and the lightning hissed from the black clouds beneath. Amid all this excitement the voices of the Valkyries themselves could be heard forever singing in strong and melodious tones their favorite battle-cry.

After these messengers of the gods had gathered their spirit-treasures, as directed, they resumed their flight till, dismounting at the grove of Asgard, they saw the veil of death drawn back, revealing the great hall of Odin. That great god then welcomed their return to Valhalla, and joyfully received the heroes whom they had so obediently brought to him from the battle-fields of earth. With many words he praised their zeal. But they with ever-ready hearts waited impatiently for the next command.*

## 234. THE POET

### (Gottschalk's 'Dying Poet')

—A. S.—

*"The world is full of poetry. The air is living with its spirit; and the waves dance to the music of its melodies, and sparkle in its brightness."*—Percival

To have lived a life of high aspirations, and to leave behind the ennobling fruits of one's literary labors—this is the pleasing sunset of life that awaits the true poet. His life has not been an empty

* See story 18.

pleasure, but it has budded forth and ripened into luscious fruit, which posterity will gather both for food and seed.

He has known all the vicissitudes of life and weathered them; he has felt the spring of youth, the summer of manhood, the autumn of age, and now comes the winter of death. But he is not in the cold; the warm house of his life-labor shelters him; the cheery fire of spiritual hope warms his whole being; the loved ones of his bosom—his countless readers—comfort him with their friendly circle; the whispering voice of Him for Whom he has spent his energies speaks of the coming reward, exceeding great.

Now hear his pulse; 'tis throbbing, throbbing, slowly throbbing, like the pendulum of a clock, while the entrancing melody of love and joy flows onward—a river of sweet content. But hark! his pulse quickens, he is growing impatient for the curtain of eternity to rise; for there, he knows, is his true home, his real workshop, where he may continue creating, plying the art of his choice for ever. Time's melody slowly melts into that of eternity; fainter and fainter grow the pulse beats of mortality, stronger and stronger the melodious voices of immortality. He lives still, he breathes still, but life struggles, and death conquers; his soul breaks its bonds, his spirit flies free into the infinite beyond! Ah! he is at last a poet forever, the pen of his Maker, the breath of divine wisdom, the joy of angels and saints! Even on earth, though dead, he lives, and his soul is remembered evermore.

## 235. THE WONDERFUL PAINTING

(LUMBYE'S 'DREAM PICTURES')

— S —

*"Dreaming is an act of pure imagination, attesting in all men a creative power, which, if it were available in waking, would make every man a Dante or a Shakespeare."*—HEDGE

A man once dreamt of a wonderful art gallery. Large, beautiful paintings hung along the walls, and as soon as he stood before one and gazed intently at it, immediately it began playing the most magic music. One of these pictures was a delightful landscape. The green hills and the blossoming trees made him experience the very odor of spring and it seemed to him that even the branches of the trees were waving gently in the breeze. He stood there in

rapture, gazing and listening; for he hardly knew whether he was looking at a picture playing sweet music or whether he was listening to a sweet piece of music describing to him so lovely a scene.

Soon he thought he heard a hunter's horn; and sure enough, there among the trees he saw a band of hunters, who seemed alive. Then a little bird began twittering. So he gazed intently, and after examining the branches of the trees very closely, he discovered the little bird perched high up among the leaves. One of the hunters seized his horn and began playing a duet with the bird. The beholder was again completely out of himself with joy, unable to explain what he saw and heard, sure only of one thing—that the music and the picture were both very beautiful.

But of a sudden the hunters seemed to rise and set out once more on the chase. Away they flew over hill and dale, till in the distance they disappeared, and naught was left but the woodland dell with all its wealth of velvet green. Ah! what was that? A bell? Yes, silvery little bells began to tinkle. Whence came the sound? He gazed. There was a shepherd and his flock. Every sheep had a bell, and as they turned their heads and grazed, their little bells played the most sweet music imaginable.

After a while the man's mind began to be aroused. The picture was melting from his gaze, the music suddenly began to turn into a mixture of wild chords and rattling echoes, till of a sudden he found himself wide awake, lying in his bed, while the sun was shining through the window and saying: "Dreams are but dreams; arise to thy work! Thy dreams have refreshed thee with passing beauty; go now, refresh thyself with lasting duty!"

## 236. THE OLD MUSIC-MASTER

(Beethoven's '8th Sym.—Allegretto Scherzando')

—A. S.—

*"It was the saying of an ancient sage that humor was the only test of gravity, and gravity of humor; for a subject that would not bear raillery was suspicious, and a jest that would not bear a serious examination was certainly false to it."*—Shaftesbury

There was once an old music-master, who was as strict as he could be in questions of keeping time. He would often stop the

whole orchestra or choir, and beat time on the floor with a broomstick, to give them the exact tempo and rhythm; and often during the playing itself, he would stamp the first beat with his heavy boot. So scrupulous was he in this respect, that his directing soon grew comical and his renditions were looked upon as mere automatic performances. He came indeed so far in this matter that scarcely a piece could ever be played exactly enough for him.

But there was one musician in the orchestra who was both a wag and a very fine composer. One day he offered a new composition to the director, having previously told his fellow players that he would succeed in making the old fellow for once be satisfied! He even made the proposal that a metronome be started as soon as the orchestra began, assuring the old master that all players would undoubtedly reach the last note together.

The parts were distributed, and the old director, after carefully noting the metronome marks, which he always strictly demanded, and having practiced them a moment for himself, was ready to begin, though he would not accept the offer of the composer regarding the metronome, considering such a procedure altogether unnecessary, he himself being a metronome sufficient for any occasion.

One, two, three, four—one, two, three, four—and then he stamped on the floor with his heavy boot, to introduce the first measure of the music. Simultaneously the oboes, clarinets, bassoons, and horns entered with a series of sharp chords, that continued sounding in such a regular manner that no metronome could have been more exact. The old master began to smile—he was in his glory; his face beamed with joy, for everything went along so strictly in time that he could not possibly find a flaw. Of a sudden the quartet of metronomes, mentioned above, rested, and the violins, violas, 'cellos, and basses entered with an extremely swift and difficult figure of eight semi-demi-semiquavers, all on a single beat, that sounded just like a thunder roll and began and ended just on the dot. The old master was flushed with satisfaction, for nothing was impeded, absolutely nothing!

The orchestra members were almost giggling with amusement, though the truly beautiful melodies which were woven in a wonderful way through and around this network of mathematical precision caused them to enjoy the piece even as a work of the highest

emotional beauty. As the second last measure was reached, the violins and violas grew hilarious and just doubled the notes; on the last measure the whole orchestra followed suit 'fortissimo'! "Bravo!" called out the gratified director, "that's what I call real music!"

## 237. FALSTAFF

(Nicolai's 'Merry Wives of Windsor Overture')

—A. S.—

*"How much lies in laughter — the cipher key, wherewith we decipher the whole man."*—Carlyle

Falstaff, the fat knight of humor and jollity, once became implicated in a number of very ludicrous affairs. For when he was visiting at the home of a certain Mr. Page, the latter—who was of a very jealous disposition—happened to hear of his presence; so he assembled a crowd of friends and approached the house with a great cry and threatening noise. Mrs. Page, who was intent on playing all the tricks she could on Falstaff, quickly suggested a very laughable expedient. Falstaff was stuffed into a wash basket, a huge pile of dirty clothes thrown over him, and two servants ordered to bear the burden away!

To all this the reluctant Falstaff had to consent. It was a sight to see him get into the basket! Then how he was jostled by the two servants, as they made their exit from the house! They were secretly instructed what to do; so when they came to a creek, they feigned an accident and let the basket, with Falstaff and the clothes, all tip over into the muddy water. It was a spectacle to behold the angry knight extricate himself from the confused mass of clothes, blubbering and scolding, his fat legs wabbling along like a duck's.

Another time the same Mr. Page chased him from his house with cudgels. For Falstaff this time had hastily dressed up like a certain old woman of the town, not knowing that no one was more destestable to Mr. Page than precisely she. Still another time these merry tricksters persuaded Falstaff to come to a certain place in a park, where fairies were said to hold their nightly revels. Of course they themselves dressed like fairies, and made all sorts of fun, even putting on the fat knight's shoulders a buck's head, so that he looked more ridiculous than can be imagined. When all was over,

they told him how they had fooled him; but he made reply in his inimitable way: "When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chased."

## 238. WOTAN AND BRUNHILD

### (Wagner's 'Wotan's Farewell')

—A—

*"Like some low and wonderful spell, we whisper that sad word, 'farewell.'"*—P. Benjamin

Brunhild, the daughter of Wotan, an ancient god, having greatly displeased her father, was condemned by him to a long sleep amid flames, till the hero should come who was to deliver her. Truly touching was his farewell to her, for though he was angry, still his paternal heart melted with pity and love. He said to her: "Farewell, my brave child! Farewell! I am indeed loath to forsake thee, for now thou canst neither ride with me, nor wait on me. But I will set torches around thee, brighter than bridal lights, to keep away all who might molest thee. Only one will ever free thee—the great hero who is to come!"

Then Brunhild sank on her father's breast in a swoon, wrapt in grief and transfigured by the awful punishment she had incurred. The air was filled with strange harmonies, while the father's stern visage gazed into the beautiful features of his beloved daughter. It was a moment of intense sadness.

Thus he spoke to her: "Now I gaze into the eyes which I have often admired, when, after thy brave deeds, I saw thy heroic form approach to greet me. Their gleam often dispelled the darkness of my heart; or, when I was about to yield to foolish pleasures, their luster restrained me. But now Wotan thy father must part with thee; he must despoil thee of thy godhood, and leave thee! Farewell!"

Brunhild, slowly fainting away, sank upon the rocky couch of a near-by ledge. Wotan closed her helmet, covered her with the great shield of the Valkyries, and then moved away to a great rock, where with his waving spear he began to summon Loki, the fire-god.*

* See story 18.

## 239. THE WOODLAND VOICES

(PAGANINI'S 'DANS LES BOIS')

— S —

*"It (music) recreates my mind, and so not only fits me for after business, but fills my heart at the present with pure and useful thoughts."*—BEVERIDGE

One day a wayfarer passed through a beautiful wood; all nature was fresh and verdant, and he felt his heart bulge with joy. He stopped to rest, and flung himself beneath the shade of the trees. He then fell into a reverie and seemed to hear breaking forth from the wood the voices of a number of birds, twittering in their own bird-language, all unhampered in their noisy freedom. Next there was a mixture of pathos and sweet, songlike tones, as if the breeze were gently passing through the branches and playing music, while the intermingled voices of the birds still continued. Once again the twittering began and ran its merry course.

Next he seemed to hear a majestic figure of music, which suggested to him the glory of the woodland oaks and beeches, as if they lifted their noble heads to the skies. He seemed to behold in those branches a hundred little songsters, flying to and fro and singing with might and main, each having its own little joys to narrate, till, look!—a quick downward glide occurred, one of the feathery songsters was sailing down upon the grass where its eagle-eye had discovered some tempting morsel.

The twittering returned once more; and now he heard most sweet and flutelike tones, resembling the pipings of little nestlings. "Ah," he thought to himself, "here is a chance to write down some fine thoughts!" So, taking out his note-book, he wrote: "In the birds we have the most pure and natural music in creation, that which God Himself has made; other music is artificial, the product of man's easily-erring genius. The little birds are always associated with innocence and happiness; hence their voices tend to render us joyful and happy whenever we hear them; besides, they inspire us with a salutary shame for our own guilt and consequent misery. It is therefore no childishness to love the little birds and to delight in hearing either their own sweet voices in their native haunts or to imagine we hear them when we listen to the poetic tone-pictures of our own thoughts or of the great poets or composers. Whatever is elevating is good."

## 240. ONE OF NATURE'S MASTERPIECES

### (Brahms' 'Lullaby')

—A—

*"Simplicity and truth are the sole principles of the beautiful in art."*—Gluck, *(the Composer)*

Mothers are always invcnting new melodies for singing their little darlings to sleep; and sometimes the affection and tenderness of their maternal feelings so overpower them that what they sing is not only most beautiful but also most simple and truthful; for their strains do not overstep their object, which is simply to sing baby to sleep; they are truthful to their one purpose, keeping clear of all else.

Of such a perfect character was the song which a great composer once heard coursing through the halls of his mind; whether it was a remembrance of an actual lullaby he had heard some mother sing, we cannot say; but at any rate it could have been, for it was exceedingly natural. It began with an accompaniment that described excellently the rocking of the cradle; and this accompaniment's tonic note continued in every measure throughout the song, to the very end, never changing, thus beautifully picturing the monotone of the cradle, which possesses no other variety than that of its clocklike movement from one side to the other. The words too were most beautiful, and were as follows: "Lullaby and good night, covered with roses, spread over with lilies, in thy wee bed; lay thee down now to rest, and may thy slumber be pleasant."—"Lullaby and good night, mother's joy, around thee the band of bright angels will stand; they will guard thee and protect thee, waking in my arms."

The music pictured—even better than the words—the final surrender of the tiny eyelids and undeveloped faculties to the vanquishing power of dreamland. In fact, the little gem resembled a flower, whose delicatc perfume took the hearers back to childhood's first awakenings, when innocence, peace, joy, and rest were their delightful posscssions, so that before they knew it they were thinking thus to themselves: "Shall the grave do for us what the cradle once did?"

## 241. THE GYPSY'S GRIEF

(Verdi's 'Stride la Vampa —Il Trovatore')

—A—

*"Everyone can master a grief but he that hath it."*—Shakespeare

A wild gypsy named Azucena, the daughter of an old witch, was once doomed to an awful experience. The Count di Luna, capturing her mother, decreed that she should be burnt at the stake. At this dreadful spectacle Azucena was present, and so terribly did it impress her that she could nevermore forget it. Nay, it would find expression in her very utterances. Thus one day she even sang a song of very emotional character, telling in heartrending words and strains of the catastrophe. She said:

"Upward the flames roll, while the crowds press wildly round, as though rejoicing to see some one burnt alive! Loud cries of delight arise and re-echo. Lo! from the prison comes forth the woman—surrounded by guards. The dark columns of smoke and seething flame arise to heaven. The victim approaches, robed in black, without girdle, without shoes. Fierce cries of vengeance arise from that heartless crowd; the echoes of their curses roll back from the mountain sides, while the flames, upward curling, ascend to heaven!"

The same Azucena, crazed by the experience just related, had been crazed still more by the after deed she perpetrated. For in mad revenge she had grasped for the child of the Count, throwing it (as she thought) on the burning pile, only to find out afterwards that in her frenzy she had made a mistake and thrown her own child instead into the flames and thus burnt it to death!

## 242. THE UNVEILED ERROR

(Brahms' 'Hungarian Dance No. 7')

— S —

*"Nature hath nothing made so base, but can read some instruction to the wisest man."*—Aleyn

A great violinist once interpreted Brahms' Seventh Hungarian Dance, and a certain high individual who heard him could not enjoy the piece at all, because the violinist was forever retarding

and accelerating the time, which made the person referred to quite impatient, and caused him to criticize the violinist severely for thus 'spoiling the beautiful flow of the master's strains.' But a friend only smiled at this severe criticism and said: "You know not what you say; you must remember he is interpreting a dance of Hungary, or in other words gypsy music, which by its very nature is erratic. Hungarian dances are as changeable as the colors of a sunlit sky. They are more than this—they are whimsical."

"Yes," answered the other, "whimsical indeed; and should this be music? I began trying to keep time. All went well for a beat or two, then I suddenly had to rush, and just as suddenly retard again. I asked myself: 'What kind of mood, or rather impossible emotion is this?' "

But his friend thus retorted: "If you had searched your interior earnestly, you could have found that mood! Do we never fall into such a mood? Yes, not once, but often. Deciding on something, we rise to accomplish it; but no, we change our mind on second thought and sit down again. A moment passes, and we are aware of still another motive urging us on; up we rise, only to find ourselves again hesitating. Undecided, we then pace the floor, not without a sigh of aggravation, or perhaps a painful laugh at our vacillating character. Taking heart, we say: 'I am determined to do it!'; but prudence whispers in our ear: 'Be cautious!' We close our ears and rush forward; prudence grasps us and holds us tight; we struggle, she entreats; we turn from her, but she whispers: 'Take your time, that is best.' It is but a faint whisper, yet her voice seems so sweet as to be almost convincing, we are on the verge of conversion, we grow surprisingly sedate and circumspect. But lo! of a sudden, without warning, we break away from her, and, with a bound, impetuously rush forward to the fulfillment of our desire."

The other could now make no answer, and his friend added: "The fickleness and instability exhibited in the little piece is not only a picture of gypsy life with its frequent change of scene and spirit of roaming, but, considered in the light of its real mood, is a portrayal in tone of human nature at large. A greater knowledge of human nature is not a bad investment, especially if we thereby learn to know our own peculiarities the better!"

## 243. THE ROSE AND THE THORNS

(RIMSKY-KORSAKOW'S 'SONG OF THE SHEPHERD LEHL')

—A—

*"Sorrow is not an accident, occurring now and then. It is the woof which is woven into the warp of life."*—ROBERTSON

One day a traveller fell asleep by the wayside and dreamt a dream. He saw flying over his head in the deep blue sky a beautiful white cloud, while a sweet little flute played a most delicious melody. As he gazed, the cloud grew, and it seemed to him that its color also turned darker. Then he heard it cry out to the thunder in a most strange voice; and immediately the thunder began rumbling, and the cloud poured down its cool drops upon the fields below. The green blades and flowers rejoiced and exulted, drinking in the shower with the most extravagant expressions of praise and satisfaction.

But hark! who are these coming through the trees? Damsels, with strawberry baskets on their arms, were approaching, allured by the freshness of nature after the shower. The little flute played most sweetly, and one of the maidens sang, thus forming a duet more exquisite than words can tell.

Then the little flute played a solo—an interlude. And suddenly —what cry was that? the maiden's joy turned to fright. For her companions discovered that one of their number was missing! With a cry of alarm they exclaimed: "Alas, she will be devoured by the wolves!"

But the little flute continued playing sweetly and seemed to comfort the weeping maidens. And indeed as they stood there undecided what to do, mourning their companion's fate, a stranger appeared, accosting them with the words: "It is in vain for you to shed tears; they will not bring your companion back to you; rather set out in search for her." This advice opened their eyes and gave them hope, and all together they set out on the search.

The traveller awoke, and wondered at his dream. He told it to a friend, who remarked: "This was a fairy creation of your brain; but it was not without its lesson. For its contrasts might be summed up in the words of the old proverb: 'There is no rose but has its thorn.' Joy and sorrow are always mixed on this earth."

## 244. THE LANGUAGE OF TENDERNESS

### (Bizet's 'Adagietto')

—A. S.—

*"I know of nothing in dramatic music that approaches this Adagio, which not only accentuates the sublimity of the text, but rises to a height of pathos beyond the reach of word or gesture."*

—Philip Hale

A certain student of music, who was much captivated by popular songs and melodies, could not for the world see how Bizet's Adagietto could be thought of so highly by the critics. To him it seemed very dry and uninteresting. His music teacher, one day hearing him thus express himself, answered: "It is not at all surprising that you, who are always feeding on the highly rhythmic and cheaply sentimental, should be unable to apprcciate this little gem. I will write you a short explanation of the moods which run through its strains, and I dare say you will then begin to consider it in a more favorable light." The next day he handed him an envelope. It contained the following notes.

The principal theme of this Adagietto, heard as the third measure is reached, is of very plaintive character and immediately introduces to us the mood of the whole piece. Moreover, it marks the beginning of each of the four sections, except the third. Now what is the mood this theme portrays? It can be summed up, we think, in the following words of Fielding: "A tender-hearted and compassionate disposition, which inclines men to pity and feel for the misfortunes of others, and which is, even for its own sake, incapable of involving any man in ruin and misery, is of all tempers of mind the most amiable; and though it seldom receives much honor, is worthy of the highest." In fact, tenderness and compassionating affection, especially the first, seem to be the ruling qualities of the music.

In order to preserve this idea of tenderness, Bizet uses only muted strings, thus deadening the sound and lending it a certain subdued sweetness. Moreover, he has given the direction of 'very soft' throughout, except for the climax, which occurs in the fourth section. Again, he has harmonized the whole melody very smoothly and carefully. Still again, he has fashioned the melody itself in such a way that there are few greater intervals. The effect of this is, that the tones progress from one to the other with velvety ease.

Finally he has marked the music 'legato' from beginning to end, so that all flows on smoothly and no kind of harshness is noticeable.

The first section has exactly eight measures, beginning after the introduction. In this section we can indeed feel in music the truth of those words quoted above: "A tender-hearted disposition." The second section has likewise eight measures, the fifth of which reminds us of that other expression: "A compassionate disposition." The third section has again eight measures. Here the music reaches its climax and seems to breathe the spirit of those other words: "Which inclines men to pity and feel for the misfortunes of others," for it grows almost vehement in its tender appeal. The fourth section, also consisting of eight measures, is composed of a review as it were of the whole conception in a few exquisite strokes. Especially beautiful is the repetition of the theme in the high treble.

Such music as this, concluded the notes, is too little appreciated; especially by such as are always on the lookout for loud and bold effects. Yet, we may truly say that "though it seldom receives much honor, it is worthy of the highest!"

## 245. AN EVENING VISION

### (Moore's 'Last Rose of Summer')

—A. S.—

*"Death is but the dropping of the flower that the fruit may swell."*
— H. W. Beecher

It was twilight in the graveyard; an aged lady, white and bent, sat near a tombstone. Around her were the graves of her parents, husband, children, and relatives. She was the last one of the family alive. As the old sexton made his rounds, he saw her sitting there, and knowing the circumstances, could not but think of the words of Moore, beginning: " 'Tis the last rose of summer." So he thus soliloquized:

" 'Tis the last rose of summer, left blooming alone; all her lovely companions are faded and gone; no flower of her kindred, no rosebud is nigh, to reflect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh." Then, as he meditated on the scene, a strange apparition made its exit from among the pine trees. Death, with his scythe, slowly approached, nearing the old lady, when lo! she gradually turned

into a lovely white though faded rose. And the voice of Death was like the wind, soft and sighing. He said:

"I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem; since the lovely are sleeping, go, sleep thou with them." And with a slow, reluctant sweep of his scythe, he gently brought down the rose, saying: "Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er the bed, where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead." Then gazing intently into the old sexton's face, Death whispered in a hollow voice: "To-morrow for thee! But fear not; the falling flowers leave their seed behind!" Thus he again disappeared in the dark shadows of the trees.

As the old sexton turned his steps toward his dwelling, he muttered thus to himself: "So soon may I follow, when friendships decay, and from love's shining circle the gem drops away. When true hearts lie withered, and fond ones are flown, oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone?" Next day he was a corpse, and they buried him amid the thousands whom he himself had laid to rest.

## 246. A FRIEND IN NEED

(MENDELSSOHN'S 'CONSOLATION')

— S —

*"Quiet and sincere sympathy is often the most welcome and efficient consolation to the afflicted. Said a wise man to one in deep sorrow, 'I did not come to comfort you — God only can do that; but I did come to say how deeply and tenderly I feel for you in your affliction.'"*—EDWARDS

A very wicked and unrepentant man was lying on his bed of death, without any kind of consolation, either temporal or spiritual. Now it happened that a zealous apostle was passing that way, and, hearing of the unhappy man, resolved to visit him. He approached the house with his heart beating anxiously; for he had been told that the man was not only unrepentant but was a most bitter enemy to all ministers of spiritual things, and even broke out in a fit of raving whenever he but caught a glimpse of one of them.

The apostle knocked; a lady answered. "Does Mr. N. live here?" "Yes." "May I not speak with him?" "Why, you must surely have made a mistake; I am sure he did not send for you; and he would grow very excited if he but knew you were here. Besides,

he is too ill for visitors." But the zeal of the apostle was not to be put off so easily. He pleaded and pleaded, till at last the lady reluctantly ushered him into the hall-way and up the stairs, pointing out the bedroom door. The apostle, armed with charity and the spirit of benevolence, stepped within. Gazing at him for a moment in terrible and silent rage, the sick man suddenly cried out with a most horrifying shriek: "By what authority?"

The apostle answered this exclamation with a compassionating smile, and, after humbly begging pardon for his intrusion, added in a voice of sweet and simple charity: "Do not mistake my desire; be assured, I thought that, as a sick man, you were deserving of a visit from your fellow man; and so I came to you merely to wish you well, as a friend does to his friend." Behold! the sick man's countenance was changed. He replied in a tone of appreciation and gratitude: "Ah! that's different." Then they began to converse in the most friendly manner. And before the apostle left that room, the deep-dyed sinner had struck his breast and made his peace with God!

And what a peace! He said to his wife: "Now I hear the music of God! Heretofore I have been deaf. Oh! how full of sweet consolation are those strains!" Then, after a little while, he exclaimed: "Listen to that rising melody, full of energy and life; truly I am reborn to a wondrous newness of hope and joy! And that descending strain—oh, how tender! I have indeed found a true friend! I am consoled. I am so happy that it seems I am again a little child!" And thus, still listening to the music of happiness, he breathed his last with the smile of peace on his lips and the assurance of everlasting life in his heart.

## 247. PATERNAL PITY

### (Verdi's 'Piangi Fanciulla—Rigoletto')

—A—

*"Nothing but infinite pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life."*—Inglesant

Gilda, a beautiful young girl, deceived by the enticements of youth and passion, had the misfortune to become entangled in a love-affair of which her father could not approve. Indeed, he was

roused to the highest pitch of anger against her enemies, calling them a vile race of courtiers, a detested rabble, and bidding them beware of his vengeance.

As he was denouncing in this manner the shameless wretches, Gilda his daughter appeared, bathed in tears, and, falling at her father's feet, embraced him passionately. Then Rigoletto (this was her father's name) commanded the courtiers to go hence, and so fearful was his threatening look that they obeyed. Sad and touching was the scene that followed.

"Ah," said her father, "I had hoped to find an angel in thee, and now in horror and anguish I must find thee thus!" But conquering his grief, he remembered that she was his child, and taking her in his arms, thus comforted her: "Daughter, come, let me console thee in thy sorrow!" But Gilda, choked with grief and overcome by such a wonderful magnanimity, could only answer: "Father, my father!"

So Rigoletto, drawing her closer to his breast, said with much feeling: "Weep here, weep on my heart; let thy tears flow on thy father's bosom!" "Father, my father," repeated Gilda, while Rigoletto still comforted her and pressed her lovingly to his paternal heart. At length she gathered her self-possession and between her sobs said with the most heartfelt gratiitude: "Father, I have found in thee an angel — a comforting angel!" Then both were silent, and all that could be heard were the sighs and sobs of human anguish. Truly here was a scene that could have moved the hardest heart that ever beat.!

## 248. THE WELL-BALANCED FORMULA

(MENDELSSOHN'S 'CANZONETTA')

— S —

*"The highest manhood resides in disposition, not in the intellect."*
—BEECHER

One day a great composer was walking along the street when he was suddenly accosted by an aged gentleman with the words: "Here, sir, is a paper which may interest you." Wherewith he handed him a sealed envelope and went his way. The composer, anxious to know what the envelope contained, lost no time in open-

ing it. There he found a sheet of paper with the following title: "A Formula for a Musical Composition to be written for the String Quartet."

Naturally the composer was very much interested, though he smiled at the idea of a 'formula' for a musical composition. Nevertheless he read on, as follows. "First, the hearer must be made conscious of a certain firmness, exactness, and symmetry, all rounded off by a moderation of effect which tells of the highest refinement. The music is not to paint a picture of exterior nature, but rather an abstract consideration of mood as such. For are there not moods in firmness, exactness, symmetry, and moderation? As the music proceeds, the effect must be that the hearer feels as a person of such refined qualities would feel. The whole part is then to be repeated."

"Now all the instruments," the text continued, "are to unite their forces and intone together the melody, which will partake of determination (heavy accents), practical endeavor (crescendo), and noble aspiration (an ascending character of the strains). The hearer ought now to feel the 'strength' that the person of true refinement possesses. Then the music will return to the first mood; even as the man of true character, after activity, again resumes the even tenor of his way."

"Next the music must take on a decided motion of fairy lightness, representing, let us say, the brighter, less serious moods of life, where innocence holds sway. However, the hearer must still detect the seriousness of life in the lower register (sustained tones). Following this will be a fast descent and ascent, and the mood will grow gay; while the persisting accent in the lower register must hint at the sympathy of age with youth. This whole passage is to be repeated."

"Hereupon even the bass must join in, as if to say, that the most serious must sometimes adapt themselves to their more lively fellows and make themselves all to all. Again the first part of the whole passage is to be repeated."

"Here will follow a transition; pleasure can not last always; seriousness must again rule. The whole piece is to end with a return to the first mood, so that the general effect of the composition will present a beautiful and easy balance. The character of the piece must offer an example of the pure classic form, colored by the warm poetic character of the romantic school."

The composer, after he had pondered over these words, thought

thus to himself: "Here is something new. I always thought a man had to be a composer in order to utter musical thought. I'll try this formula!" He did try; and the result was most gratifying.

## 249. THE QUEEN'S GEM

(MENDELSSOHN'S 'E-MINOR CONCERTO—FINALE')

— S —

*"Beauty is but the sensible image of the Infinite."*—BANCROFT

A certain king of the long ago wished to please his queen on her birthday, and for this purpose summoned his jewelers and expressed the desire to obtain the most remarkable gem that existed; no expense was to be spared. Hardly three days had elapsed, and one of the jewelers announced to the king that he knew where the treasure was. The king, after close questioning, ordered him to purchase the jewel, for from the description he was sure no one else could find a better.

His orders were fulfilled and the jewel brought to him. It was a thousand-faceted diamond. So minute were the cuts that formed these thousand facets that the diamond appeared as a glittering pearl, round and smooth. It was so beautiful that no one could look at it without forgetting himself and gazing in rapture thereon. For every turn revealed a new color or brilliancy in the wonderful jewel; and so fast did these colors and lights change that the diamond seemed alive and moving in a sort of inexplicable existence of its own. When the queen received it, she could not be sated, but ever and anon feasted her eyes on its sparkling beauty.

Curious to know who the skillful workman had been, she inquired of the jeweler who had discovered it. But he answered; "Most worthy queen, such a masterpiece could not be the work of one; I will tell you how many labored to attain this rare effect. First the divine Creator Himself fashioned it in the earth, this was the work of many centuries; then the miner with his toilsome digging brought it forth; next the polisher took it in charge and with infinite patience and consummate skill cut those numberless facets. But this was not all; afterwards it was left for the glorious sun in the heavens to shine thereon and show what a grand work had been accomplished; nay, not only he, but also his manifold

reflections, all laboring together to exhibit this matchless gem!'' The queen was silent with admiration; for all that he had said was very true.

## 250. THE HIGHEST TEST OF BEAUTY

(Brahms' '3d Symphony—Allegretto')

— s —

*"The best part of beauty is that which no picture can express."*
—Bacon

An orchestral conductor, desiring to interpret to the best advantage Brahms' beautiful C-minor movement from his Third Symphony, tried to find some mental picture which might help him. He searched and searched his own resources, and even called upon the members of the orchestra, but to no avail. There were plenty of suggested ideas, but it seemed that the more pictures and ideas were forthcoming, the less could he find the true interpretation. At length the drummer, whom no one ever thought of as an interpreter, suggested the following plan.

''It seems to me,'' he said, ''that this is quite contemplative music, and it would be best interpreted if, instead of being encumbered by anything pertaining to the senses, or even mental meanings, it would be left perfectly free. Hence let both conductor and players endeavor simply to *feel* without thinking, and I dare say the effect will be fine.'' His advice was listened to and followed; and everybody declared that he had certainly pointed out the right road.

The conductor, however, although he was highly delighted and satisfied, could not understand the case; for he had always been of the opinion that music, the more it is helped by mental pictures, the more capable of interpretation and appreciation it becomes. He therefore asked a certain very learned man—a philosopher—concerning this difficulty, and received the following answer.

''The deepest feelings of the heart cannot be fathomed by the intellect. When the young mother weeps beside the grave of her first-born, does she *think?* Yet her *feelings* overwhelm her. Music is the proper language of feeling; and while its usual terms can be translated into the language of human words, yet its more intimate and idiomatic expressions are beyond all rendering. One must simply understand the language or despair. Your drummer

therefore used the right word when he called this music 'contemplative.' I might only add that it is one of the greatest masterpieces of that greatest of musical contemplatives—Joannes Brahms —too little understood because he is too little *felt!* We are not contemplative enough to soar aloft with him and admire with our simple *heart* the quintessence of beauty as it emanates from the omnipotence and omnipresence of its infinite Source!"

## 251. AT THE END OF THE TRAIL

(Dvorak-Kreisler's 'Indian Lament')

—A. S.—

*"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power, and all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave, await alike the inevitable hour; the paths of glory lead but to the grave."*—Gray

Broad were the prairies and spacious the forests through which the American Indian roamed. He was like the birds, that have no other limits set for their freedom than their nests; and those they may make or change wherever they find a place. Fresh air was his inheritance, hunting his occupation, war his destiny. But alas, he knew not the treasures he had; the country he owned was to lead him into penury. 'Knowledge rules the world' was to prove itself in his conquerors, who, astute in mind and educated in all the accomplishments of civilized nations, were to supplant him in his own home!

Hard did he die! Blood on blood was sacrificed; life on life was offered; muscles were strained; arrows were sharpened and sent whizzing; fire and tomahawk were called upon to defend wigwam and papoose. But all in vain. Slowly, slowly, he saw the star of his glory wane, slowly but surely it sank deeper and deeper into the wild and unhospitable West, whither the white man pushed him farther and farther, until—there he saw at last the inevitable abyss —he had reached the end of his trail! He hung his head in despair, his proud spear dropped to the earth, the blood of his fiery steed froze in the hardened veins,—stone, stone, stone,—his lament—silent as the depths of the ocean and as fathomless—petrified him forever!

Ah, memories! Can he still think of his former possessions? Can he think of his freedom? Can he think of his happy hunting-

grounds? The joy of these thoughts is embittered by the present reality; they are only thoughts, those things that were, are no more! He is but stone, he is no man; his spear is but stone, and no spear; his horse is but stone, and no horse. Life is only apparent; he is dead; all that he possessed is dead; nay, his very name is dying, his remembrance is fading. He has reached the end of all mortal things—he is truly at the end of the trail! As he, so we; as we, so they that shall come after us!

## 252. THE SPIRIT OF JOY

### (Bishop's 'Lo, Here the Gentle Lark')

—A—

*"The fountain of content must spring up in the mind."*—Johnson

The spirit of joy is that spirit in the world which, once allowed to grow, assumes inconceivable proportions, spreading like a fire and consuming all the griefs of men. Sometimes its little spark alights on the soul of some human being and breaks out into so bright a fire that the whole world is soon inflamed thereby. Thus did this wondrous little spark one day fall upon the delicate soul of Shakespeare, so igniting it that the fire which resulted has never gone out but continues burning warmly to this very day.

As Shakespeare was a great poet he could not express the joy of his heart by usual words, but needed the figurative ones of nature. Thus on this occasion, his fiery imagination used the beautiful bird known as the lark, finding expression in the ensuing short verse:

"Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty,
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold."
(Venus and Adonis)

Afterwards this bright fire of the great poet sent forth a spark which fell upon the soul of another poet—a musician, who composed an admirable melody for the words,—a melody so full of the spirit of joy that it in turn threw off its own sparks, which even to this day continue flying through the atmosphere of life, falling now and then on the soul of some great singer, who thereupon

breaks forth with floods of most pleasing song, astounding and captivating the ear and soul of everyone! Truly joy is one of our best possessions, and it is moreover one of our most intimate ones, which no thief can take from us — except we ourselves!

## 253. THE DARKTOWN FESTIVAL

### (Debussy's 'Golliwog's Cakewalk')

—A. S.—

*"Where there is much pretension, much has been borrowed; nature never pretends."*—Lavater

An immense prize cake had been presented by an admiring citizen, and all the expert cakewalkers from every corner of Darktown and its suburbs had been invited to participate in the walk. There was Rastus Johnson, and his wife—the broad-smiling Dinah; Scipio the janitor, with his wife—the ruby-lipped Sarah; George Washington Garfield Brown, with his wife—called 'Miss Invincible'; and finally Golliwog, black and shining as the ace of spades, with his wife—as much his counterpart as the ace of clubs to its sable brother.

The audience was very expectant; an array of four such couples meant something extraordinary. At length they formed in line: Rastus and Dinah with checkered suits and immense sunflowers pinned on their breasts; Scipio and Sarah with the brightest of calico garments and each with a huge bouquet of paper roses at which they smelt profusely; George Washington Garfield Brown and his 'invincible' better half, shining with glass diamonds and waving two gorgeous fans made of all colors of tissue paper cut in thin strips; finally Golliwog with a full-dress suit (borrowed for the occasion) fitting him miserably, and his 'ace' partner, loaded with all the gaudy beads and trappings she could scrape together from the four corners of Darktown; a great red poppy adorned her breast, while on the lapel of Golliwog's coat nestled a glorious bunch of big black-eyed Susans.

Now the pretentious walk began. The music had been composed especially for the occasion, and was full of pomposity. To its strains the four couples, particularly Golliwog and his wife, stepped most solemnly, bowing deeply to the right and to the left, as if all the queens and duchesses of Europe were present. Here

and there almost a pause ensued, the heads of the contestants shot up to the ceiling, while they walked along in the most grandiose fashion, lifting their heels and toes in novel variety and shuffling and bowing with ludicrous grace. Golliwog and his wife were so supple and Africanlike in their gyrations that the china-eyed admirers of their antics rolled their orbs with glistening approval!

When the walk was over, the judges, fearing lest something might happen, had disappeared, leaving their opinions written on pieces of paper. These opinions were compared, and Golliwog and his wife won the prize; whereupon immediately the three losing couples fell to quarrelling and scolding, and so terrible did the discord wax that it was not long till razors were pulled and knives brandished. However, Golliwog and his wife, making sure of the cake, had vanished through the alley! When the police came, all the company had completely disappeared. This was the end of the Darktown cakewalk!

## 254. HEROD'S BIRTHDAY

### (Strauss's 'Salome's Dance')

—A—

*"When the cup of sensual pleasure is drained to the bottom, there is always poison in the dregs."*—Porter

Herod the Tetrarch, who ruled over Galilee, was a most self-conceited and sensuous prince. He lived unlawfully with his brother's wife, Herodias, and therefore John the Baptist boldly corrected him, saying: "It is not allowed." Herod's answer to this was imprisonment and chains. He spared the prophet's head only because he feared the people. However, occasions are not wanting to those who have wicked hearts. It came to pass that all the people of his court came together to celebrate his birthday; and, to make the day very pleasing, Salome, the accomplished daughter of Herodias, was appointed to dance.

Herod reclined on his couch of soft damask, Herodias near him. Slaves bowed down on every side, fanning the pair with gorgeous plumes. Perfumes had been lavishly strewn around, and flowers, as rare as could be obtained, filled the atmosphere with their deadening sweetness. The most costly draperies were hung around; and the best musicians were hired to accompany the dance. At last Salome stepped forward. Weird indeed was the music

the musicians furnished. Languor and sensuousness vied with each other, and sometimes there was a rush of strange tones that made the very blood shiver. Slow, fast, halting, rushing—the instruments followed the dancer's movements as the eyes of a wild animal follow its prey.

Then Salome's steps grew more animated, and the music increased in speed and color. The musicians taxed their instruments to the utmost. All the glitter of oriental grandeur was reflected in their serpentlike melodies and alluring harmonies. Faster and faster the dancer whirled, faster and faster and more weird grew the leaping flames of the music, as they seemed to overlap their confines, rising and falling like huge ocean waves through the spacious hall. All ears were in suspense, all eyes were bent on the whirling form of the magic dancer, everything seemed turning around in one strange mixture of sight and sound. At last Salome bowed, and retired.

Herod was drunk with pleasure and satisfaction. He called for Salome and promised under oath to give her whatever she might ask. Horrible was the request she made. For she asked that the head of John the Baptist be given her in a dish! Herod, too weak to resist, granted this unjust request. John was beheaded, and his head brought in on a dish and presented to the wicked Salome and her still more wicked mother Herodias. This was the manner in which by God's permission might did triumph over right, the senses of one man being blinded against justice and truth.

## 255. THE IRISH HEART

(Grainger's 'Irish Tune from County Derry')

— s —

*"Feeling hearts, touch them but rightly, pour a thousand melodies unheard before."*—Rogers

A great composer, searching for melodies among the ancient folk-songs of Ireland, found one that appealed to him very strongly; for it presented an important side of the Irish temperament—the poetic or emotional side. He therefore arranged the melody for orchestra, using especially the 'cello and the violin to express the feeling hidden in the strains. We shall describe the effect which this composition had on the hearers; for it was a very beautiful and moving piece of work.

First the 'cello intoned the melody. Its deep and sympathetic voice could easily be detected, and the listeners were thus enabled to hum the melody along quietly, catching thereby the unmistakable poetic character of the strains. Next the higher strings took up the drift of the melody, which was harmonized with delicious taste. In the foregoing section the audience seemed to hear the male element in the deep-voiced 'cello; whereas in this section, the sweet-voiced violin recalled the female element.

Now both the higher and the lower register joined forces—the female element combined with the male. In the first and second sections the listeners concluded that tenderness and affection were the ruling sentiments; in this section they felt a touch of strength and fortitude added, together with a certain sadness toward the end, reminiscent of the everlasting sighing of the Irish breast for freedom. Moore's words came into the mind of more than one:

"Then blame not the bard,
if in pleasure's soft dream
He should try to forget
what he never can heal;
Oh! give but a hope—
let a vista but gleam
Through the gloom of his country,
and mark how he'll feel!
That instant, his heart
at his shrine would lay down
Every passion it nursed,
every bliss it adored;
While the myrtle, now idly
entwined with his crown,
Like the wreath of Harmodius,
should cover his sword."

## 256. AMONG THE CZECHS

### (Massenet's 'Fete Boheme')

—A. S.—

*"God has made sunny spots in the heart."*—Haliburton

Bohemia has always been a land of gayety and folk celebrations. The Czech temperament likes to rejoice and make much over

its exterior festivities. A certain traveller, who had one day spent such a festivity among the jovial Czechs, thus described his experiences, treating the whole theme as if it were a piece of music which he had heard.

What is that loud and bold noise? The dancers are coming. See them with their gayly colored costumes, smiling faces and lightness of carriage. They look more like flowers than men and women. The music begins. It is as variegated as the dancers themselves. Now it ascends in triumph, again it descends to the depths; now its rhythm sparkles like diamonds, again shines like bright gold.

And what are those gusts of tone, to which the dancers adapt themselves like the leaves bending to the wind? Are they not the feelings of joy in the hearts of the happy Czechs? The violinists pluck their strings merrily, a chromatic descent is heard—merrier still, and the dance bursts into a loud and jovial blasting of trumpets and beating of drums. The dancers rest a moment, while a transition is furnished by the band.

One of the more clever dancers takes the floor. In the music is heard a beautiful bass solo, the 'cellos aid, a piquant staccato enlivens the movement. The audience can not withhold its approval any longer; shouts of 'Bravo! Bravo!' arise, and re-echo, while the oboes, clarinets, and bassoons answer with grateful acknowledgment. The dancer is made to repeat his fine exhibition. At length the first spirit is reborn, and all the dancers rise, joining in a perfect storm of noise and joviality. Thus do the Czechs show the joy of life which is in them.

## 257. IN OLD MADRID

(Moszkowski's 'Malaguena')

— s —

*"Amusement is the waking sleep of labor."*—Willmott

One day a party of rich Spaniards resolved on passing their time amid the beauties of the Royal Park at Madrid. They took with them musicians and dancers and invited a great number of their friends to enjoy the day with them. Of course, they had first obtained permission for this celebration from the proper authorities.

Wonderful and fascinating were the attractions offered by the beautiful park. Most magnificent trees and shrubs abounded on every side. Marble fountains and classic statuary were scattered here and there. Peacocks strutted to and fro, and one could almost see the ancient royalty moving around the avenues, loaded down with their plush and velvet, gold and precious stones. Here seemed to pass a noble lord and his lady, she with her tame parrot perched on her wrist, he with his proud spaniel walking at his side.

Then the musicians began to play and the dancers formed into groups. Lively were the opening strains and full of power and the ringing of castanets. Then the music grew thoughtful, yea even restful, till with another gust of tone the dancing throng returned to the original tempo and movement. A rising run made everyone think of the sunshine, and the little flute seemed to have the throat of a bird. The Trio brought a throbbing that made the music more than mere sound; while the trumpet, round and clear, brought back the dancers to the first movement. Away they whirled. All was brightness; and the day passed into memory, never to be forgotten by those that enjoyed it.

## 258. THE MAGIC ARTIST

(Delibes' 'Coppelia — Festival Dance and Waltz of the Hours')

—A. S.—

*"Art does not imitate nature, but founds itself on a study of nature —takes from nature the selections which best accord with its own intention, and then bestows on them that which nature does not possess, viz., the mind and soul of man."*—Bulwer

There was once an old man who lived in the woods, and who had the magic power of making all sorts of dolls, which, at his will, came to life, and acted just like living men. It happened that he one day let fall one of his most beautiful dolls, and, as she rose to obey him, she limped miserably, for she had broken her limb. The old man was moved to pity and after putting her to sleep patched the broken bone, when lo! she rose, not only healed perfectly but possessed of such an uncommon grace of artistic dancing that all the other dolls spontaneously rose and together clapped their hands.

The old man was so happy at the outcome of his work that he

told the dolls he would give them a treat. For this purpose he invited all the fairies in the woods for a grand festival, and appointed a certain day for the celebration. Of course the fairies were on time, and they were all dressed in their finest garments, too, with bluebells hanging from their necks and morning-glories on their heads, lilies-of-the-valley in their hair and tiny forget-me-nots wrapped around their wee bodies. Chattering and making a loud noise they arrived on the scene and took the little toad-stool seats provided for them. Light, hesitating music had been prepared by the old man—who knew how much they liked music—while he regaled their appetites with delicious cakes and fresh honey. After some lively, sharp chords, the strains gradually developed into a beautiful waltz.

The old man's dolls then entered one by one, each more beautiful than the other, and each representing one of the hours of the day. At last the aforesaid doll made her entry, and so perfect was her beauty and so graceful her every movement, that all were lost in ecstasy. Moreover, the music grew exceedingly beautiful and delicate, going from treble to bass, and revelling in trills and naive melodies, so that it seemed some magic power was playing on the clouds and breathing on the responsive strings of angelic violins high up in the sky. Then a cymbal-crash woke them all and recalled them to earth. Softness now soothed the ear, while the bass went lower and lower, accompanying the gradual exit of the dancers. The fairies one and all congratulated the old doll-maker heartily, and as the day was just breaking, they forthwith melted in the air.

## 259. BACK TO GOD

(Mendelssohn's 'Elijah — If With All Your Hearts')

—A—

*"Where there is a sound conversion, there a man is wholly given to God, body, soul, and spirit."*—Bolton

Man is always the same, forever sinning against the mandates of his Maker, until, called to account, he is again drawn back to repentance by the divine reprimands. To this purpose God of old often sent to His people men of holy life and powerful eloquence, whose office it was to remind all evil-doers of their failings and

draw them back to their duties. Such a man was Elias, or Elijah, a prophet of most extraordinary holiness and eloquence.

It happened that on a certain occasion, after the people of God had gone astray and left the good ways of the Ten Commandments, a voice from heaven resounded, saying: 'Ye people, rend your hearts, and not your garments, for your transgressions the prophet Elijah hath sealed the heavens through the word of God. I therefore say to ye, Forsake your idols, return to God; for He is slow to anger, and merciful and kind and gracious, and repenteth Him of the evil.'

Then was heard the voice of the Lord God Himself, assuring the people of His willingness to forgive, saying with most pathetic love: 'If with all your hearts ye truly seek me, ye shall ever surely find me. Thus saith our God.'

To this the people answered, as if with one voice, falling down on their faces and shedding many tears of inmost sorrow: 'Oh! that I knew where I might find Him, that I might even come before His presence.'

But the voice of the Lord God again resounded, assuring His contrite people that if sincere compunction ruled in their hearts, then they had already found Him. 'If with all your hearts ye truly seek me, ye shall surely find me. Thus saith our God.' And the people rose comforted and strengthened; for they were reinstated in the favor of Him without Whom man is but misery and vanity.

## 260. SAMSON

(Saint-Saens' 'Samson and Delilah—Bacchanale')

—A—

*"Deceit is the false road to happiness; and all the joys we travel through to vice, like fairy banquets, vanish when we touch them."*

—Hill

Samson, of wonderful strength and prowess, was deceived by Delilah, and betrayed into the hands of his enemies the Philistines, who put out his eyes. "And the princes of the Philistines assembled together, to offer great sacrifices to Dagon their God, and to make merry, saying: Our god hath delivered our enemy Samson into our hands. . . And rejoicing in their feasts when they had

now taken their good cheer, they commanded that Samson should be called, and should play before them." (Judges 16)

When the blinded Samson entered the assembly, led by a boy, he heard a great noise of revelling and decoying music; for the Philistines had gathered together all the best musicians and the finest singers. Thus mixing sensuous music with wines of the best vintage they revelled in a most lavish and extravagant manner. But Samson, deaf to the sirenlike strains, thought only in his heart how he was to be the instrument of God to punish these enemies of His holy laws.

"And laying hold on .both the pillars on which the house rested, and holding the one with his right hand, and the other with his left, he said: Let me die with the Philistines. And when he had strongly shook the pillars, the house fell upon all the princes, and the rest of the multitude that was there: and he killed many more at his death, than he had killed before in his life." Thus did the sensual revelling of these wine-drinkers, by the just judgment of God, end in death and utter confusion.

## 261. THE PRICELESS LEGACY

### (Sousa's 'Stars and Stripes Forever')

—A. S.—

*"Music, of all the liberal arts, has the greatest influence over the passions, and is that to which the legislator ought to give the greatest encouragement."*—Napoleon

Before the end of the World War, millions of Uncle Sam's brave boys left their native land, crossed the ocean, and marched to the battle-fields of Europe. Wondrous was their manly spirit and determination to do and die, so that their comrades in the armies of Europe were astonished at their indomitable boldness in the midst of shot and shell, and could hardly understand it.

Many were the factors which contributed to this effect. For their motives were high and their patriotism burning. But among all these moving forces was one that had been prepared many years before and had taken root so deeply in the hearts of every American community that all that was needed now was merely to recall it. This great influence was nothing else than the grand march com-

posed by one of America's chief composers—John Philip Sousa—called, "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

As the sight of the American flag —"Old Glory"—filled the eyes of those soldiers with sparkling determination, so the sound of the "Stars and Stripes Forever" filled their hearts with a spirit not to be overcome by worlds of powder and lead. When those strains sounded, all fear was forgotten; when those melodies pierced the air, it was as if Washington himself stood in their midst and gave his commands as of old; when those thoroughly American rhythms and harmonies beat upon the ear-drums of the brave lads in khaki, their souls were steeped in enthusiasm, their strength knew no bounds. As one man they pushed forward to the trenches, and the Allies welcomed them with amazement.

Yes—"The Stars and Stripes Forever!" Such strains will ever make such soldiers, and such soldiers will ever make such strains! As long as the eagle screams above our heads, so long will our ears revel in the strains of this glorious American instrumental hymn and our hearts be filled with gratitude toward him who gave it to our country. He has written his name with indelible characters in the memories of his countrymen, he has engraved on history's column the name of his masterpiece—his priceless legacy—"The Stars and Stripes Forever!"

## 262. AMERICA'S FUNERAL MARCH

(Sousa's 'Golden Star')

—A. S.—

*"National enthusiasm is the great nursery of genius."*—Tuckerman

Millions of our brave boys indeed crossed the Atlantic, but not all of them returned alive! Thousands paid the price of fortitude and reaped the glory of their sacrifice. As before they were silver stars, now they became gold ones; and wheresoever the home of one of these honored lads was, there could be seen a gold star, to mark the sacred place.

From harboring France the precious remains were brought home, amid the tears and deepest reverence of the whole nation. And in order to celebrate such solemn obsequies fittingly, music was called in to do its part. The composer of "The Stars and

Stripes Forever'' added to that legacy still another—''The Golden Star''—a dead march representing at once the bravery, the fidelity, the death, the honor and apotheosis of the fallen heroes.

Powerful chords introduced the march, which swept on like the wind rocking to sleep the glorious victims. Melodious, and filled with noble harmony, the strains told of the grief of the nation's bosom; sad was the funeral hymn intoned by the bugles, pursuing its sombre course simply but grandly. An old man, a veteran of the Civil War, hearing these ennobling strains, took off his hat, and with tears in his eyes said: ''Here is indeed a really great tribute to our dead boys; it is national, it is typically American, with its bugle hymn and solemn simplicity; it can not but live forever in the annals of these momentous times. 'The Golden Star' must never be forgotten!''

## 263. SATAN THE HYPOCRITE

### (Moussorgsky's 'Song of the Flea')

—A—

*"One may smile and smile, and be a villain still."*—Shakespeare

Mephistopheles was the name which Satan assumed in order to deceive Faust. He pretended friendship, accompanied Faust from place to place, and did everything to amuse and gain him. Thus one day he sang him a grotesque song of a flea. Faust of course was captivated with the novel performance of vocal display, and assured Mephistopheles of his gratitude. This was just what the old tempter wanted; and how he did chuckle to himself to find Faust fast falling a victim to his wily plans! The words of the insidious song were as follows:

''There was once a king, who possessed a well-fatted flea. This flea the king loved as his own son, and, calling his tailor, bade him cut for the youngster a coat and a pair of trousers. Behold! in silk and satin he was now arrayed, with ribbons and decorations, yea he was even made minister by the doting king and given the insignia of the highest rank. But all the king's people were pestered night and day; for not only did the impudent flea have permission from the king to bite whomsoever he pleased, but all his relatives enjoyed

the same privilege! The lords and ladies especially were plagued to death; from the queen herself down to the chambermaid, all were bitten and tortured; nor could anyone utter a word of protest, for the king had given his favored flea all power to do whatsoever he pleased."

## 264. THE JOYS OF INNOCENCE

### (Haydn's 'Toy Symphony')

—A. S.—

*"What gift has Providence bestowed on man that is so dear to him as his children?"*—Cicero

It was Christmas day. Around the Christmas-tree the little children, with their shining brows and ruddy cheeks, romped to their heart's content and amused themselves with their toys. One blew his little horn—he blew until his cheeks were tired! Another tested his lungs on a shrill whistle; and it was only the fact that he broke the whistle (trying as usual to see what was on the inside) that made him desist. However, his place was taken by the lad who marched incessantly around the room beating lustily on his drum! But above the din could be heard the cooing infants that kept the atmosphere well filled with the deafening sound of their rattles. All was merriment and glee, unbridled and free; for they were children!

After a while the little ones grew somewhat tired of their frolic, and opened their picture books to pore over the wonders of Mother Goose and Simple Simon, or played with their blocks and toys. Only now and then could be heard a whistle or toy horn break the peaceful quiet of the scene. The older people sat cheerily at the hearth and spoke of the olden days when they themsleves were children.

But see! One of the little boys suddenly feels one of those strange impulses that young folks are subject to; rising with a whoop and yell, he awakes the assembly of children to a wild stampede around the room. Each one acts as if he were riding a horse; laughing and shouting without measure, the lads and lassies blow their horns and whistles wildly, while the babes rattle their

rattles, until the mistress of the house, unable longer to contain herself, cries out with a loud voice for decorum! Just enough quiet is obtained to hear the voice of her husband thus soothing her: "O Mary, let them alone; we acted in the same way when we were young." And indeed, is there anything like the remembrance of those happy hours we spent around the dear old Christmas-tree? Those hours are fled, never more to return; but he is happy who has the opportunity of at least seeing others enjoy them.

## 265. THE VICTOR'S RETURN

(VERDI'S 'TRIUMPHAL MARCH FROM AIDA')

—A—

*"It is no flattery to give a friend a due character; for commendation is as much the duty of a friend as reprehension."*—PLUTARCH

Rhadames was placed at the head of all the Egyptian armies and sent against Ethiopia. He was victorious, and besides capturing Amonasro, the Ethiopian king and father of Aida, brought away much spoil and great riches. The Egyptians prepared for him a magnificent reception. Two large bands of Egyptian musicians had been formed, and stood one at each side of the triumphal arch.

As soon as the herald announced the approaching of the laurel-crowned general and his victorious hosts, a restless murmur began to spread through the crowds. The bands made ready and at the given signal intoned the grand march which had been composed especially for the occasion. The strains were filled with the most majestic power and pomp, and as Rhadames entered under the arch, the people vied with one another in giving expression to their boundless enthusiasm.

Then one of the bands continued with a most beautiful melody, soft and sweet, accompanied lightly, and soothing the nerves of the whole assembly. Next the other band answered this melody with another just as sweet and pleasing. Finally both bands, taxing themselves to their utmost, brought the powerful piece of music to a close, the basses particularly outdoing themselves in a series of steadily-flowing figures that told of the bravery, perseverance, and glory of the conqueror and his troops.

## 266. A GRAND HYMN OF PRAISE

(Gregorian Chant—'Gloria,' or Mozart's 'Gloria from 12th Mass')

—A—

*"There is something in religion, when rightly apprehended, that is masculine and grand."*—Cecil

For the singular benefits of the good Creator good men are wont to give heartfelt thanks. They often tender this homage with outward signs of acknowledgment and praise. Thus in the olden times this spirit was so alive in the Christians that they fashioned a beautiful hymn, which they loved to repeat ever and again during their divine services—that is, the holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The words of this hymn were as follows.

"Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace to men of good will. We praise Thee. We bless Thee. We adore Thee. We glorify Thee. We give Thee thanks for Thy great glory. O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father omnipotent. O Lord Jesus Christ, only begotten Son! Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father! Who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us. Who takest away the sins of the world, receive our petition. Who sittest at the right hand of the Father, have mercy on us. For Thou alone art holy. Thou alone art the Lord. Thou alone art the most High, Jesus Christ, who with the Holy Ghost art in the glory of the Father. Amen."

## 267. THE LITTLE BOY'S LESSON

(Handel-Tate's 'While Shepherds Watched')

— S —

*"We speak of educating our children. Do we know that our children also educate us?"*—Sigourney

There was a little boy who had never heard a great choir. When therefore his mother took him at Christmas-tide to hear a large choral program consisting of old Christmas songs, he was full of expectancy. But it was not only the music that interested him, for his mother had been careful to find out beforehand the selections, and had taught him the meaning of the words so well, that he could tell the stories himself. Thus did she teach him the

beautiful ideas of the Christmas hymn called, "While Shepherds Watched."

"While the shepherds were watching their flocks at night, and were seated on the ground, an angel of the Lord descended, amid a sheen of glory.

'Have no fear,' he said—for a great dread had seized their souls. 'Glad tidings of deep joy I bring, to you and all.

'There is born to you in Bethlehem this day, one of David's line—the Savior, Christ the Lord, and if you wish a sign:

'There you'll find the heavenly Babe displayed before your gaze, wrapped in swaddling clothes in a humble manger.'

Thus did the angel speak, and then appeared a bright throng of other angels praising God, and saying thus:

'All glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace to men of good will; may good will reign with men and never cease!' "

It is difficult to express in words how deeply and well the little boy enjoyed this delightful Christmas hymn. For he knew what it was about! His mother had done more for his little heart by explaining the words to him beforehand than by taking him to the concert afterward; for the concert thus became a treat with a reason. He afterwards became a great musician, and even taught his mother more things about the beauties of music than she had ever before known or even imagined.

## 268. THE LOST OPPORTUNITY

(Willis-Sears' 'It Came Upon the Midnight Clear')

— s —

*"The best school of discipline is the home — family life is God's own method of training the young; and homes are very much what women make them."*—Smiles

At the same concert mentioned in the foregoing story was another mother and her little boy. Unlike the first lad, this youngster had previously heard nothing whatever of the words of the hymns—his mother herself had not even taken the trouble to know them or to care about them! When the singers began the beautiful 'It Came Upon the Midnight Clear,' the little fellow began to be quite restless, and instead of enjoying the music, began to pout and

to say: "Mama, I want some candy!" Imagine this combination with the following beautiful words:

"That song of glory, told of old, came during the midnight, from the mouths of angels, who played upon harps of gold, saying: 'Peace on earth to men of good will, from the gracious King of heaven.' The whole world lay in stillness while the angels sang.

"And still they continued coming from the skies above, their wings of peace unfurled, while their heavenly music floated far and wide; they hovered above the lowly plains and softly their blessed voices rang—over the Babel of the world their blessed voices rang.

"All ye, who bear life's heavy load, who are bending low and toiling along the steep path with slow and painful step, behold above you the golden hours coming swiftly on the wing; stop and rest along the tiresome road, and listen to the angels' song.

"Behold, the days are coming quickly, which the prophets foretold, when the age of gold comes hastening with the passing year; when peace shall reign on earth and all its ancient splendors shall unfold, and give the world again the song of the angels."

The good mama was of course exceedingly mortified; and after vainly trying to quiet the young unruly, rose angrily and took him home. After spanking him thoroughly, she sent him to bed. He never after wanted to hear any kind of music, and when he grew up, not only did he know nothing of how to appreciate the simplest piece, but also blamed all music and music-playing as a most foolish waste of time. He becamc as narrow and as closed as an oyster. That lost opportunity never came again, alas, and he had thus been left poor in soul and happiness ever after! His ignorance was a fine legacy his mother left him!

## 269. HIGHER, HIGHER, HIGHER!

(Glazounow's 'Meditation')

— s —

*"There is a sweet pleasure in contemplation; and when a man hath run through a set of vanities in the declension of his age, he knows not what to do with himself if he cannot think."*—Blount

An artist once painted a beautiful picture of a man gazing into the heavens, and this picture was exhibited at the art gallery of a great exposition. Everyone that saw the picture was captivated

and expressed the deepest admiration at the beauty of the work. Among these spectators was a certain gentleman, who, while he was a successful business man and a good citizen—as the term goes—had never exercised himself in any of the higher things of the soul, such as the love of art and poetry, or the lifting of the spirit to the divine presence. He was therefore puzzled when he beheld the picture; that it was beautiful he could not deny, but what it meant he could not tell. Asking a neighbor for enlightenment, he received the following answer:

"This painting represents a praying man. Do you not see how his eyes are directed aloft to the bright heavens above him? Upward and upward his thoughts soar to the throne of omnipotence itself. Then see the surroundings. Though his thoughts are in heaven, he himself is on the earth; around him are trees, houses, and the things of earth. He is a man, on the earth; hence he must lift his mind aloft if he wishes to partake of the heavenly spirituality of the mind. He forgets himself in the delight of what he has found above him; he is wrapped up in the promise of the benignant God-man—'Ask and you shall receive'; he is filled to overflowing with confidence; in one word, he is on the earth and still not of the earth. 'Higher, higher, higher!' is his motto."

"Ah!" said the man, when he had heard this explanation, "now I see the deeper beauty which lies hidden underneath the paint! I never realized before how deep a thing art is!" He thanked his friend warmly and went off with a new idea of life. After that he began to develop also his higher faculties, and reached a degree of success in the appreciation not only of the fine arts but also of prayer and more serious consideration that surprised those who were happy enough to know him intimately. 'Higher, higher, higher,' became an irresistible force in his life that nourished his soul more and more, so much so that he once averred: "Half of my life I lived only half! But the void was happily filled in time!"

## 270. THE POWER OF PASSION

### (Wagner's 'Tristan and Isolde—Prelude')

—A. S.—

*"The mind by passion driven from its firm hold, becomes a feather to each wind that blows."*—Shakespeare

Isolde, an Irish princess, promised in marriage to Morold, a

chieftain, burned with desire and was already longing for the day of their union, when horrors—instead of Morold coming to greet and claim her, his head was brought to her! Tristan had quarreled with him and slain him in cold blood. Now the love which had burned in Isolde's heart began to boil and bubble, her feelings rose like flames of fire!

Love soon changed to hatred, and Isolde resolved to kill both herself and Tristan. She instructed her maid to prepare two cups of poison. But the maid instead substituted two love potions, and as soon as Tristan and Isolde drank them, they felt drawn toward each other with a wondrous affection. This turn of affairs was very dangerous, since King Mark was expecting Isolde for his own bride. What was therefore his wrath when he saw Tristan usurping his place! Melot his servant, with one sudden plunge of his dagger, stabbed the usurper.

The bleeding Tristan was hastily borne away to a castle, and when he was dying, hoped and prayed that Isolde might come to heal him, as she was known for her wondrous healing power. She arrived indeed, but just in time to see him expire in her arms. Falling senseless on his corpse, she was found by the servants of King Mark, not however before several more murders were perpetrated, one victim being Melot, and another Kurvenal, Tristan's faithful slave. What happened then may be found narrated in the ensuing story.

## 271. PASSION'S FINAL JUDGMENT

### (Wagner's 'Tristan and Isolde—Love-Death')

—A—

*"The passions are like those demons with which Afrasahiab sailed down the Orus. Our only safety consists in keeping them asleep. If they wake, we are lost."*—Goethe

Isolde at last awoke from her trance, and realizing that Tristan was dead, felt within her heart such a fire of desperate love that she knew her own death was not far off. Summoning therefore all her strength, she gave vent to her intense feelings in the following heartrending words:

"See him, how he still smiles in cold death; starlight shines upon him from above! His heart is still beating!" But the

bystanders only stared at her in pity. "What!" she said to them, "do you not see what I see? Do you not hear what I hear? Strains unearthly waft through the air! Like swelling passion, the music bears all the earth along with it. The very breezes are like pillows upon which my head rests as if on down; I die in nature's harmonious song, in the bliss of love!"

Wherewith she gave up her soul, while the bystanders broke forth in sobs and sighs, and King Mark solemnly invoked heaven's forgiveness on the pair. Thus did this awful fire of passion end, starting with the fatal love potion administered by the maid!

## 272. THE CRITIC'S EULOGY

### (Massenet's 'Elegie')

—A—

*"We understand death for the first time when he puts his hand upon one we love."*—De Stael

A reporter was once sent by his employer to a concert. The program contained, among other selections, Massenet's 'Elegie,' sung by a soprano voice with violin accompaniment. In the next morning's edition of his newspaper, the reporter inserted the following worthy remarks concerning this number.

Poetry has always found one of its most powerful inspirations in the theme of death. The words of the poem, of which this song is a setting, are the following: "The fresh spring days of the blooming past have left me for ever, no more shall I look up at the skies smiling at me, for my beloved is far, far away. The birds I no longer hear singing in the green branches, the sun has set and is as dark as the grave, all my life's sweet delight is gone, my heart seems dead and heavy."

From these words it will be seen that affection lies at the bottom of the whole piece; for the greater affection we cherish for the living, the deeper grief we feel in mourning them as dead. This is therefore a composition that enlists the sympathy of everyone; for every soul has some departed friend to mourn. But what interests us most of all is the music; let us but analyze its poetic qualities, and we shall conclude that it is a masterpiece of emotion. It is slow; it is soft; its strains have an extremely sad character; this sadness at times grows almost passionate, as suits the vehemence of affec-

tion; the introduction of the violin accompanying the voice is most fitting, for in its strains we may suppose the remembrance of the loved one—the voice, the eyes, the manners, etc., passed away but forgotten nevermore, haunting us night and day. The old proverb says: 'Those who live in God ne'er bid their last farewell.' True affection does not end with death; it lives on in the midst of absence, solacing and strengthening, pointing always to that everlasting reunion hoped for there "where neither the rust nor moth doth consume, and where thieves do not break through, nor steal."

## 273. THE BRIDE'S CONCERT

(GOLDMARK'S 'RUSTIC WEDDING SYM.—BRIDAL SONG')

—A. S.—

*"Among the instrumentalities of love and peace, surely there can be no sweeter, softer, more effective voice than that of gentle peace-breathing music."*—BURRITT

As the wedding-day drew to a close and the invited guests one by one departed for their homes, there seemed to linger about the bridal dwelling a sweet music that grew the louder as the silence increased. At length when all was still and the lights were turned out, the bride and her mate sat at the window, looking out at the moonlight and feeling like two birds that were now ready to fly together through the great forest of life's realities.

The bride, who was proficient at playing the piano, said to her consort: "It seems that I hear music to-night, sweet music, whispering through the air, and filled with the beauties of nature." But he answered: "My dearest treasure, with all my heart I believe you; I myself however am not so far advanced in catching nature's messages. I ask you therefore to help my weakness and play on the piano the sweet music you hear."

Willingly she acceded. Soft and slow were the strains—chords that sounded like the murmuring of zephyr breezes in spring, and melodies that stole along the avenues of the soul like soothing voices from another world. After she had finished, her wrapt listener said: "It is all very beautiful; but where are the words?" Immediately she answered: "Do you wish to hear them? I will play the piece again and sing the words along; for they are the ones that

inspired this improvisation many years ago.'' She then sang to the strains Moore's beautiful poem: ''On Music.''

''When through life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes we used to love
In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!
Wakening thoughts that long have slept!
Kindling former smiles again
In faded eyes that long have wept.

Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song
That once was heard in happier hours;
Filled with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in Music's breath.

Music! oh, how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should Feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are even more false than they;
Oh! 'tis only Music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!''

## 274. THE HAPPY VILLAGERS

(German's 'Merrymakers' Dance')

—A. S.—

*"What more than mirth would mortals have? The cheerful man is a king."*—Bickerstaff

A crowd of merrymakers had resolved on spending the evening on the village-green. They had provided a band of musicians for the occasion and had decked themselves with bells and gaudy

colors. Suddenly the signal was given—a loud and mirthful melody intoned by the whole band of musicians. From a near-by cottage the dancers or merrymakers issued forth, circling round and round and singing merrily. Soon the whole village was attracted by the noise, and from all sides hastened the villagers to enjoy the fun.

As the music proceeded, it brought smiles of joy and gladness to the faces of all. Even the old men and women felt like clapping their hands and joining in the merry time. The lads and lassies of course could not resist the inclination to help along, and soon the village-green was filled with almost more dancers than it could hold. Then the children began romping and running, till the whole village seemed one whirling mass.

Shouts of 'Hurrah, hurrah!' and other expressions of joy filled the air and punctuated the music, which now became softer and sweeter. The birds began to twitter along, and the little crickets, too, did not fail to add their chirping to the jovial celebration. When the music at last ceased and the merrymakers halted to rest, a loud applause arose, and continued till the whole program was repeated. That evening lived in the memories of all the villagers as one of the most pleasant they had ever spent together.

## 275. THE PUPILS' DECISION

(Strauss's 'Beautiful Blue Danube Waltz')

— s —

*"The criterion of true beauty is, that it increases on examination."*
—Greville

A ride down the beautiful Danube in the moonlight, on a comfortable pleasure yacht, surrounded by jovial friends, pleasant music, and delightful amusements! A great composer was a guest one evening at such a party. As the boat passed leisurely along on the rippling waves, he sat on the deck, amid a crowd of dear friends, and viewed the beauties of the banks and the castles that every now and then dotted the landscape.

The moon was rather high in the heavens, and shed a most silvery light on the outlines of the thick forests and the old dilapidated walls of the castles. As they passed by one of these latter the composer turned to a companion and said: "How many happy moments were spent once upon a time within those ivy-covered

ruins! I can almost hear the music of their gatherings still resounding and the clinking glasses passing round."

After he had returned home from his pleasant river ride, the composer felt so deep an impression by reason of the experience he had gone through, that he was suddenly inspired with a beautiful waltz theme. Quickly grasping pen and paper, he began to write. One theme followed another, till before he went to bed he had strung together a number of rarest pearls, as it were, each resembling the other, yet each possessing its own peculiar beauty. The next day he arranged this waltz and finished it, then played it for his pupils. They were so pleased that they made him play it over and over again. "We never before heard so beautiful a waltz. What is its name?" they exclaimed.

The composer replied: "The Beautiful Blue Danube." At which words the pupils heartily applauded; for the name was just as beautiful as the music, and suggested quite as many pleasant reminiscences as there were entrancing melodies in the strains. Then he told them how and where he had been inspired to write the piece; and all agreed that music must be something in nature which is like honey in the flower—ready to be drawn out if only the occasion and some 'bee's' diligence be forthcoming! One and all declared that the music he had composed was truly artistic, belonging to that of which the ear and heart not only never tire but ever enjoy more and more.

## 276. PUNISHED THROUGH A WOMAN

(Saint-Saens' 'Samson and Delilah—Vois ma misere')

—A—

*"Punishment is lame, but it comes."*—Herbert

Samson, the strong giant of old, being taken prisoner through the deceitful machinations of Delilah, the Philistine beauty, was placed in a dark prison and chained; forced to grind corn for his very enemies, he pitied his own misery and thus prayed to his Creator: "Look down on me and pity me; O have mercy on me, Lord God! I have turned away from the right path, and now I am justly made to suffer Thy wrath. My poor bruised soul I offer to Thee, though I deserve but mockery. Lo! Thy blessed light falls on eyes that can not see it, my soul is steeped in bitterness and gall."

His fellow prisoners then lifted their voices, and blamed him thus: "Samson, why hast thou betrayed us?" At these words, Samson's heart was greatly moved, and he cried out in grief: "Alas, are ye too in chains? Only suffering remains to us; for God's vengeance hath reached us." Then lifting his face aloft, he prayed to God thus: "O Lord, grant us the light of Thy favor, deign but once more to lend us Thy aid. Though we have betrayed Thee, withhold Thy wrath. Thou art our God, and Thy love doth never die!"

The prisoners, not satisfied with mere words, assured Samson of their faith in God; but at the same time they reprimanded him for his weakness in allowing Delilah to entrap him by her beauty: "O God, Thou knowest we confide in Thee, we have not forsaken Thee. But Samson, O Samson, why hast thou betrayed thy brethren?" Thus Samson, punished by his Maker and blamed by those that were compelled to suffer with Him, found how bitter a thing it is for a man to leave his God!

## 277. SAINT LUCY

### (Neapolitan Folk Song—'Santa Lucia')

—A—

*"Strike from mankind the principle of faith, and men would have no more history than a flock of sheep."*—Bulwer

In Italy the simple peasants and fishermen are devoted to their patron Saints. In Naples it is St. Lucy to whom they look for favor and protection, and they never fail to call upon her intercession in times of need, or in fact at any time at all. Nor do they only 'say' their prayers, they also 'sing' them. One of their most favorite songs to this Saint is that which begins: "Sul mare luccica." To one who has been in Italy and heard the simple fishermen with their Italian bird voices pour forth this fine melody, the remembrance thereof is a perennial source of joy. For it reminds him not only of the sunny Italian skies and the sparkling waves of the Mediterranean, but also recalls to him ever and again the virile faith of these people, who in their daily lives hesitate not to mix religion with labor, faith with pleasure. The words of this beautiful song can be appreciated best in the original Italian. We therefore add them, with a free translation.

"Sul mare luccica l'astro d'argento" (the sea is now shining 'neath the silver moon) "placidae l'onda, prosperae il vento" (the waves are tranquil and the breeze blows favorably); "Venite al l'agile barchetta mia,—Santa Lucia!" (Come with me in my gentle boat. All hail to Saint Lucy!)

"O dolce Napoli, o suol beato" (O sweetest Naples, O happy one), "ove sorridere volle il creato" (where all creation smiles under the blessing of heaven). "Tu sei l'impero dell' armonia. Santa Lucia!" (In thee is the realm of poetry and sweet harmony. All hail to Saint Lucy!)

## 278. THE LITTLE BEGGAR-GIRL

### (Sullivan's 'Heaven Is My Home')

—A. S.—

*"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his justice, and all these things shall be added unto you."*—S. Matth. *6.33*

A little girl, in rags and tatters, stood on a wintry day at the corner of a thickly crowded street. It was nearing evening, and the snow was beginning to fall, while the cold north wind swept along with ever-increasing power. Many rich persons had passed that corner during the course of the day, but few had thought of the little girl. She had only a few pennies to take home to her sick mother and little brother. She shivered as she thought of the sadness her home-coming would create, since all she could bring into the cold house was her grief and empty wallet.

Then a thought struck her. She happened to remember a little song about heaven, which her school teacher had taught her. Forsaken by everyone, she thought to herself that she might as well be resigned and comfort herself with heaven's hope. The first verse ran thus: "I'm only a stranger here, my home is heaven; around me are danger and sorrow, but heaven is my home, my home is heaven." By the time she had finished this verse, several persons, charmed by her girlish voice and the beautiful words, stopped to listen.

Then she sang the second verse: "What tho' the tempest may rage, my home is heaven; I am only here on a pilgrimage, in heaven is my home; and time shall soon be over, I shall reach my home at last—heaven, heaven." A limousine had stopped, and its occupant

—a very rich lady—was listening intently. At the conclusion of the verse she sent her servant with the words: "Give this to the little girl." It was a five-dollar bill! When the others (the crowd had increased) saw this, they began to take up a collection.

The little girl, bowing her thanks to the lady, began to sing the third verse: "There at the side of my Savior, heaven is my home; I shall be in glory—in heaven my home; there are the blest, whom I have loved; and there too shall I rest, because in heaven is my home." Loud applause arose. The collection was presented to her—it had grown to twenty dollars! As he who collected it presented it to her, he remarked: "Little girl, here is your Christmas gift; you have not forgotten heaven, and the heavenly Father has not forgotten you!" The rest of this story we shall leave to the imagination of the reader—how she hastened home beaming with joy, how she showed her mother the money, how she kissed her baby brother, and all that!

## 279. THE FOLLY OF MAN

(SPROSS'S 'WILL-O'-THE-WISP')

—A. S.—

*"To pray against temptations, and yet to rush into occasions, is to thrust your fingers into the fire, and then pray they might not be burnt."*—SECKER

A young man was once tempted to steal a large sum of money which his father had put away in his private desk. Many times he saw it there, and would often open the desk to take a look at it; he thus grew more and more enslaved to the desire to steal it. But it happened that on the evening previous to the night upon which he had determined to carry out his purpose, he was present at a concert. One song especially drew his attention; it was a fanciful one concerning the deceiving light which sometimes appears in the woods, called the 'Will-o'-the-wisp.' The words of the song impressed him very strongly; they were the following.

"Will-o'-the-wisp, with your dancing light, whither will you lead me—into the night? If I keep you in view, where, O where, will-o'-the-wisp?" The young man could not help drawing a comparison between the 'will-o'-the-wisp' and the money that was lying in his father's desk! Then followed the second verse: "Will

your lantern shine on a ring made by the fairies in the forest? Or will you lead me to the sea, will-o'-the-wisp?'' These words made the young man shudder with fear. The third verse ran thus: ''Will-o'-the-wisp, the sages say, he who follows you loses his way, and never again finds it, but wanders on, O will-o'-the-wisp!'' The young man was now impressed more than ever and even made a resolution to think no more about that money. The fourth verse sounded thus: ''Though you be as swift as the wind, I will go after you and seek the same treasure you seek; come, let us bid farewell to the world, will-o'-the-wisp!''

The young man was determined; he resolved to avoid becoming foolish; he turned a deaf ear to the last verse of the song, and went home with a light heart. Yet he could not sleep; that last verse nevertheless ran through his mind. At last he rose, and went to the desk, only however with the intention to take a last look, then bid farewell forever to the forbidden fruit. But alas! As soon as he saw the money, his heart was turned. Why should he let the opportunity slip? A thought, a decision, a deed! He stole the money and fled. Poor dupe of temptation—that was the beginning of the end. He died on the gallows, and his last words were: ''Will-o'-the-wisp, you have led me down to the sea!''

## 280. THE LILLIPUTIANS

(Tschaikowsky's 'Marche Miniature')

— s —

*"Novelty is the great parent of pleasure."*—South

When the renowned Gulliver had missed his way and wandered into the land of the Lilliputians, this little people, whose size was like that of birds and mice, became very excited. ''A giant as big as a mountain is sleeping on the plain!'' Thus did the breathless informers tell of their discovery. Without delay the whole country hastened to the place to behold the strange and terrible spectacle, as well as to unite their forces for any possible malicious intent on the part of the giant. After they reached the spot, there was a spirited discussion how they might best wake the slumbering monster. Some suggested waiting, some crying out aloud, others a general chorus; but at last it was decided to let the members of the

band play a march, while the soldiers should fall in line and file around the giant's form in orderly array.

The giant, when the strains began, was half asleep and half awake. The music was so delicate and refined, on account of the tiny instruments used, that he could hardly hear it. Gradually, however, he opened one corner of his eye; for the strains of the music were too entrancing and novel for him to overcome his curiosity. What was his surprise to see those tiny warriors, like so many fairies, marching around him in all their glitter and importance! And then the beauty of the really novel music seemed to grow greater all the time. He listened with great pleasure, and opened his eye just a trifle more, pretending to be still sound asleep, lest he should frighten the little musicians and they should flee away, thus cutting short the rare music and leaving it unfinished.

As the piece proceeded, the warriors became more brave and ventured nearer the supposed sleeper, approaching his very ears. This enabled him to catch a close glimpse of them. There were little silver clarinets, golden trumpets, cute little violins, and especially some brazen bells that sang in so novel a manner and in time with the music that the giant could hardly refrain from opening his eyes completely to get a better view of them. What occurred after this we must find out by consulting his official 'Travels.' For the rest, he always remembered this delightful little march as one of the most pleasing things that happened to him in the wonderful land of Lilliput.

## 281. GULLIVER'S ENTERTAINMENT

(MENDELSSOHN'S 'RONDO CAPRICCIOSO')

— S —

*"True delicacy, that most beautiful heartleaf of humanity, exhibits itself most significantly in little things."*—HOWITT

Gulliver, mentioned in the foregoing story, while he sojourned in the land of the Lilliputians, was one day invited by them to an entertainment. The stage was a small opening at the foot of a tree, draped with fresh leaves, green grasses, and wild roses. In order to view the performance, he had to lie down flat on the ground, then put his head close to the little stage, and wait for the curtain to rise. The tiny musicians were again ready to do their

part, and they were all arranged before the stage, like an orchestra in a regular theatre, dressed in very pretty uniforms and holding their little instruments in readiness to begin.

The melody with which they introduced their strains was quite tame, and Gulliver could see that it was only the prelude to something else. He listened in suspense, waiting for the curtain to rise; for he was anxious to witness the entertainment these small people had provided for him. At last the curtain began slowly to rise, and a beautiful wood scene was visible, painted by the best artists of the Lilliputian kingdom and lit up by a great number of fireflies, which were so trained that they made their light just at the time designated by the manager.

Presto! Like an April shower the fairies suddenly burst in upon the scene. From every side of the stage they entered; their movements grew wilder and wilder with every moment till—after their leaders had brought some order out of the chaos—the beautiful dance began. It was remarkable for its swinging rhythm, which fell with most pleasing cadences on Gulliver's ear. Its principal theme was then repeated in the register below, while the treble was ornamented with florid figures, developing at last into a grand finale.

Next was heard a very delicate passage played by a wee solo cornet, growing softer and sweeter with every measure; the fairies were now resting from their dance. However, they were too full of life to rest long; again they leaped to their nimble feet and repeated their wild capers, till the curtain fell, and the next part of the program was announced. Gulliver afterward, upon his return to his own people, said: "Man's music is heavy, like lead, but the fairies' music is light and delicate, like feathers."

## 282. THE SAVIOR'S AGONY

### (Shalitt's 'Eili, Eili—Father, Why Hast Thou Forsaken Me?')

—A. S.—

*"Every noble crown is, and on earth will ever be, a crown of thorns."*—Carlyle

Catharine Emmerich, the daughter of poor but pious parents, was born in a little village near Munster, on the 8th day of July,

1774. From her childhood she was all taken up with the consideration of Bible History, speaking of many things which she said she had learned interiorly. Especially did she break in an extraordinary manner concerning the passion of Christ. The following is an epitome of her moving description of the desolation of the God-man on the cross.

Jesus, abandoned, poor, and naked, offered Himself for us to His eternal Father; with all the intensity of love He made of His desolation itself a rich treasure. He offered, with His life, all His labors, His sufferings, and the pangs caused by our ingratitude. He made His testament, giving all His merits to His Church and to sinners; no soul was forgotten, He remembered each one in His last agony.

Moreover, He expressed His sufferings and desolation by a cry, teaching all the afflicted who acknowledge God for their Father, a resigned and filial expression of their sorrow to Him. For, toward the third hour, He cried out with a loud voice: "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" When this loud cry interrupted the profound silence that reigned about the cross, the Pharisees turned toward Him, saying, "He calls Elias." But when Mary heard the voice of her Son, nothing could keep her from returning to the foot of the cross, followed by John, Mary of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene.

When the light returned, the body of the Savior was seen, livid, exhausted, and whiter than before, on account of all the blood that He had lost. Jesus said further (I do not know whether it was interiorly, or whether His mouth pronounced the words): "I am pressed as the grape, which is pressed for the first time!"

## 283. BUSINESS AND BEAUTY

(Beethoven's 'Quartet in F-Major—Scherzo')

— s —

*"To men addicted to delights, business is an interruption; to such as are cold to delights, it is an entertainment."*—Steele

As the pupils of a certain music teacher were to attend a concert, they obtained a program beforehand, and asked him to explain the pieces. This request he very highly lauded and was

glad to accede to their wishes, telling them that the more one knows about the structure and intent of the masters' works, the better he will be able to perform them. We add one of his explanations; it deals with Beethoven's Scherzo from his String Quartet in F-Major.

The quartet from which this Scherzo is taken was considered by Mendelssohn as "the most 'Beethovenish' of all Beethoven's works." It was written in early life, but reveals the later master. Beethoven developed the form of the Scherzo from the Menuet form, and infused a certain quality into it that made it all his own, so that when we hear the term 'Scherzo,' we instinctively think of Beethoven, its principal developer. The Scherzo almost always reflects the bright side of life, as its name implies, i. e., 'playfully'; though, with Beethoven, this 'play' is no child's play!

Notice in the very beginning the contrast Beethoven obtains by giving the treble a legato movement, while to the bass he assigns a sharp staccato figure. Soon some peculiar trills are heard; they continue to occur as the development unfolds. This section ends with a legato passage of great beauty and skill, wherein all the instruments partake, the treble starting with a sustained note and joining the rest after a measure or two.

We now hear a 'unisono' figure of very strong and novel character—the bows jump in a lively manner from a higher octave to a lower; it is followed by a sharply contrasted legato. Meanwhile the other instruments sustain, and the violin is busily engaged with a sort of lace work of very delicate proportions. This passage —which is repeated—is contrasted by another passage where the process is inverted, the violin sustaining, while the other instruments supply the fast element. After another interesting development of the violin's 'lace work,' we arrive once more at the original theme of the Scherzo, which is repeated as at first.

To analyze the impression created by this Scherzo will be found no easy task. Of course, as in nearly all Scherzos, we are made to see the lighter and brighter side of life; but there is something besides this in the music that enters deeper into the realms of mood. One thing we remark: the beauty of the melody is not very striking —there is too much a-doing—the beauty is not simple enough. At first thought this might appear a weakness; however, if we consider Beethoven's place in music, we shall not endeavor to find mere

beauty in this Scherzo, but rather 'a message.' And what message do we discover? Is it not this: a presage of our modern spirit of invention and material progress? Formerly people were intent not only on profit, but to a great extent also on beauty; nowadays we are intent on profit, often even to the casting aside of all beauty. Business triumphs over art; and not only art, but also refinement and morality. The wheels of the exterior life turn without ceasing; but those of the interior, higher life are often clogged deplorably. Beethoven's music always partakes of the serious. Those who like mental intricacy will hear this Scherzo with pleasure; those who like sentiment and feeling, will probably not think much of it.

## 284. SUNSHINE AND YOUTH

### (Weil's 'Spring Song')

—A. S.—

*"Youth is the gay and pleasant spring of life, when joy is stirring in the dancing blood, and nature calls us with a thousand songs to share her general feast."*—Ridgeway

The delightful days of sunny spring are among the most treasured of the year, for then not only man, but also universal nature rejoices, the birds glorying in the balmy atmosphere and the trees donning all the finery of their verdant glory. It is no wonder then that great poets and musicians have ever striven to express the joy of this wonderful season and to place others in the mood proper to it.

Thus it came to pass that the joy and life of springtime was once felt so strongly by a certain musician that he could not refrain from giving expression to his feelings, pouring forth all the exuberance of his soul in strains that irresistibly engender blithe and happy thoughts in the soul of everyone. Even those that are sad and melancholy and withered with age, when they hear this delightful melody, with its exquisite and rippling accompaniment, are forced to smile and to rejoice with budding nature; for it makes them feel young once more—they are re-created! The words of this song will serve to prepare our appetite for the song itself. Their meaning follows.

"When sweet springtime has ascended the mountains and the glowing sun causes the winter's snow to melt away, when the green leaves appear and the early flowers bloom on the meadow, when on hill and in valley winter comes to an end, and the earth recovers from her long sorrow; hark a voice is heard rejoicing: Oh, how fair is the lovely spring! When the warm sun melts the ice, and from hill and crag the brooklets rush, then all nature is verdant and the birds sing merrily in the branches; soft breezes woo the blossoming meadows, and the firmament smiles on, all fair and blue."

## 285. SMILING AT GRIEF

(HAYDN'S 'SHE NEVER TOLD HER LOVE')

—A—

*"Well has it been said that there is no grief like the grief which does not speak."*—LONGFELLOW

Shakespeare always saw deeper than the exterior; and he knew so well how to give expression to his own insight that those who read his words are likewise enabled to see the very soul of his characters. Describing one of them—a young lady—he said: "She never told her love, but let concealment, like a worm i' the bud, feed on her damask cheek." Thus while we find ourselves gazing in spirit on this human flower, we also experience the feeling of her pent-up grief caused by the natural bashfulness of her breast. We feel beneath the exterior loveliness the 'worm' of her grief gnawing away the real life!

Then he went on to say that "she sat like patience on a monument, smiling at grief." Again we enter into the depths. For looking at her mentally, we seem to hear a beautiful song, where the accompaniment, flowing and pleasant, hides the sustaining voice, which is sad and melancholy. We are reminded of the mood in which we ourselves have perhaps often been placed, when natural backwardness or modest self-reserve led to a covering up of our inmost pangs and dearest longings, afraid to utter what our heart so keenly experienced, and still appearing exteriorly to be in good spirits.

## 286. FLOATING DOWN THE OHIO

(Earl's 'Beautiful Ohio')

— s —

*"As dew to the blossom, and bud to the bee, as the scent to the rose, are those memories to me."*—Welby

It was the end of a summer day. The excursion boat had blown its whistle, the last stragglers had gotten on board, the gang-plank was raised, and the great wheels began slowly to revolve. Fern Grove! Smaller and smaller its green trees and dotted shores grew. The day had been a pleasant one and now the moon was riding across the sky and shining down on the beautiful Ohio, while the delightful strains of the orchestra sent their sweet message over the light atmosphere.

Yes, the beautiful Ohio—beautiful for its emerald shores with their many hills of verdant growth and cliffs of grand solemnity. "This dear old river," said one of the excursionists, as he leaned over to his neighbor, "has rocked me in its mighty arms many a time. I have spent many and many a day at Fern Grove, just to experience the pleasure of riding home in the evening's coolness on the old river's hospitable waves." As he spoke, the lights of Louisville appeared in the distance. "Ah!" he said, "see how those lights are reflected in the waves. Wherever I may yet roam through the world, never shall I forget my old Kentucky home; and even as its bright lights, so its dear memories shall forever be reflected in the vision of the beautiful Ohio—the dear old river, the water-home of my youth, the pleasure of my old age!"

## 287. THE TWINS

(Rimsky-Korsakow's 'Young Prince and Young Princess—Scheherazade')

—A. S.—

*"The most beautiful things are beautiful only in their place."*
—Saint-Saens

Maymunah the Jinniyah and Dahnash the Ifrit once fell into a most violent dispute concerning a young Prince and a young Princess, who were both so beautiful that no one could decide as to the ascendancy of the one over the other in this regard. Maymunah

held that the Prince, who was of a very tender and amiable disposition, was the more beautiful; whereas Dahnash contended that this honor belonged to the Princess, inasmuch as she was most graceful in dancing, and full of novel originality.

As they were disputing, a wise old man came along, who, after learning the cause of the disagreement, thus addressed the adversaries: "Kamar-al-Zamar, (Moon of the ages)"—for this was the name of the Prince—"is undoubtedly very beautiful; for he is tender-hearted and amiable in all his ways, possessing every quality of a gentle and sweet disposition. But Princess Budur (Full Moon) is also very beautiful; for she is endowed with graceful activity and is full of sparkling life. But, whereas Kamar's beauty is not Budur's, and Budur's not Kamar's, both may be granted their proper beauty, thus all further dispute being avoided. If therefore you, Maymunah, whilst admiring Kamar's proper beauty, also grantest that Budur on her part possesses a beauty not seen in Kamar; and if you, Dahnash, considerest in like manner regarding Budur; then indeed instead of wrangling and thus enjoying nothing of the real beauty of either, you shall both peacefully rejoice in the beauty of not only one but of both the royal twins."

The disputants could not but acknowledge the reasonableness of this argumentation; wherefore they ceased disputing and admired together the beauty of both the Prince and the Princess, thus deriving double pleasure by reason of their agreement, since before they had suffered themselves to be narrowed by disagreement. In fact, Maymunah almost began to think more of the Princess's fine dancing than of the Prince's tenderness; and Dahnash more of the Prince's tenderness than of the Princess's fine dancing. Both had learned a lesson—that every kind of beauty can be appreciated if it is considered in its proper place.

## 288. PALM SUNDAY

(Faure's 'Le Rameaux—The Palms')

—A—

*"Measure not men by Sundays, without regarding what they do all the week after."*—Fuller

"And when they drew nigh to Jerusalem, and were come to Bethphage, unto Mount Olivet, then Jesus sent two disciples, say-

ing to them: Go ye into the village that is over against you, and immediately you shall find an ass tied and a colt with her: loose them and bring them to me: and if any man shall say anything to you, say ye, that the Lord hath need of them: and forthwith he will let them go. Now all this was done that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, saying: Tell ye the daughter of Sion: Behold thy King cometh to thee, meek, and sitting upon an ass, and a colt the foal of her that is used to the yoke. And the disciples going, did as Jesus commanded them. And they brought the ass and colt, and laid their garments upon them, and made him sit thereon. And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way: and others cut boughs from the trees, and strewed them in the way: and the multitudes that went before and that followed, cried, saying: Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord: Hosanna in the highest. And when he was come into Jerusalem, the whole city was moved, saying: Who is this? And the people said: This is Jesus the prophet, from Nazareth of Galilee.'' (S. Matth. 21)

## 289. BASSANIO'S CHOICE

### (Stevenson's 'Tell Me Where is Fancy Bred?')

—A—

*"Fancy rules over two-thirds of the universe, the past and future, while reality is confined to the present."*—Richter

There were three powerful suitors who desired the hand of Portia, a beautiful and rich young lady of Belmont, Italy. Her father had arranged three mysterious caskets, one of gold, another of silver, a third of lead. Portia's portrait was concealed in one of them, and the suitor choosing the right casket was to receive the prize of Portia's hand and heart. The Prince of Morocco chose the golden casket; but upon opening it he found a death's-head with a scroll, beginning: ''All that glitters is not gold.'' The Prince of Arragon chose the silver casket; finding therein the portrait—not of Portia—but of a 'blinking idiot' presenting him a schedule, which among other things said: ''There be fools alive, I wis, silvered o'er; and so was this.''

Bassanio did not choose so quickly, but first pondered earnestly on his choice. While he thus pondered, his friends sang a beautiful

song full of truth and warning; for it told of the danger of following mere fancy, which always deceives by a mere outward show.

"Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell."

When the song was concluded, Bassanio remarked: "So may the outward shows be least themselves; the world is still deceived by ornament." He therefore chose the leaden casket; and lo! upon opening it he found the coveted portrait of Portia, with a scroll, beginning: "You that choose not by the view, chance as fair and choose as true!" It can be imagined what a joy was his, and also what a bliss was Portia's, since she had escaped the danger of wedding one of two unloved suitors, and had now received as her husband the man of her own heart's desire! Moreover she now appreciated him all the more, since he had not judged by mere outward show!

## 290. THE TEARS OF PENITENCE

(Massenet's 'Meditation from Thais')

—A. S.—

*"Blest tears of soul-felt penitence, in whose benign, redeeming flow, is felt the first, the only sense of guiltless joy that guilt can know."*—Moore

Athanael, a coenobite monk living near the Nile, had heard of the public sinner Thais, and determined to convert her. He actually carried out his intention, although Palemon his abbot had not given his approval thereunto. He so thoroughly influenced Thais that at his instance she even burnt her palace, thus consuming all her earthly possessions, so as with one stroke to preclude any temptation of returning to her former state of life.

As she gazed on the ruins she meditated on the vanity of all earthly things, saying thus: "Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity," and: "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?" Then she lifted her eyes aloft and said: "I must be indeed thankful that my Maker's powerful grace has overtaken me and rescued me from the abyss toward which I was hastening headlong. O my soul," thus did she sigh as she fell on her knees and buried her face in her hands, "how many moments thou hast spent in evil; so many must thou now spend in penance and the practice of good, if thou wilt be reinstated in the favor of heaven!"

Then she was silent, and it seemed to her that she heard a sweet musical instrument repeating her thoughts and comforting her heart with most emotional melodies and ethereal harmonies. High up the strains soared, then descended low down; like a moaning wind they breathed a thousand mysterious words, again like whispering angels poured into her soul thoughts that it would be impossible to express in words. "Yes," she said, "heretofore I have struck the strings of discord and played the melodies of hideousness; henceforth I must sing of sweet hope and make of my immortal soul a harp of celestial harmony!"

Rising from her ecstasy, she began bravely to tread the path of righteousness, ever encouraged by the sweet echoes of the heavenly music she had heard. But Athanael—alas! In converting her to God, he himself had become attached to her as a creature, and was already burning with the unholy fire of passion. Thais answered his folly with a holy death. And then he was forced to repeat her penitence. Thus they who are the strongest often prove the weakest; and they who are the weakest turn out the strongest!

## 291. FAR FROM HOME

### (Payne's 'Home, Sweet Home')

—A. S.—

*"There is magic in that little word, home; it is a mystic circle that surrounds comforts and virtues never known beyond its hallowed limits."*—Southey

A composer once fashioned so beautiful a song that it soon became known not only in his own land of America, but practically

over the whole world. This popularity can easily be understood, since the words of the song dealt with a subject as universal as man himself—namely the love of home. Afterwards the composer became quite destitute and wandered in foreign lands. Once he found himself in London, hardly knowing where his next meal was to come from. As he walked along, he heard through an open window the strains of his own "Home, Sweet Home" come wafting over the air.

" 'Mid pleasures and palaces tho' we may roam, be it ever so humble, there's no place like home; a charm from the skies seems to hallow us there, which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, there's no place like home, oh, there's no place like home." With tears in his eyes, the composer knocked at the door of that house, and a lady responded. He said: "Dear Madam, I am in need; I know you will help me, when I tell you that no one else is addressing you than the author of the dear old song you have just been singing." She laughed in his face, and said: "Go and find some work and cease telling lies!" Wherewith she abruptly shut the door and left him to muse over his fate.

Another time he was in Paris. It was a moonlit night, and he was at a pleasure park, where he hoped to find some sympathetic friend from whom he could obtain a little help, as want ever pursued him. A singer was introduced, and what should she sing but his "Home, Sweet Home!" The second verse just fitted the occasion: "I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, and feel that my mother now thinks of her child; as she looks on that moon from our own cottage door, thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more. Home, home, sweet, sweet home," etc. At the conclusion of this verse, the composer noticed a man next to him with tears in his eyes. Turning to him, he said: "Are you also a stranger here?" "No," the other replied, "but I was just thinking, what a great man he must have been who could write such touching music." "I am he," modestly replied the composer. But the other only smiled, and said with an ironic pity: "Poor jade! I have been deceived before!" With which he strolled away.

Still another time the composer was in Berlin, and this time he was in the direst want, and suffering intensely. As he passed

down the street, the cry arose: "The Kaiser! The Kaiser!" As the royal procession passed, he felt in his empty pocket and began to sing aloud the third verse of his song: "An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain; oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again; the birds singing gaily, that came at my call: give me them and that peace of mind, dearer than all. Home, home, sweet, sweet home," etc. A small crowd had gathered. As he finished, one of the men asked him thus: "Who are you?" To which he replied: "I am the author of 'Home, Sweet Home.'" "A madman! A madman!" the whole crowd began to cry, while an officer of the law said gruffly to him: "Get you home!" O irony of fate!

## 292. THE MARCH OF LIFE

(TSCHAIKOWSKY'S 'SYM. PATHETIQUE, MARCH-SCHERZO')

— S —

*"Life is rather a state of embryo, a preparation for life; a man is not completely born till he has passed through death."*—FRANKLIN

Thus mused the great poet of tone: Life begins; its nervous pathos and ever-changing hues rush by the poor son of Adam like a storm and a whirlwind. And then he hears the March of Life. Must he too step to its rhythm? Must he too fall in line? Must he too follow the great crowd? Yes, onward he must plod the way of toil, even he, while his dear soul writhes in the turmoil of excitement and life's chameleon emotions.

No rest, no ease, no casting aside the knapsack and the gun! Onward, march! Onward, march! Whither? Whither? Duty answers: Follow me, and worry not! And yet the buzzing brains in their feverish unrest steep the soul in fear and feelings of woe. Tramp, tramp, and tramp again. Smile and laugh, be joyful. O mockery, hush! Slave, be cheerful! Be up and doing! The enemy must be attacked and conquered! Sleep not! Dream not! Frown not! Repose not! Idle not away the time!

March, march, march, march! March even into the yawning jaws of the grave. Down, down, down, down! Down to the depths, that life may be perfected in suffering. Oh the pathos of living!

Oh the unyielding rhythm of human existence! Oh the task of persevering! Oh the awful beauty of immortal being!

## 293. ANOTHER PATIENT JOB

### (Balfe's 'Heart Bowed Down')

—A—

*"There is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn even from the charms of the living. These we would not exchange for the song of pleasure or the bursts of revelry."*—Washington Irving

A poor father, from whom a villainous rascal had robbed his little daughter, after a long and vain search for the thief and stolen treasure, grew inconsolable, and shed tears almost without ceasing. He was truly like Job; and even as Job's friends endeavored to comfort his desolate heart, so this man's friends strove to lighten his heavy spirits. But they did not touch the responsive chord; for they said: "What is the use of weeping yourself to death? You have done all you could; cease therefore worrying, and take your mind off the catastrophe. If you continue recalling your daughter to memory you will never more find peace."

But the poor plagued head of the old man only nodded, as if he said: 'You give me false advice!' Then, in the sadness of his bereavement, he answered: "The heart bowed down by weight of woe, to weakest hopes will cling; to thought and impulse, while they flow, that can no comfort bring,—with those exciting scenes will blend, o'er pleasure's pathway thrown; but mem'ry is the only friend that grief can call its own."

His friends, however, retorted thus: "If your daughter is found again, you will still be comforted; therefore wait in peace. And if she is not found again, what will all your tears profit you? Hence forget your lost treasure." But he again made answer, saying "No; never! Do you not see that, if I have not my daughter, I have at least her memory? Rob me of that, and let me die, let me die!"

Then lifting his trembling voice in noble and pathetic accents, he added: "The mind will, in its worst despair, still ponder o'er the

past; on moments of delight that were too beautiful to last, to long departed years extend its visions with them flown, for mem'ry is the only friend that grief can call its own."

## 294. THE HARMONY CELESTIAL

(RUBINSTEIN'S 'MOLTO LENTO—MUSIC OF THE SPHERES')

— S —

*"Look how the floor of heaven is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold; there's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st but in his motion like an angel sings, still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins; such harmony is in immortal souls; but whilst this muddy vesture of decay doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it."*

—SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice, Act V*

A Shakespearean scholar once wrote the following beautiful explanation of the above-quoted text of the great poet. "Music is the beautifying of the vibrations in nature. It selects the most pleasing of these nature-shocks and coordinates them, forming of them a delightful whole, just as the painter selects the most beautiful forms and colors and makes of them an elegant picture. The dog's bark is also made of vibrations, but of unpleasant and harsh ones; whereas the child's sweet soprano voice or a violin's crystal tone is formed by soft and pleasing vibrations. Thus the lower we descend in nature the more rough and unrefined become the vibrations; the higher we ascend, the finer and more exquisite. Wherefore Shakespeare was not wrong in attributing a more wonderful music to the vibrations caused by the motion of the heavenly bodies than that caused by the earth's crude instruments of sound. Further, he was also right in his conclusion that the more we are hemmed in by the flesh—'this muddy vesture of decay'—the less we are able to perceive of the beauties hidden in the best music; whereas the more free we are in the spirit—our 'immortal souls'—the more we are able to appreciate even the most delicate and most pure of the masters' creations. Hence if we wish to explore and enjoy the wonderful realm of music's finest masterpieces, we must strive to cleanse our souls of all earthly impurities and dross; otherwise

it must remain a blank to us, even as it remains a blank to the great underworld about us, whose appreciation is limited to dances, marches, and sentimental songs.''

## 295. THE NEGRO'S LITANY

(Primitive Negro Chant—'Swing Low, Sweet Chariot')

—A—

*"There is no death! What seems so is transition; this life of mortal breath is but the suburb of the life Elysian; whose portal we call death."*—Longfellow

Many years ago, when the American negro was still a slave, a certain camp-meeting was held. One old negro, who had always been of a religious turn and possessed of a faith in divine things that was something extraordinary, suddenly got an idea. Death, the great liberator, appeared to him as a chariot riding through the heavens, gathering passengers here and there. He quickly wrote down some crude verses and as quickly gathered a quartet of singers. He told them he would sing the words and melody, and that they should sing along, each as his heart and ear dictated.

So without notes they began to sing: ''Swing low, sweet chariot, coming to carry me to my home!'' These were his opening words, and the other singers followed his lead with most sad but heartfelt harmonies. Then he went on, his voice sliding here and there in a doleful cadence, they following suit: ''I looked over the river Jordan, and there behold! was a band of angels coming to carry me to my home, coming to carry me to my home.'' The quartet sang along with fine appreciation of the harmony required, and beat time gently with their feet, at the same time swaying their bodies as they sang.

''If you arrive there before me,'' continued the soloist, ''coming to carry me to my home, tell them I'm coming too, coming to carry me to my home. Sometimes I'm up and sometimes down, coming to carry me to my home; but still my soul feels that it's going to heaven, coming to carry me to my home! Swing low, sweet chariot,'' etc.

## 296. THE PASSING OF TIME

(Old Negro Spiritual—'Steal Away')

—A—

*"No preacher is listened to but time; which gives us the same train and turn of thought that elder people have tried in vain to put into our heads."*—Swift

In the same camp-meeting it happened that another old negro, when he heard the song about the 'sweet chariot,' likewise received an inspiration. He hastily wrote down his thoughts, which expressed the passing of time in a very novel manner, speaking as it were to the soul and telling it to 'steal away' to Jesus, for the 'trumpet sounds.' Immediately the chief singer and the rest of the quartet took the words and improvised another song, which brought tears into the eyes of the whole assembly, many of whom rose and joined the chorus with enthusiasm!

"Come, let us steal away to Jesus! Let us steal away home; we haven't long to stay here! The Lord is calling me, I hear the thunder of His voice; it sounds like a trumpet to my soul: we haven't long to stay here! The trees are aging, sinners are trembling; the trumpet sounds: we haven't long to stay here!"

## 297. COLA DI RIENZI

(Wagner's 'Rienzi Overture')

—A—

*"Discontent . . casts a cloud over the mind, and renders it more occupied about the evil which disquiets than about the means of removing it."*—Feltham

Cola di Rienzi, at the time when the Pope of Rome resided at Avignon in France, seeing the evil state of affairs in the Roman commonwealth, at length found himself in a position to assemble the people and read to them his plans for a new government. They made him tribune, conferring absolute power on him. Soon enough he hatched a plot against the barons, and secretly prepared the people for the uprising. Loud and shrill trumpet calls gathered them from all sides. When the barons saw the turmoil, they fled in confusion.

Ah, how the people were devoted to Rienzi! He could pray, he could promise, he could paint the future in the brightest colors; but there was more enthusiasm in his soul than wisdom! Loud were the outbursts of praise and triumph on the part of the people, as they surrounded their idol. Nor was Rienzi slow to take advantage of this favor; he went so far as to call himself the 'Candidate of the Holy Ghost.' The people wildly cheered him by this title, proclaimed him their only ruler, and bowed before him in the most confident submission.

However, it was not long before Rienzi's weaknesses began to tell on him. He was an enthusiast, but no ruler; he could pray and devise, but he could not guide and carry out. The barons, organizing a plot of their own, soon succeeded in driving him from the city. But he soon after returned by the aid of his friends, and repeated his conquest; yet only a short time elapsed, when the people, tiring of the injustices which he then committed, and his revelries and heavy taxations, suddenly raised the cry: "Death to Rienzi, death to the traitor!" He attempted to flee, but was caught and slain, his corpse being dragged through the streets of the city. Thus ended the discontent of a man who, had he been prudent and more considerate of the existing conditions, might have earned the gratitude not only of Rome but also of the whole after world.

## 298. SLEEP

(GODARD'S 'BERCEUSE—JOCELYN')

—A. S.—

*"Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care; the death of each day's life, sore labor's bath; balm of hurt minds; great nature's second course; chief nourisher in life's feast."*—SHAKESPEARE

Night was approaching; two friends, who were in flight, stopped to rest in a shady nook, where they could not be seen by wayfarers. The sun had set, and the beautiful western sky seemed like a sea of molten gold. Gradually it became darker; the sky turned to a rich blue and the stars one by one peeped through the branches of the trees. Then the one friend laid his tired head on a grassy mound and began to slumber, while the other sang a most exquisite lullaby. The words of this lullaby ran thus:

"This secret place of refuge is granted to us by kind heaven,

while we fly. Though misfortune is close upon us, and darkness presses on us while we dream, still our prayer ascends to where the stars are brightly beaming. Slumber on, tell your tale of dreams, made of angels' imaginings, as on a filament of gold; sweet sleep, may your dreaming be full of joy! O God above, watch o'er him, I beseech Thee! I pray Thee!"

The other awoke, and narrated his dream, telling all about the beautiful music which the angels had sung for him. But his companion laughed and said: "That is the first time I have ever been called an angel!" Then he repeated the beauteous lullaby and proved to his astonished friend that it had been no dream. Sleep had soothed him!

## 299. FROM HOPE TO HOPE

### (Foster's 'Old Black Joe')

—A—

*"The flights of the human mind are not from enjoyment to enjoyment, but from hope to hope."*—Johnson

An old negro slave, long ago in the times before the Civil War, was one day thinking to himself how much longer he had to live. He was bent with age and weak with toil. Looking at the setting sun, he thought of heaven, and then sang the following beautiful words: "Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; gone are my friends from the cottonfields away; gone from the earth to a better land, I know, I hear their gentle voices calling, Old Black Joe! I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low; I hear those gentle voices calling, Old Black Joe!"

Then he thought to himself: "It can not be but that life's suffering and toil should find a great reward in the coming world." He had always done his duty and had tried to be good; so he felt a certain confidence that heaven had something worth while in store for him. He therefore sang: "Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my friends come not again? Grieving for forms now departed long ago, I hear their gentle voices calling, Old Black Joe! I'm coming," etc.

Then he thought of the dear ones he had loved and known. And the remembrance of them suggested to him a firm hope that upon entering into his rest in the next world he would meet them

again and be happy with them forever. With tears in his eyes he therefore added still another verse to his song, saying: "Where are the hearts once so happy and so free? The children so dear that I held upon my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go, I hear their gentle voices calling, Old Black Joe! I'm coming," etc.

## 300. THE SOUL OF MUSIC

(Borodin's 'Nocturne')

— s —

*"Music is the only sensual gratification in which mankind may indulge to excess without injury to their moral or religious feeling."*
—Addison

It was midnight and everyone was sound asleep. Silence reigned supreme. Suddenly the eyes of one of the sleepers opened; what was that he heard? After listening a moment, he realized that a band of serenaders were passing along the street on their way home. Sweet and sad were the melodious strains, as the musicians approached from the distance. 'Ah!' thought the listener, 'music is surely a language that can be heard only with the soul! How deep, how expressive are those tones, those mystic words of human emotion!'

Then, as the musicians drew nearer, the strains took on a more lively and cheerful character. The listener attended with the greatest pleasure, and followed the rising figures of the instruments with so buoyant a spirit that it seemed to him that the great world was after all not so unpleasant as it seemed, and that man's miseries alone make it what it is—a place of suffering. Then the music returned to its former sweet and melancholy character, while the musicians proceeded on their way.

As the distance increased, the strains became fainter and fainter, and every time the theme of the melody was played, its echo could be heard directly after, gently reverberating from the neighboring hills. 'Oh how music awakens even nature,' thought the listener, 'and draws from her bosom the sweet whisperings of beauty and refinement!' Then a hush fell upon the atmosphere, and all nature again lapsed into the sweet silence of sleep and repose.

# APPENDIX

# APPENDIX

1. Handel's 'Largo.'

In order thoroughly to enjoy this highly artistic composition, let us try first to get a general idea of the music's message by reading the mood-story roughly. Then let us concentrate our mind on Irving's quotation; the expressions it contains will point out to us the mood in which we should endeavor to place ourselves. "A kind heart," — this is the keynote. Only after we have grasped this well, are we ready to proceed; for the other moods will flow naturally and easily from this chief one as water from a spring.

Now let us try reading the story more carefully, and see how it 'unfolds' itself. A kind heart will be grateful, it will praise its benefactors, it will wish them well, it will overlook their faults, it will flow along in the stream of life peacefully and joyfully, it will make others joyful, it will turn everything as it were to sunshine, it will increase pure affection, and lastly it will prove the soil in which happiness, energy, and healthy action thrive. This is precisely the spirit which inspired Handel when he wrote this melody, because the words of the original, which our story closely follows, served him as his groundwork.

Only by entering intimately into this spirit can we reach the true beauty of the piece, and understand the high place it has earned in the realm of artistic production; and this, whether there is question of mere appreciation or of rendition; for it is a piece any musician ought to delight in rendering with fine interpretation.

2. The Ancient Greek 'Hymn to Apollo.'

It is not easy for us moderns to appreciate the beauty which the old Greeks undoubtedly saw in this and similar songs. First, we are not so deep, and attend more to the musical sounds of a song than to the poetic meaning of its words; then again, music has made such strides in the course of time, that we are inclined to look upon these ancient efforts as crude and imperfect; finally, with the ancients melody was supreme, whereas we have learned to lay much stress also on harmony, that is, the simultaneous sounding of many correlated tones and melodies. In one word, we find it hard to appreciate the 'simplicity' of such primeval creations.

Let us carefully read Addison's quotation. The keynote which it furnishes for this selection is had in the words: "Music can noble hints impart." Nobility is the underlying mood of the selection. In the poetry itself Apollo's high position, his bravery, his patronage of the fine arts (the Muses), his demand for cleanliness, all reflect this mood. In the music we find nothing but earnestness and a solemn flow of tone that paint faithfully in sound the noble and artistic reserve of the ancient Grecian culture here exemplified.

Without this grasp of both the words and the music, the song is better unheard than heard, unsung than sung. For true art always needs the true connoisseur! A mere man, uneducated in the secrets of art, can as little appreciate masterpieces as create them.

3. Saint-Saens' 'Le Cygne' (The Swan).

Modern music strives to *depict*. When it goes too far in this regard, it becomes often mere noise, so that the ear grows curious, but finds little beauty. Whereas, when the strains seek rather to *suggest* in a delicate way the subject chosen, then the ear clings to the *beauty* of the music and draws therefrom the signification. Beauty, reasonably speaking, is and must remain music's true and proper power, meaning is only its secondary field. For just as music helps to interpret language, so language helps, and *only* helps, to interpret music. The one must not usurp the other's throne, though each may serve the other very well.

The present composition is thus *suggestive* of the swan, and was conceived and carried out with this precise purpose in view, the composer furnishing it for one of a series of pieces representing different animals and birds in a grotesque production called, "The Animals' Carnival."

The keynote of our mood-story is found in the quotation's phrase, "the human heart yearns for the beautiful." Without doubt, the swan is one of the most beautiful birds in creation, — beautiful in color, in form and motion — especially in regard to its wonderfully graceful neck. Whatever instrument may be chosen upon which to play the piece (it was originally written for 'cello), the performer should always remember that the melody must represent the swan, the accompaniment only the water. Hence the melody must always take first place. Without this melodic strength, the piece would remain cold and could not be rightly appreciated by either musician or music-lover.

4. Beethoven's 'Leonore Overture No. 3.'

This overture is one of the towering masterpieces of finer art. We say 'finer' art. For its moods and phases are so delicately contrasted and presented that, without a 'fine' sense of appreciation for shades of musical emotion on the part of the hearer, performer, or conductor, its true message will remain obscure. It is beautiful music, but this beauty is half evident, half hidden. It is beautiful without the meaning, but with the meaning it is doubly so.

First let us get the keynote — "Solid love can not die." Erasmus is here speaking of the real affection of love, not of passion. Beethoven's music is not passionate, but it *is* full of affection. And this affection with which it abounds is no dead feeling, but is rich in the proof of real affection — namely action, — 'it can not die.' This is the reason especially of those many powerful syncopated passages scattered here and there throughout the overture.

The mood-story we present should be read and reread. It is very condensed, and contains the various sentiments of the music in order as they pass before us. Whether Beethoven himself would have written them

down just as we have, is of course a question; but his mind is there, we feel sure, for no less an authority than Richard Wagner asserted that this overture contains the leading points of the opera it prefaces in so perfect a manner that it deserves to be called a mighty drama in itself. It takes us through the scenes, the plot, the episodes; it reveals to us — and this preeminently — the interior workings of the characters, so that here, we may say, is accomplished by music what in Shakespeare is accomplished by words.

5. Bach's 'Gavotte in E-Major.'

As this is absolute music of the strict school of Bach, who usually has no signification underlying his instrumental music other than the general beauty of the strains, our mood-story must be taken only as a suggestion to aid in drawing out the real mood of the selection.

The keynote is contained in Lucretius' expression: "The falling drops." The first eight measures of the music introduces to us this mood. There is undoubted strength therein — firmness, exactness, consciousness of zeal, and the virility of righteousness. This eight-measure passage is repeated six times in all, the whole repetition forming the real element of the piece — its Rondo form, as Bach expressed it. These six repetitions are designated in our mood-story by the expression: 'I am determined.'

Here we must utter a warning. Such music must be enjoyed before it can be understood; and after it is understood, it must still be enjoyed, and principally enjoyed. Hence the mood-story must by all means take the background. It is meant only as a faint reflection in words of Bach's virile musical conception, a charcoal-sketch as it were of the deep psychological truth which, consciously or unconsciously, occupied Bach's creative mentality when he wrote the music. All absolute music holds these psychological truths and is formed from them; and while the truths themselves are not always so evident as here, perhaps even very vague, one person seeing this, another that, still to look deeper is the only way to taste, at least as far as possible, the composer's beautiful concept in its inner sensitivity.

6. Leoncavallo's 'Prologue.'

"Logic supplies us with steps" is our keynote to this remarkable 'Prologue.' Leoncavallo wrote both words and music; and certainly he could not have reached such a perfection of musical delineation here unless he had first put together the well-balanced literary skeleton upon which it rests. The 'speech' — in itself an excellent example of oratory — has its address, its introduction of the speaker, its apology, its argument — "a picture of real life," — its drawing out of the argument — "sorrowful effects," its actuality — "our hearts are real hearts," its climax, and its conclusion.

If the words were to be spoken, the orator could not do better than to follow in speech the moods as Leoncavallo gives them in music. In fact, his music is simply exaggerated speech or oratory, with the inflections stretched, the dynamics pressed to their extremity, the emotions highly

intensified, all this excess being made beautiful by a very artistic mixture of the three elements of music — melody, harmony and rhythm.

Those who are content to listen only to the voice in such operatic masterpieces, are missing half — and in many cases much more than half — of the composer's art. Superficiality can neither create masterpieces, nor explain them. Art must sink into the depths.

7. Chopin's 'Berceuse.'

"A link between angels and men." This happy phrase of Tupper seems to contain the mood of Chopin's 'Cradle-song' in a nutshell. Chopin was the genius of the pianoforte; it was the language with which he expressed the most tender and emotional things in nature. Reality he always idealized and spiritualized by his all-powerful talent of melodic refinement and sensitive embellishment. We may truly say that art, in its musical phase, reached its highest plane in his creations.

This his 'cradle-song' is not 'one of the many' that composers have left us, but it is alone in its double capacity of natural utterance and preternatural imaginativeness. The natural is had in its singing melody, the preternatural in its exquisite adornment. Our mood-story is built up on this twofold character.

However, there is still a third element that enters into the artistic make-up of the whole idea; it is the rocking of the cradle. This feature is heard in the left-hand accompaniment and begins with the very first measure, continuing practically unchanged in its monotonous sameness to the end of the piece. This monotony is here more beautiful than variety would be; for it describes or rather suggests in a very faithful manner the simple rocking of the cradle from one side to the other.

The mother and the cradle are therefore the natural element, the fairies the preternatural, while the babe itself furnishes the link that joins them. They are of silver, the link of gold.

8. Schumann's 'Traeumerei.'

The keynote here is found in the words of the quotation: "The feelings of the heart." Schumann was one of the first among the romantic composers. The classic school established certain forms, such as the Menuet, the Gavotte, the Rondo, etc., and was satisfied with building up a beautiful piece of music on one or the other of these more or less cold patterns. But gradually it was felt that music held more possibilities than mere beauty of pattern and musical content. Feeling had been to a great extent left unexplored by the classicists. Hence the romanticists began to exploit this new field with enthusiastic zeal.

It is this feeling or warmth of emotion which Schumann exemplifies so powerfully in his 'Traeumerei.' Hence, to render the piece well, the performer must not pay much attention to the rhythm, but must rather put all the stress on the emotion. We have used Keats' renowned lines as a parallel to show how closely music and poetry are related. Both Keats and Schumann excite the same general kind of emotion. The one,

by thinking or speaking of beauty, makes us feel it; the other, by making us feel it, makes us think of it.

Each person may have different feelings of the heart as he listens to or plays this little masterpiece; but feelings of the heart he must have, if he is to enjoy its beauty fully. We might associate the strains with what we ourselves think is one of the most beautiful things on earth or in heaven, and then play or hear the piece. Thus have musicians and music-lovers often found in some appealing composition a friend that was always ready to solace them and give them better thoughts. This idea Keats undoubtedly had, in the passage used in our story; for he follows it up with these lines:

"Therefore, on every morrow, we are wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits." (Endymion, Book I)

9. Rimsky-Korsakow's 'Scheherazade, Fest. of Bagdad.'

This piece is the Finale of a modern orchestral suite written by the Russian composer, Rimsky-Korsakow. The subject is that of the Arabian tales called "A Thousand and One Nights." Our mood-story has been gathered carefully from the original literary source. Another number of the same suite will be found in story No. 287.

The mood of the piece is twofold, and is couched shortly in the words of the quotation: "Toil and pleasure." The *toil* of Sindbad's exciting adventures on the one hand, and his lightsome enjoyment of *pleasure* at home on the other, form these two contrasts of the composition. The first loud blast is the Sindbad motive, or Sea motive, as it is sometimes called, and represents Sindbad's inborn craving for adventure. The nervous figure of rushing triplets occurring here and there is the Scheherazade motive, and represents the animated narration of the Sultana. What is most important in rendering the piece is the rhythm, for without this the necessary life of the whole would be entirely absent. Nervous and animated narration must reign throughout.

We have chosen such passages from the original literary work as possess many 'mood' words; for instance: joyful heart, dilated bosom, sport, merriment; or again, when Scheherazade narrates the shipwreck: wind, violent, drove her back, etc.

This piece is thoroughly modern and must be listened to or rendered with close attention to the idea intended to be conveyed by the composer. For here we have music made beautiful by meaning, rather than meaning made beautiful by music. Without this view of the piece, its highly artistic character will dwindle to or at least approach mere noise and bombast.

Finally, we must remember that the whole conception is carried out on strictly oriental lines, that is, gaudily and with glitter, with strong coloring and fanciful, capricious forms, — a feature that makes it what it is.

10. Rossini's 'William Tell Overture.'

In this overture are to be found all the elements of music, as well as all the principles, superbly joined. The elements — melody, harmony, and rhythm — are self-evident. The principles — form, description, poetic thought, and nationality — we shall briefly indicate.

Scarcely a better example of the overture *form* could be found, with its slow beginning, its spirited continuance and its fiery climax. And what could be more *descriptive* of nature than the 'Storm'? One can almost feel the blinding sheets of rain pouring down, when those descending chromatics are reached. Or could *poetic thought* be better exemplified than by the emotional first portion — 'Dawn'? Finally what could show the liberty-loving character of Swiss *nationality* more than those glorious strains of the Finale; or the pastoral side of Swiss domestic life, than the delicious third portion — 'After the Storm'? Jefferson's words: "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," give us the keynote.

Our introduction of the counter-theme of Gessler and Tell, as a deeper underlying truth, may appear a bit subjective. However, when we remember that Rossini wrote this overture for the opera which depicts the interior workings of these two principal actors, such a suggestion will not appear out of place. For even though Rossini may not have directly intended this deeper signification, yet he was full of it, and often the things which influence us most are not those which we directly think, but of which we are full, as the Scripture reminds us, with the words: 'Of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh.'

11. Bishop's 'What Shall He Have?'

If Shakespeare had done nothing else for posterity than leave that sweet legacy of his love of music, everywhere evident in his dramas, he could still lay claim to a high place among humanity's benefactors. His many songs are perfectly 'mooded.' He loved music very much, and gave it a place in literature which it not only deserves but which it is naturally heir to. Indeed, music can not be kept out of literature; it is so linked with poetry that both, we may justly say, live with each other and die with each other. For poetry is the music of language, as music is the poetry of tone.

The mood Shakespeare wished to impress in this happy 'glee-song' is that of blithe and good-natured hunters. It breathes the atmosphere of the woods, where a man is free to give vent to all the joy that is in him.

The keynote is taken from another Shakespearean passage: "Mirth and merriment." There is no sign of sadness in this pleasant song; all gravity is laid away for the moment. Yet the mirth is not of the giddy, laughing kind, but of the moderate, smiling kind.

To enjoy the song, or to render it well, one should imagine he is in

the depths of the woods and sees green trees all around him, and perceives the sweet leafy atmosphere pervading his whole being.

The song occurs in the 4th Act of "As You Like It." But our mood-story generalizes the original Shakespearean episode.

12. Goldmark's 'Rustic Wedding Sym. Serenade.'

A serenade is generally thought of as a dreamy, lyric kind of composition. But here we have quite an original example of this species of music. For we are dealing not, as usual, with the song of a lover to his beloved, but with a real jolly though very refined 'wedding-bouquet' furnished by the friends of a country couple.

The keynote of the mood is therefore "benevolent feeling," as given in Thackeray's quotation. The action of wishing a newly-wedded couple well is not a grave one, at least it is never carried out in a grave manner, for it is generally connected with merrymaking. Very grave people might even criticize such a serenade as rather trivial, not remembering the benevolence it contains. Benevolence is never trivial.

It will be noticed that, while the general mood of joy is here obtained by breaking the melodic sequence into many small particles of sound, yet there is a beautiful variety of contrasts present, furnishing different subsidiary moods, such as tenderness, energy, hilarity, and humor.

13. Schubert's 'Bee.'

This is a descriptive piece. It is one of the most delightful of musical miniatures, just like its pattern — the little bee. This description is of course suggestive, built on the two principles of delicacy and swiftness, both of which together result in the general mood — indefatigable labor.

The keynote to this mood we have expressed in Beecher's words: "The love of knowledge," that is, mental labor. The piece, while it depends on this interpretation, delicacy and swiftness both being essential, must still be listened to principally with enjoyment of the pure musical content. The bee is merely 'suggested' to us.

It must be noted that the composer of this little piece is not Franz Schubert, the great song-composer, but another Schubert, a violinist of Dresden.

14. Benedict's 'La Capinera' (The Wren).

While the music of this delightful song is very joyful and exceptionally pleasant to hear, yet without attention to the poetry of the lines the mere hearing will not give the full idea intended to be conveyed. The office of poetry is to create an atmosphere, into which the reader is forcibly drawn, and wherein he is made to experience extraordinary emotions. The poem upon which this song is molded treats of the wren. The atmosphere is that of springtime; hence the mood is full of joy and brightness.

These qualities are reflected perfectly in the music. Our mood-story presents the poem in the form of prose; the thoughts however of the original are preserved throughout. The keynote of our interpretation is to be extracted from Lowell's words: 'This poem reveals a type of beauty

which God has set in our souls,' that is, the type of spring, and its harbinger, the neat little wren.

Notice the pronounced rhythm (accent) of the song; it is one of the most delightful things about it; it grows out of the poem. "Col ritornar, del dolce april, tu torni pur, a mia gentil." The preservation of this rhythmic exactness is essential to the perfect rendition of the song.

15. Dvorak's 'Largo, American Symphony.'

This masterpiece of symphonic music belongs to the very finest productions of modern art. It is solemn and grand. To listen to it without the proper thoughtfulness and appreciation of its deeper character, will only prove monotonous, since it possesses no striving for showy effect of any kind. It is as if a man were looking up at something which he is not accustomed to behold, something infinitely above him, and which forces him to feel the superior atmosphere of an unearthly solemnity and grandeur.

Our mood-story, following the keynote culled from Cicero's expression, 'better than man,' endeavors by a fanciful interpretation to bring about this mood. The story therefore must be read more with the intention of placing oneself in this supernal atmosphere than with the thought that the music might refer to any of the particular ideas utilized.

Such music, to be appreciated at its fullest, ought to be heard over and over again, till it is known almost by heart. For no one can truly apprize the finest things in art without making them his own. A friend is never a true friend until he is known intimately. And this is just the beauty of fine music — it lasts, nay, always grows more pleasing, just as a true friend rises in our estimation the longer we know him.

16. Beethoven's 'Fugue, Op. 59.'

This mood-story is meant merely to illustrate the form under which Beethoven here wrote — a form known in classical music as 'fugue,' from the Latin 'fuga' — a chase. For it consists in the presentation of two or more themes, followed at intervals by their own counterparts played higher or lower; this idea of the melody thus as it were 'chasing' itself, led to the name by which the form is known.

In the story we have sought to show how this musical idea resembles competition in business; and the old lady's remark at the end is to be understood as follows: In a fugue the themes, if played by themselves, would often sound very stiff and unmusical, but by reason of the composer's skill in weaving them into all sorts of shapes and varieties, he creates a richness of harmony that captivates the hearer.

Hence in a fugue, while one finds pleasure in seeing *how* the themes are interwoven, he should not pay too much attention to the themes themselves, except in the case of a theme which is very beautiful in itself, which is rare. Hence also, if a fugue were to be judged by *feeling*, the listener would find it very monotonous; but it must be judged by the beautiful harmonies it creates.

The keynote to guide us here is "rub and polish." For the simple themes which are exploited are rubbed and polished one against the other till they glow with beauty and variety of effect.

17. Nevin's 'Rosary.'

The keynote is here to be found in Beecher's words: "The beauty of a truly loving heart." The music Nevin made for Roger's very affectionate verses reflects their mood perfectly. The song is one of intense emotion and should be so sung. The mood-story points out the four characteristics of true affection, as dealt with in the poem: reverence; heartfelt earnestness; the spirit of fidelity; and resignation to the divine Will.

It will be noticed that the rhythm is placed by the composer in the background; feeling holds full sway. Hence the time may be very capricious, provided the singer infuse into the strains the intense feeling indicated by the general mood.

Note the power attained by the two climaxes, one on "cross," and the other on "sweetheart." Climaxes at the right place often spell the success of a piece of music, especially of a song. It is the old principle followed in oratory or in the drama, where all the details lead up to and are perfected in the one grand center. This grand center of Roger's poem is reached in the words "cross" and "sweetheart." Nevin had the genius to perceive this at a glance; his song was therefore a great success.

The last sentence in the mood-story refers to the fact that Nevin himself, as a young man (he had presented the original manuscript of this song to his wife with the affectionate note, 'I thank God for you'), was called on to resign himself to the sacrifice and leave his wife, home, and all that was dear to him on this earth, his death occurring only four years after he composed the song.

18. Wagner's 'Magic Fire Scene.'

This famous passage from Wagner's opera, 'Die Walkuere,' holds a high place in operatic literature. For it creates an atmosphere both unusual and weird. The description of the rising flames is magnificent, while the inspiring themes run through the delicate network without growing either obtrusive or obscure.

The music of course is heard best in the opera itself where the scene and whole setting compel one to enter into the atmosphere of the fire. Outside of this ideal condition, imagination can alone supply for the reality. In other words, unless we try to imagine ourselves looking at the flames and fiery scene depicted, the piece will hold little beauty for us. In fact a person entirely unacquainted with its meaning will probably consider it an insipid mixture of noise, especially in its original orchestral dress.

Our mood-story is therefore written with the end in view, to aid a person in this necessary work of the imagination. The keynote of the mood is had in Emerson's expression: "Punishment is a fruit that ripens." For the scene is truly a terrible one, Wotan punishing his daughter without relenting, the fire 'growing' out of her disobedience.

19. Titl's 'Serenade.'

This delightful little serenade, in the form of a duet, is among the more popular pieces of lighter music and is enjoyable always and under all conditions. It has no depth, but simply pleases the ear. No explanation is needed.

Our mood-story offers but a fantastic little invention to show how the contrasted musical elements, high — low, fast — slow, merry — solemn, lightsome — grave, may be compared with their counterparts in real life. The keynote drawn from the words of Coleridge, might be thus paraphrased: 'Without contrast life would be both melancholy and inhuman.'

20. Sibelius' 'Valse Triste.'

This is one of the best examples of modern 'program' music, that is, music purposely following a set program. It was made for a play where such a scene occurs. The mood-story has been worked out very thoroughly and the different changes in the music may be followed in the story with ease. The keynote of the mood is nicely expressed in Moore's words: "Through the shadowy past memory ran."

Often our modern composers, when they write program music, write it with so much attention to the meaning, that the beauty is neglected, and thus it comes that the piece as a whole turns out blurred and we not infrequently say to ourselves: 'That is a fine passage, *if* it is understood.' But here Sibelius has created a piece as beautiful as it is full of meaning; this is so true, that a person may know nothing whatever of its meaning and still enjoy it intensely. This happy gift of genius is not the possession of every so-called composer!

All in all, the number is remarkable for offering an unusual contrast of the depths of sadness and heights of gladness, made possible by the dying woman's state of delirium.

21. Gounod's 'Faust — Even Bravest Heart.'

Among opera numbers this is one of the most pleasing to the general ear. The music is very beautiful and at the same time describes excellently the moods of the words. Our mood-story gives all the details in order. The keynote to the mood is had in Bailey's pithy sentence: "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Frequently operatic music deals with passionate love; but here we have an example of pure brotherly affection, without passion, yet full of warmth and benevolence. Notice how cleverly the whole composition is balanced and contrasted by means of the middle portion dealing with the martial mood. This feature might be compared to a red rose between two white ones.

22. Dittersdorf's 'Scherzo.'

Dittersdorf was contemporaneous with Haydn, and belonged to the classic school. His music is light and pleasant, like Haydn's, and does not delve into the depths of feeling.

The mood-story we have constructed by no means intends to say that

Dittersdorf built on the ideas it contains. The picture of the two children merely aims at showing in a visible form the blithe spirit that runs through the strains. The little boy is the violin, the little girl the piano; their romping endeavors to picture how the violin and the piano are here intertwined in a very joyous manner.

The term 'Scherzo' means 'playfully,' and whenever the old masters wrote in this form, their music was full of merriment. This is the mood in which the present piece should place us. Its keynote is had in Shakespeare's quoted words: "A light heart." A person who is used to the more serious and melancholy grandeur of much of the modern music, may be inclined to see little of interest in this composition. He should remember that here is pure unadulterated beauty, simple and fresh, flowing for its own sake from the composer's facile pen.

23. Arne's 'When Daisies Pied.'

This is another very pleasing song written according to verses furnished by Shakespeare. The place where they occur is at the end of "Love's Labor Lost," one of the poet's first dramas, in which he endeavored to show the contrast between the very bright side of life and the very dark side. At the end of the play he therefore introduces Holofernes the schoolmaster, Nathaniel the curate, Moth the page, Costard the clown, with Armado a fantastic Spaniard. The latter divides them into two sides, which he calls Hiems (Winter) and Ver (Spring), "the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo." Both sides sing a song, Ver on the cuckoo, Hiems on the owl.

The 'cuckoo' song is our present selection. Its mood abounds in the freshness and buoyancy of spring, especially evidenced in the idea of the cuckoo; all of which is reflected in the music composed by Arne.

The keynote to this mood is contained in Shelley's words: "Like a poet hidden in the light of thought." For Shakespeare here, while he himself remains hidden from view, (in all his dramas he is never subjective), throws an intense light on nature. Take the poetic ideas, — they flow on in quick succession: daisies — violets — cuckoo-buds — paint the meadows — shepherds — oaten straws — larks — fields. But above all it was the natural music of the cuckoo's call that suggested the song to the great poet.

24. Key's 'Star-Spangled Banner.'

It is almost superfluous to give any hints as to the moods of our national anthem. The words of Daniel Webster, "liberty and union," hold the gist of both the music and the words. The mood-story presents the actual facts connected with Key's adaptation of the melody. He did not write the music, — it was already in existence, serving as a setting for a drinking-song; but it was his genius that felt what a wealth of patriotic material the strains contained. Generally a song is made from words to music; but here is a case where the procedure was reversed — from music to words. In general this mode of writing would not be advisable; it is permissible only where the original mood of the words

is a mistaken one, as was the case here. In this light, Key may be considered the author of the music as well as of the words. The idea of a drinking-song was a false tendency for the melody; Key gave it its true tendency. He re-created it. Thus, in 'The Taming of the Shrew,' Shakespeare took another man's work, and fashioned a masterpiece which so outshone its crude predecessor, that without questioning he is accredited with its authorship.

25. Kreisler's 'Caprice Viennois.'

It must not be thought that our mood-story here represents an authentic exposition of the composer. It only suggests some thoughts to enable us to see reasons for the contrasts contained in the piece.

The keynote, "a happy family," may also be construed as referring to the mere beauty of the strains, simply looking upon them as a tone-poem on domestic happiness. Hence the ideas presented in the story must not be considered simultaneously with the hearing of the piece, otherwise its beauty will be marred. But they should be read over beforehand, merely to give a general impression.

The writer recollects the first time he heard this delightful conceit; the composer himself was the soloist. Seeing the name 'Caprice Viennois' on the program, he had no inkling of the real 'lullaby' character; even after the piece was finished, he had none; but he thought to himself that he had scarcely ever before heard such a transcendingly beautiful composition. He had no concrete ideas; but its sheer beauty captivated him. And certainly such music, which can be either felt or understood, or both, is of the highest kind. It is one of the ideals for which composers should strive. For thus all the elements and principles of music are preserved — beautiful melody, harmony, and rhythm, vying with artistic form, description, poetic thought, and national feeling. Such masterpieces convert everyone into a music-lover, even the most indifferent. They are like the rainbow, which joins heaven and earth, art and business!

26. Offenbach's 'Barcarolle.'

The keynote to this very refined 'boating-song' is nicely contained in Byron's exquisite expression: "Dim and solitary loveliness." For a ride on the Venetian waters in the moonlight is precisely described by these three words, — a scene of *loveliness,* softened by the *dim* light of the silvery moon, and chastened by the *solitary* waste of the gently rocking waves. The rocking effect is here obtained by the use of six-eight time, the boat rocking to the right on the first beat, to the left on the fourth.

The piece needs this delicate mood in order to be enjoyed and above all to be well rendered. For if this moonlit night atmosphere hovering above the waters is not attained, the piece is better unplayed or unsung. The slow, rocking tempo must therefore be very carefully expressed, and the melodies must flow on without break. Gracefulness must reign from beginning to end.

Hardly a piece could be found so well adapted to soothing excited nerves. A person might therefore use it as an antidote after falling into

a fit of anger, grief, or peevishness. The reason for this is, because it puts calm thoughts into the head and peaceful feelings into the bosom, replacing what was harsh and disagreeable by what is pleasant and genial. It is not a mere fad that such music is used in some modern sanitariums as a mental sedative. Take for instance this selection. If a nervous person were able to enjoy such a moonlight ride on a Venetian lagoon, who would not expect beneficial results from the recreation thus provided? But if music can succeed in placing at least to some extent the mind of the affected person in such a desirable condition, is it not something very useful and powerful, and above all practical? Should it not be utilized? True art not only elevates, but also calms and pacifies.

27. Chopin's 'G-Flat Etude, Op. 25, No. 9.'

This Etude is sometimes called 'The Butterfly.' The keynote of our story is contained in the expression of Halleck: "There's music in the forest leaves." While this idea was not applied by the composer precisely to this Etude, still he used it for his compositions in general, including the Etudes. His complete words are these: "Everything is to be read 'cantabile,' even in my Etudes; everything must be made to sing — the bass, the minor parts, everything. The singing hand may deviate from strict time, but the accompanying hand must keep time. Fancy a tree with its branches swayed by the wind — the stem is the steady time, the moving leaves are the melodic inflections."

The rest of our mood-story is pure fancy, and is intended to point out the real secret of the piece's strength — namely the swaying rhythm, or the onward flow of the musical accents. Without accent, or rhythm, music becomes loose and meaningless; with it it takes on a life and energy that resembles the strong and healthy heartbeat of a robust man.

28. Brahms' 'Hungarian Dance No. 6.'

The keynote of this piece is to be gathered from Socrates' comparison between the two extremes—"flood" and "ebb," or "tempest" and "calm." For this is the characteristic of Hungarian music — it takes us suddenly from one extreme to the other, from loud to soft, fast to slow, joyful to sad.

Liszt, the greatest of the Hungarian musicians, explained this feature thus: "The Magyars (the nobility of Hungary) have adopted the gypsies for their national musicians; they (the gypsies) have identified themselves with the proud and warlike enthusiasm, with the depressing sadness of the Hungarians, which they knew so well how to imitate."

The important words here are "enthusiasm" and "sadness," two of the most common extremes of emotion. A person unacquainted with this peculiarity of Hungarian music, might conclude that our present selection would sound much better if a more even tempo were observed by performers. On the contrary, the piece would lose its real national color, and sacrifice some of its most important contrasts.

These contrasts are pointed out in succession in the mood-story,

so that one may read on as the piece is played, noting each change as it occurs. The story itself is not the composer's, but only strives to indicate the spirit in which he wrote.

29. Old English 'Willow Song.'

"Give sorrow words." This is the keynote to this very sad old English song, referred to by Shakespeare in Othello, where he makes Desdemona say:

> "My mother had a maid called Barbara.
> She was in love; and he she loved prov'd mad,
> And did forsake her. She had a song of — Willow.
> An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
> And she died singing it."

It is natural to man to express his sorrows; and though it may very often appear that the gloom of the breast ought to be kept for oneself, still pent-up sadness is like a worm in the wood, unseen and therefore unremedied. To tell our griefs preserves us from growing narrow and unsympathetic; for thereby others instruct us, encourage us, and cheer us; thus we become part of the great world in which we live and are better able to cope with its ills.

Job did not hide his interior sufferings, but spoke to his three friends concerning them. Even Christ Himself, hanging on the cross, in order to tell us the agony of His Heart, cried out: "Father, why hast thou forsaken me?" (See story No. 282.) David too, the great musician of the Hebrews, thus gave vent to his feelings in the poetry of music: "I am poured out like water; and all my bones are scattered." (Ps. 21)

30. Gabriel Marie's 'La Cinquantaine.'

This ever delightful little piece is one of the lighter classics of music. Its name has furnished the objective fundamentals of our story. Lightness of rhythm and sweetness of melodic delivery are the two points principally to be attended to in its rendition. Our keynote is, "qualities that wear well."

31. Wagner's 'Lohengrin — Swan Song.'

The opera 'Lohengrin' is connected with the legend of the Holy Grail, inasmuch as Lohengrin is the son of Percival, and is sent by the latter to defend Elsa. (See Story No. 35.)

The Swan Song is a strain of heartfelt tenderness, and is hiddenly the expression of great interior humaneness; for now that Lohengrin has been brought to the field of his duty, he shows his noble love for that duty by expressing a warm affection for the means which has enabled him actually to come to its fulfillment. Hence, the swan, as a figure of that means, holds a more important place in Wagner's scheme than a mere point of beauty.

Our keynote is in accordance — "to relieve it," that is, distress.

For good wishes count little, if deeds of real charity are lacking. The Swan Song should therefore not only be a tender expression of affectionate feeling, but should also express the emotion and strength of true benevolence.

32. Wagner's 'Lohengrin — King's Prayer.'

To listen to this fine solo or to sing it just as a telling piece of vocal power, robs it of the real beauty which pervades its strains. It is indeed one of the most powerful vocal solos in all music, but only because it is supposed to give expression to the towering strength of mediæval faith and confidence in prayer.

Wagner was not a friend to mere 'show' music,— but always meant something by his strains; this is especially true of the present selection, which plainly shows a very marked striving to express the meaning of the words by the melodic, harmonic, as also dynamic character of the music. It is a real art-song, the strains following the sense scrupulously. We have taken special pains to show this 'descriptive' element in our story, the mood-words possessing particular prominence, e. g., "majesty — reverently — humbly — confidence — false one's — dependence of man."

The keynote is found in Lincoln's phrase, "my own wisdom seemed insufficient for the day,"— an expression which is virtually a sermon on prayer and its necessity. To abstract from this religious view of the 'King's Prayer' may suit those who consider pious subjects too interior for musical appreciation, but it will not enable us to hear the real Wagner!

33. Wagner's 'Lohengrin — Introduction to 3d Act.'

"Language." This general term of Bulwer embraces music, art, poetry, and indeed all the varied means of human expression. The word, applied to music, forms the keynote of our present selection. For Wagner in these strains depicted with a master-hand the atmosphere surrounding the preliminary wedding-ceremonies of the noble pair. Elsa is the daughter of a Duke, Lohengrin a princely knight; hence the celebration is a royal one. This grandeur of high exterior pomp and show Wagner reflects excellently in his music. Nor does he neglect the contrast — the tenderness of affection — the middle portion.

Our mood-story enlarges somewhat on Wagner's operatic sequence, endeavoring to furnish helps to the practical enjoyment of the piece, especially in its orchestral version. The reference at the end to the composer's exile is founded on fact, though the reference itself is only fiction.

'Lohengrin' was produced in 1850, and a comparison of this fine instrumental number with the older works of the classicists — for instance Beethoven's Overtures — will show us what new departures Wagner inaugurated in the treatment of the grand orchestra. He was a romanticist, but here he already forecast the boldness of the modern school.

34. Wagner's 'Lohengrin — Bridal March.'

This bridal march or chorus is known so well that it has become a real exile from programs. Yet this fact does not destroy its true beauty, which is very great. Moreover, since many people have never learned the real situation nor the original 'vocal' setting in the opera, our mood-story will clothe the music with quite a new character and interest. The story is an exact description, both in action and text, of the operatic staging, except part of the conclusion.

The piece is full of good cheer and well-wishing. Addison's expression, "Friendship improves happiness," seems to voice the keynote of the number very concisely. For from the old King down to the flower-maidens, all are filled with wedding-cheer. And it will again be noted how Wagner is careful to insert in the central body of the chorus, while the women lead Elsa around, that "sweet and tender music," which contrasts so delightfully with the rest of the piece.

35. Wagner's 'Lohengrin — Narrative.'

This is the climax of the opera. The mood-story explains the situation in detail. "Lost all the rest," is the keynote to the general mood. For Elsa, rather than be satisfied with possessing Lohengrin as her husband without knowing his name and origin, chose to bring the threatened evil consequences upon herself. It is a warning lesson against that native curiosity in humanity which will have no rest till it 'knows,' even at the expense of one's happiness and dearest possessions.

It is to be remarked that Wagner was not only a great composer but also a great poet; hence he freely used poetic situations and materials whenever they suited his purpose. A swan for instance, as a means of transportation, certainly requires much poetic appreciation in order not to be considered trivial and even ridiculous. The same may be said of much of the legendary lore concerning the knights of the Holy Grail. But poetry is essentially full of fiction, and always reflects actual truths by means of mere appearances. Hence poetry is a real factor in the fight for truth, and is one of the most powerful aids to the other fine arts, especially music, which is hardly itself anything else but poetry in tone. When Liszt defended Wagner (regarding this very opera) against the latter's critics, he said that 'Lohengrin' was not only a fine piece of music but also a literary work of the highest poetic beauty.

36. Schumann's 'Two Grenadiers.'

"His first, best country." In these words we have the real keynote of this fine song. Though the grenadier's affection for Napoleon seems to pervade the words of Heine's poem, still Napoleon so represents France, that we may say that the grenadier means above all to express his deep love for the land which gave him birth. Schumann himself seems to have interpreted the poem thus, for he uses for the climax the French national anthem — 'The Marseillaise.'

The appreciation of Schumann's music here depends to a great extent on our grasp of Heine's poem. For the latter is full of emotion — a mixture of affection, sadness, enthusiasm, and the most burning patriotism. Hence to sing the song well, or even listen to it well, the words must be thoroughly assimilated and made one's own.

37. Mozart's 'Magic Flute Overture.'

This delightful overture of the immortal Mozart is said to have been composed the night before the first performance of the opera. The 'Magic Flute' is a fantastic piece of stage-setting; and were it not for Mozart's exquisite music we probably should never have heard even its name. The overture embodies the fantastic trend of the opera in a very refined manner, making use of a fugue (see notes for story 16) as its principal vehicle of expression.

The keynote of our story is couched in the words of Bulwer: "Music becomes a sort of spirit." Sound is one of the greatest wonders of nature, and in our present day its exploitation in connection with the electric waves of radio telephony is assuming astonishing proportions. It enables us to communicate in a manner which until now seemed altogether impossible. Our story therefore draws a comparison between the waves of the sea and those of the air, i. e., sound, using the ship as a figure to show the force, whatever it may be, that starts the vibrations moving.

The loud chords in the beginning of the overture and later on — represent the ship, while the delicate fugue pictures the waves. The story is meant only as a help to enter with more ease into the underlying principle of all music — vibration.

38. Meyerbeer's 'Coronation March.'

This march is an excellent study of the beauty of contrast. Grandeur on the one side and tender thought on the other, form a delightful combination. The grandeur is obtained by those pompous melodies and full harmonies with which the march begins, the tender thought by the sweetly flowing melody of the Trio.

"Music is the companion of religion" forms the keynote of our interpretation. The story is authentic, describing the situation as the opera presents it. The last paragraph however is fiction, expressive of the effects which music produces.

Religion does two things; it influences a man with the desire to praise and glorify God as the rightful Lord of all things — whence it makes use of grandeur and pomp in its ceremonies; and then it also moves him to enter into himself and beg by interior prayer the Maker's help — whence it also encourages the sweet, tender thought-life of the soul. Both of these qualities Meyerbeer has reflected not only powerfully but also beautifully in this march. To enter into his music in this manner is to feel oneself lifted higher than the mere noise of earthly amusement.

39. Wagner's 'Prize Song.'

As a composer of opera, Wagner was ridiculed by the critics as an upstart and brought to task especially for casting aside the established forms. This bitterness continued through many years. 'Die Meistersinger' was his final answer; for therein he showed how music in the middle ages was becoming enslaved to form, losing its 'speaking' qualities, and serving rather to please the ear than satisfy the intellect and feed the heart. Applying this fact to modern times, he used it as a mirror to prove the correctness of his own theories. Thus we might say that Walter here represents Wagner himself, the Prize Song his methods, the critical masters his enemies, and Eva the prize of his final recognition.

"Eloquence" is the keynote here, — that eloquence which flows from the tongue like honey from the honeycomb. The melody Wagner has here given us, is, we might say, the very glorification of lyrical sweetness combined with the passion of dramatic expression. As for the rest, the beauty of the piece is too well known to demand further explanation.

The story's details are taken exactly from the operatic sequence. The harp effects play a very important part, their soft and sweet-voiced tones representing the affection of Walter. Notice the beautiful poetry of Wagner's ideas; to appreciate the melody it is indeed necessary carefully to follow the moods of these ideas, as they occur in the story. For this reason we have given them exactly, merely changing Wagner's poetic dress of lines into prose. (See story 201.)

40. Dvorak's 'Humoresque.'

Beecher's inventive expressions — "a whispering violet" and "a murmuring honeysuckle," form the keynote of our interpretation here. Dvorak's music is so beautiful and at the same time so delicately fashioned that hardly a better figure than flowers could be found to convey the inner character of his mood. Our story is only a suggestion to aid in appreciating the beauty of the strains, and to point out the atmosphere which is necessary for rendering the little gem well.

Delicacy and loving tenderness are therefore the two qualities which must above all stand forth in the rendition of the piece. These two moods are expressed in our story by the two ideas — the violets and the pinks, which agree with the two principal themes. The third or middle theme (in minor) is expressed by the figure of the daisy; it breathes the mood of meditative strength.

41. Schubert's 'Erlkoenig.'

Our story of this famous song, which Schubert took from the great poet Goethe, gives the eventual effect of the episode described — namely death. The child has become so wrapped up in the excessive reading of fairy-tales that the dark forest makes him think he actually sees and hears the king of the fairies — the 'Erl-king.' This imaginative

force so obtains the ascendancy that he dies of sheer fright before his father can reach the home dwelling. The whole conception belongs to the realm of the preternatural; and Schubert's music is a real art-song, following the words according to the mood-changes very skillfully. Even the horse's galloping can be distinctly heard in the accompaniment.

Our keynote — "be still prepared for death" — must be understood as referring to the deeper signification of the poem. For life is full of hallucinations that, despite all the advice and exhortation of those who are acquainted with the truth of things, still succeed in bringing many a one to an untimely end, be it spiritually or bodily. For while imagination, moderately used, stimulates, instructs, broadens, and makes the soul happier, so on the other hand, if it influences immoderately, or excessively, it brings on nervousness, weakness, unhappiness and at last premature ruin, or death. The poet's meaning is therefore: As this little child was killed by an excess of imagination, so are many men ruined by their own undisciplined mental creations. Moderation always brings health and life; excess always sickness and death. (See notes to story 73.)

42. Mozart's 'D-Major Quartet — Andante.'

Music makes use of four stages or steps, as explained in story 207. The present gem of Mozart furnishes one of the most perfect examples of the first — *thought* — that could be found in all music. There is no excitement of any kind in the strains; they flow along most tranquilly.

The mood described in our story is very necessary for the proper appreciation of this Andante. Emerson's "Thoughts rule the world," is the natural keynote, which scarcely any other expression could supply. This old world is like a person that is a nervous break-down. Such a person can hardly bring himself to sit down quietly for five minutes and tranquilly think about something beautiful and peaceful. He must always be moving. And this his nervousness ever increases, fed by the opportunities he is constantly affording it. What he needs is precisely more tranquil thought.

Very important therefore is the *pleasure* which such music should excite. Sweet, tranquil thought should indeed be a pleasure. If it is, the man's healthy humanity is proved; if it is not, some morbid state of soul is indicated. A man that can think peacefully has his powers under control — he will become influential. His opposite, though active, only beats the air and enjoys no prestige among his fellows, who at the most pity him.

43. Tschaikowsky's 'Troika en Traineaux.'

'Troika en Traineaux' means 'In a Three-horse Sleigh.' Our keynote — "happiest conversation," expresses Tschaikowsky's mood very concisely. No one ever associates a sleigh-ride with anything but the most jovial feelings and ideas. Our mood-story is purely fanciful, only the starting-point, namely the three-horse sleigh, furnishing any authentic hint of the composer. The story therefore follows the music in general, but not in detail.

Notice especially in this story the power of the personal element. In old Peter, who, we may easily suppose, lives his life sleigh-riding, we see a very clear reflection of the mood. He is no gruff, emotionless, unsympathetic fellow, but is full of humor, human feeling, and real joy. When Tschaikowsky wrote this piece, he happily avoided his usual melancholy and produced a beautiful work full of human brightness and sunlight.

The theme heard in the beginning is built on the five-note scale — it can be played on the black keys of the piano. It is a curious duplicate of Beethoven's theme in the 'Leonore Overture No. 3,' slightly changed in accent and effect.

44. Wagner's 'Spinning Song from The Flying Dutchman.'

Carlyle's renowned saying about 'singing at one's work' offers us a very appropriate keynote here. The whole conception of Wagner is founded on this idea. The two features of peaceful labor and lyric joy prevail. The former is noticeable especially in the steady hum of the spinning-wheels, as imitated in the accompaniment; the latter in the blithe melodies of the singing voices.

Labor is sweetened by pleasure. The experiment has been made in large manufacturing plants, of furnishing instrumental musical numbers during working hours. Undoubtedly a pleased man will do better work than a displeased man; and since music can please without requiring special attention of the listener's mental powers, its services ought to be found valuable in this field. Good music has a certain elevating influence that, while it renders the soul more noble, also moves it to greater effort. Why not utilize our modern inventions for elevating influences?

45. Nevin's 'Narcissus.'

Our mood-story is so written as to show the beautiful and logical development of Nevin's music. But it must not be thought that the ideas we suggest are to be found directly in the strains. They might be found just as well in other compositions. However, they serve to illustrate better the principal idea, namely that of Narcissus. Our story, as regards this boy and the flower that bears his name, is authentic, and is derived from the ancient mythological sources.

Plato's expression therefore — "excessive self-love" — is the keynote rather to the story than to the piece itself. The reason of Narcissus' self-love was his own beauty, and this beauty is what Nevin principally describes.

It must not be forgotten that the melody should be brought out with great feeling and as much beauty of interpretation as possible. For the melody is really what made the piece so successful.

46. Chabrier's 'Espana Rhapsodie.'

This is one of the most bizarre among the better known masterpieces of the modern school. Chabrier was a gay Frenchman who de-

lighted in strange effects; in this 'Rhapsodie' is had the acme of his power.

Our mood-story is drawn from the writings of travellers who describe Spanish life from actual observation. The different Spanish ideas: orange-groves — tambourines — red roses — bright-colored shawls — jet-black locks — merrymakers — toreadors — singing girls — guitars — castanets, are the mood-words which reflect the coloring of Chabrier's music. All these ideas are full of cheer and joyfulness. The keynote is therefore found in the concluding words of Child's text: "The presence of cheerful people."

To enjoy this number thoroughly, the imagination must by all means be utilized. For we must place ourselves in sunny Spain — nowhere else; and at the time when there is a holiday there. Under these conditions Chabrier's strains will paint a picture for us which we could hardly find duplicated anywhere else in music!

47. Rossini's 'Barber of Seville — Factotum.'

Only Rossini was capable of creating such a brilliant picture of human life as this boasting Figaro, just as Shakespeare alone was capable of putting the mirror to humor with his wonderful Falstaff. Figaro is the very incarnation of jollity and the exuberance of self-importance. Self-importance, if it aims at tyrannizing over others, disgusts and offends; but if it is merely a puerile exhibit of one's self-esteem, it simply amuses. Indeed, it is often assumed, without any interior reality, just for the sake of entertaining others. Much of Figaro's bombastic nonsense is precisely of this latter character. Pope's pleasant conceit about a little "nonsense" being relished occasionally by even the wisest among us, forms a perfect keynote here.

48. Berlioz's 'Carnival Romain Overture.'

Our mood-story is founded on the word of the title, 'Carnival.' The introduction of the foolish clowns, etc., grows out of this idea. The pleasure of amusement is the principal mood of the composition, expressed by Dryden's quaint idea of the insignificant straw forming an "instrument of happiness."

We often do things for charity's sake, which otherwise would never interest us. And thus if amusement serves to make anyone happier, we willingly make ourselves fools for the sake of gaining this end. For instance, what foolish things do not mothers and fathers do, to please their wee darlings! Without hesitation they make the most ridiculous gestures, faces, and sounds, because they see how happy it makes the little heart of their babe.

Thus clowns are not a mere dead-weight in life, but serve a special and profitable purpose. Often they are very serious in themselves, (we have interpreted the slow movement of this overture according to this truth), and perhaps they need sunshine more than the very ones whom they so cause to laugh and giggle.

In the original orchestral version of this overture the slow melody is played by the English Horn; this instrument is really not a horn, but is only called so; it is the alto of the oboe.

49. Grainger's 'Molly on the Shore.'

The composer arranged this composition from two jig themes which he gathered from the old folk-melodies of Ireland. Our story endeavors to present a short description of the manner in which an Irish jig is rendered, thus showing how the composer's music is to be understood.

The mood is therefore that of the jig, which is the very essence of joy and gayety, no sadness or depth of feeling intruding into its bright circle for a moment. Hunt's quotation gives the spirit of this as well as of any other jig in a remarkably faithful manner. The 'leaves' are a picture of the light notes and figures of the music; the 'oak' of the Irish heart. Scarcely any nationality is more determined in its seriousness and strength of purpose than the Irish, yet at the same time hardly any other is so full of wit and humor. The Irish hold to their traditions with a strength that is nothing short of wonderful; yet they infuse the spice of life — humor and lightness of soul — into whatsoever atmosphere of society they enter.

50. Coleridge-Taylor's 'Onaway — Hiawatha.'

This fine song is taken from Coleridge-Taylor's masterpiece — his setting of portions of Longfellow's "Hiawatha." The music is not Indian, that is, founded on Indian melodies, but only reflects the intense 'heart-character' of Indian poetry. We have therefore used Byron's expression, "No instinct like that of the heart," as our keynote.

The quoted words of our story are all taken from Longfellow's text, and the sequence is therefore strictly authentic, except for the remarks made by the Indians in the second paragraph.

It is a remarkable fact that it took a negro — Coleridge-Taylor's father was a South-African — to interpret the Indian's true heart-music!

51. Winner's 'Listen to the Mocking-Bird.'

There is something very sweet and pathetic about this dear old song. The melody contains no little amount of that emotion and interior heart-character which stamps a song as a genuine folk-creation. The song is typically American, inasmuch as the mocking-bird is familiar to all of us as one of our most common American birds. Fancy could find the true American vein in the bird's very singing, which consists in the notes and calls of all species of birds, just as America is made up of all kinds of nationalities!

Our mood-story seeks to show the real mood of the poem, upon which the music principally rests. The facts of the story are only fiction, meant to give the song its proper mood-setting. The keynote is most excellently couched in Landon's three expressions—"buried hopes," "garnered memories," and "tender feelings."

Notice the pleasant description or rather suggestion of the mocking-

bird's nervous warbling in the opening phrase of the chorus: "Listen to the mocking-bird, listen to the mocking-bird."

52. Rachmaninoff's 'Prelude in C-Sharp Minor.'

Our mood-story to this well-known concert piece is built upon the report, that the composer wrote the opening theme, which means as much as, "I must go," on the wall of a prison cell. Our idea developed itself thus: "What must go?" "Slavery, captivity, exterior as well as interior, visible as well as invisible."

Nothing is stronger than the human will. Even divine grace, without the cooperation of this will, can do nothing for man; because the Creator made that will completely free and He will not retract His grant. But He also made that will exceedingly strong, so that when it is aroused to action by necessity or the prospect of gain, nothing can withstand its overpowering strength. In the world of evil this strength takes on the form of resistance, interiorly as to sin and ignorance, exteriorly as to tyranny and like abuses. This is the same resistance that made our American republic, or fashioned all the great and strong individual characters in the history of the world.

Emerson's excellent quotation furnishes the keynote to our story — "We gain the strength of the temptation we resist." This resistance is powerfully reflected in the counterwork between the Prelude's melodic element and the harmony. It is this indomitable spirit of resistance perhaps, which gives the piece its remarkable power; without it the strains are necessarily weakened. Hence performers should be lavish of their strength in interpreting it.

Our mood-story really ends with the first paragraph, the six mystic chords at the end of the piece agreeing with the expression: "The dying groans of the conquered beast."

53. Beethoven's 'Egmont Overture.'

Beethoven wrote this powerful overture for Goethe's drama, 'Egmont.' The aim of the drama is the defense of human rights and liberties; and we have followed up this idea in our mood-story by reflection, using the related figure of resistance to a storm. Thus our story, while it generalizes Beethoven's purpose, — does not change it.

The keynote is had in Epicure's words: "Storms and tempests." The action of the musical sequence is threefold: first, the slow portion — the lull before the storm; secondly, the fast portion — the storm itself; thirdly, the very fast portion — the triumph of nature over the storm. Beethoven himself called this last portion, "The Symphony of Victory."

54. Glinka-Auer's 'Lark.'

"More mysterious than poetry." In these words we have a clever keynote to unlock the present composition. Poetry uses words to reach emotions, and we must use the intellect first before we can fathom the very words of a poem, not to speak of the emotions hidden underneath them. But in music we reach the emotions as soon as we have

heard the strains, whether we understand them or not. Poetry is often mysterious enough; and with all our thinking and imagining, we find ourselves still in doubt. But music is mystery itself; it fills us with suddenly overpowering feelings, but without pointing to their causes or hinting at their effects. All this it leaves for our own soul to work out according to our talent and insight. The science of music appreciation is indeed in its infancy.

In our mood-story we have endeavored to show how to proceed when listening to music. The first idea is to be taken, if possible, from the title of the piece. Then we may proceed to build. First we must view the foundation thus obtained and turn it over as it were on all sides; then we must use these objective results and on them in turn raise a superstructure of subjective emotions. Thus, in our story, all the ideas come from the lark and refer back to the lark, that is, not to the lark simply in itself, but to the 'atmosphere' of the lark.

55. Massenet's 'Angelus.'

"Fond belief." In these two expressive words of Freeman E. Miller we have the keynote to Massenet's mood. The 'Angelus' is a prayer, nothing else. It is therefore a sign of interior 'belief' in divine revelations. And this belief is a 'fond' one, that is, a pleasing and loving emotion of the heart; for there is nothing more comforting to the miseries of the human breast than the privilege it has of lifting itself at any moment to its Creator and His heavenly environments.

Our mood-story was fashioned with Millet's renowned picture in mind. This picture reflects the natural evening atmosphere very forcibly; but it also impresses the supernatural mood of prayer in a manner that has captivated the whole world. If one wants really to enjoy Massenet's music, he must look at Millet's picture during the strains. When the ear is helped by the eye, it succeeds much more in unravelling music's messages. We have endeavored to show this principle at some length in the extended lecture, comprising stories 207 to 218, where we have utilized the moving picture invention as an imaginary vehicle.

Moreover, if this eye and ear work is reserved here for the dim and quiet evening hours, a very satisfactory and artistic result will be forthcoming. Above all, remember that this is a very poetic number.

56. Abt's 'When the Swallows Homeward Fly.'

This old favorite possesses much more depth of real poetic feeling than is often imagined. For many know it only as far as the first sentence: — they are satisfied to hear that the swallows have so graciously and sentimentally performed their duty of flying 'homeward,' and further they do not search. If such will only take the trouble to read the words of the song attentively — we give them entire in our story — they will begin to think much more of this beautiful masterpiece.

"That realm which is the real and endless home of the heart."

This is the keynote; without it the song can not be understood truly nor enjoyed thoroughly. The 'swallows' are only a suggestion; the "endless home of the heart" is the reality. As for the rest, our mood-story simply offers a fanciful setting for the ideas of the song, in order thus to impress them more easily.

57. Mozart's 'Figaro Overture.'

Our story is pure fantasy and aims only at delineating a picture that may correspond somewhat with the light and tripping strains of Mozart. As the little squirrels are more agile than any other of the woodland animals, they may adequately present to our mind a visible picture of Mozart's excelling talent in writing agile strains. No classicist, no romanticist, no modernist, has ever taken the palm from him in this department of facile melody and lightness of musical form, just as the little squirrel remains the prince of arboreal acrobats.

Beecher's quotation here is quite as fantastic as our story, and endeavors to give poetic expression to that delightful mixture of sound which nature daily breathes through the woodland bowers and deep haunts of the forest. The keynote, "full of curious carvings," is a verbal replica of Mozart's delightful tone-utterances.

We may experiment here, if we wish, supposing our mind the woods, our ideas of life the murmuring trees, and our flitting thoughts the restless little squirrels. We might thus weave for ourselves a real "Midsummer Day's Dream," as full of pleasant vagaries and harmless fun as Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream." (See stories 179—184.)

58. Schumann's 'At the Fountain.'

Description in music is capable of wonderful effects — effects not only upon the senses, but upon the soul. For as, in accordance with the saying of St. Paul, "the invisible things of him (God) . . . . are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made" (Rom. 1), so the soul is able to receive ennobling ideas through the senses. Nor is it necessary that the manner of this perception be present to the consciousness of the individual. We often have ennobling feelings without realizing the deep thoughts which lie at the bottom of our experiences. Thus music, like the other fine arts, teaches silently, though efficiently, and is one of the greatest factors for the uplift of mankind that earth can afford. The keynote to our story is, "fair, articulate forms."

59. Mendelssohn's 'Italian Sym. — Con Moto Moderato.'

"Refine our nature" is the keynote here. This — the third movement of the Italian Symphony — is really a Scherzo; it is said to have been inserted by the composer into this symphony from another work; however that may be, the truth is, it is not at all out of place, — in fact, it fits in very well.

Such music is widely suggestive; and our mood-story is carried out on these lines. The ideas we have gathered together are intended to give the principal 'impressions' that Italian travellers carry away with them;

and undoubtedly this is what Mendelssohn meant by calling this symphonic music 'Italian.' It was written after his sojourn in Italy in the year 1830.

The mood is one of joy, happiness, interior content, and refinement; hence it is of a subjective cast, only the impressions of the things, as has been said, not the things themselves, coming into prominence. This is also the opinion of Ambros, who says that Mendelssohn wrote here rather in a subjective vein than in an objective one. This brings us back once more to the old rock-bottom principle — that music is primarily to be enjoyed and felt, and only secondarily to be understood and dissected.

60. Mendelssohn's 'Italian Sym. — Andante Con Moto.'

This is the second movement of the Italian Symphony. The idea of our story is taken from Ambros, who says that the movement is generally known as the 'Pilgrims' March.' The keynote from Fenelon is also related to this idea. "True piety . . . is simple, free, and attractive."

As symphonic music is generally absolute, that is, having no set program in detail, it is not easy to explain its special moods; however, the pregnancy of its suggestive poetry enables us to draw many beauties from its otherwise seeming indistinctness. In our story we have striven to help the music-lover in this appreciative work.

It is alarming that our audiences are not more inclined to appreciate the more exquisite things of the tonal art. Symphonic numbers with drastic effects and bold instrumentation are well liked and find their place on almost every program. How often for instance are not Tschaikowsky's works — with all their depressing melancholy and barbaric splendor — performed! That the finer and more elevating works of classic simplicity are rarely performed is not the fault of the music, but of ourselves; we are too restless to think peacefully! Art flies from uncontrolled spirits.

61. Schubert's 'Hark, Hark, the Lark.'

The facts with which our story begins are said to be true. Shakespeare wrote only one stanza for this song; afterwards a German poet named Reil added a second. However, one can immediately see a great inferiority to Shakespeare in his lines. Shakespeare would never have gone back to the idea of the stars, after already reaching daylight!

The great dramatist's poetic figures here are worthy of special mention; for they are very beautiful. For instance: lark — heav'n's gate — Phoebus — steeds (sunbeams) — springs (dew) — chalic'd flowers — winking Marybuds — golden eyes.

The keynote of the music is contained in Milton's very fine expression, "the breath of morn." As for the rest, our story is written in such a manner that it explains the music as it goes along. We will only add that the song is what is termed an 'art-song,' that is, the moods of the poem are purposely described in the strains.

62. Bruch's 'Ancient Hebrew Chant — Kol Nidre.'

"The mighty hopes." In this short expression we have the keynote to this solemn and soulful chant of ancient Hebrew origin. The "great musician" is Max Bruch, the eminent German composer, who arranged this chant for violin. The mood-story is worked out on the basis furnished by this arrangement, the moods being derived from the character of the musical strains rather than from the words of the original chant, which are a sort of prayer for forgiveness.

In this arrangement by Bruch the musician possesses one of the most emotional of all violin solos, and it must therefore be played with more attention to the feeling than to the mere technique.

The piece in general reminds us of those eloquent words of the prophet-poet Isaias, when, in the person of God Himself, he thus proclaimed to the whole Hebrew nation: "Can a woman forget her infant, so as not to have pity on the son of her womb? and if she should forget, yet will not I forget thee." (Chap. 49) Sadness and hope — these are the heritages of the human heart.

63. Beethoven-Auer's 'Chorus of Dervishes.'

The text of Greville which is here used may seem a little puzzling. We understand it thus: The mere ability to appreciate a beautiful strain requires nothing more than a 'good ear'; but to see the beauty of *meaning* in a strain requires 'taste.' To appreciate a delightful strain is simply to 'enjoy' a pleasure; to see the deeper meaning of a strain is to 'comprehend' some truth musically presented.

The keynote is therefore, "a taste for music." For without seeing the artistic side of this selection, that is, its 'built-up' side, as we may call it, there will be found little appeal in its strains. Imagination must supply for the actual scene which is supposed to take place. For Beethoven wrote this as incidental music for such a stage-setting in the drama called, "The Ruins of Athens."

64. Donizetti's 'Lucia — Sextet.'

Bacon's text refers to the literary foundation of this fine six-part vocal selection. The novel of Sir Walter Scott, "The Bride of Lammermoor," furnished Donizetti with his libretto. Lucy is the bride, and the tragedy comes to a head in this exciting scene. The keynote is therefore, "procuring to know more." For by the neglect of this rule of prudence Lucy sealed her sad fate.

In this music the moods are not brought out by specially descriptive passages, but only hinted at in the general effect. The sheer beauty of the strains holds the listener; he may know nothing of the situation and still be highly pleased. In this regard some of the older masterpieces of opera possess much more 'musical' worth than many of their most modern and pretentiously 'deep' competitors! The trend of modern music toward meaning is good, but it must not go too far and stubbornly remain in the field of mere dramatic expression. The terms 'music' and 'beauty' ought to be in a sense synonymous.

65. Donizetti's 'Lucia — Mad Scene.'

The keynote here is a cruelly sad one:— "A woman's lot." And the music certainly expresses this cruelty of self-inflicted grief, — not so much by any description of itself but by that of its effects. For Lucy's glorious warblings and enthusiastic heavings are here only mockeries, — being the utterances of a maddened brain that no longer sees the true situation, crazed as it is into congratulating itself on its own lost treasure!

66. Grieg's 'Peer Gynt — Morning.'

"The morning hour." This is the simple keynote to this modern tone-poem. Grieg, at the instance of Ibsen himself, author of the drama of 'Peer Gynt,' wrote the incidental music for its performance. He afterwards formed from the different numbers two suites, the first of which comprises this and the following three selections.

Peer Gynt is a picture of human nature, — ambitious, adventurous, emotional, foolish, and at last shamed into wisdom. In this first number of the suite we have ambition portrayed by a natural figure — the morning. In the next number (67) we have adventure; in the next (68) emotion; lastly (69) we have folly and the teaching of experience.

It will greatly increase the appreciation of Grieg's music here (in No. 66) if the story is carefully compared with the strains as they are played. For we have endeavored to show how the orchestral tone-coloring suggests nature's coloring.

67. Grieg's 'Peer Gynt — In the Hall of a Mountain King.'

"Too curious." In this keynote is had the adventurous spirit proper to this number of the Peer Gynt suite. The idea of Ibsen is culled from the preternatural, — the folk-lore of Norway. In other countries the trolls are called dwarfs.

In this adventure of the young Peer may be seen the deeper truth of human nature, — namely that adventurous spirit of the mind which we call 'building castles in the air.' Grieg's strains carry out this idea very adequately; for just as his music grows faster and more excited till the climax, so do our vain fancies crowd in upon us from every side till we suddenly collapse and awake at last to the reality of life, and "lose no time in making our exit!"

68. Grieg's 'Peer Gynt — Death of Ase.'

"Farewells to the dying." In this pithy expression of Longfellow we have a perfect keynote to this composition. The number is a dirge of unmistakable grief and heavy-heartedness. It drags on like the last moments of the death hour. It rises and sinks again like the pulse, till all is hushed. It ends deep down in the bass, as it were, in the silent and solemn grave.

Here indeed we have a very finely 'mooded' picture of that third phase of humanity — the emotion of the heart. For emotion finds its strongest expression in the idea of death. A man may never shed a

tear, never move a muscle, till he stands at the side of some dear one's death-bed or grave; then grief conquers, the flood-gates burst open!

69. Grieg's 'Peer Gynt — Anitra's Dance.'

In this number we have the fourth phase of humanity mirrored, that is, folly growing into wisdom by experience. Chesterfield's expression — "the rounds of pleasure," furnishes us with a very suitable keynote. The dance of Anitra is a picture of the world's decoying promises. It is indeed delightfully written and pleasant to hear, just as the apple which the serpent offered to Eve, and which Eve in turn offered to her husband, was 'delightful to behold.'

Our story follows the trend of Ibsen's thought. The mood, as laid down in the successive ideas, is only reflective, that is, it contains much which is only a secondary conclusion of the real center of the music. Hence the story must not be read simultaneously with the hearing of the dance, but beforehand, to place one in the true situation. For Grieg's music here aims above all at showing the beauty of the musical strains. His intention is therefore not description, as in No. 67, but pure and simple beauty. And so must his strains be listened to.

70. Weber's 'Invitation to the Waltz.'

Our interpretation of this well-known concert piece is not that of the composer, but only a fanciful one aimed at giving a pleasant and humorous explanation of the orchestral version. Weber's own interpretation was a sober and natural one — i. e., the gentleman inviting the lady, her acceptance, etc. He wrote the piece for piano, and it was not orchestrated till Berlioz, the great French master of the orchestral idiom, arranged it for that combination.

The wise saying of Michael Angelo, "trifles make perfection," serves as the keynote here. For it is remarkable what beautiful effects Weber obtains by such simple little melodies, and after him the orchestral arranger by such seemingly trifling instrumental novelties — as for instance that where the bassoon plays its interesting solo.

The ideas in the mood-story follow the changes in the music exactly, and may be read simultaneously with the hearing of the strains. In playing the piece on the piano, or in rendering it by means of any other instrument or combination of instruments, its delicacy must by all means be kept before the mind and the greatest effort be made to bring out the simple melodies with the finest possible finish. "Perfection itself is no trifle." These words are very, very true!

71. Liszt's 'Die Lorelei — The Lorely.'

There are two musical settings of Heine's renowned poem — Liszt's and Silcher's. Liszt's, our present number, is an art-song, the moods of the words being followed very carefully in both melody and accompaniment. Silcher's on the contrary is in the form of a simple folk-song, the same melody being repeated for each verse.

The keynote is, "Women's playthings," explained in the course of

the story. The singer must make a thorough study of the tragic and symbolic character of the poem before essaying to sing Liszt's fine interpretation. The emotional details of the various parts are hinted at in the story, — sadness, nervous fear, tranquillity, brightness, decoying song, excitement, intense sadness.

Liszt's descriptive effects in this song are something indeed admirable and worthy of any art-lover's closest study. The song is heard to best advantage in the original German. Our mood-story offers a prose translation of the ideas.

72. Verdi's 'Anvil Chorus — Il Trovatore.'

The keynote is, 'the enjoyment of our work.' The scene which Verdi has here made so brilliant by his beautiful strains occurs in the opera 'Il Trovatore,' and our story describes the situation literally. Whether the number be sung in the original or rendered instrumentally, it must be carefully 'mooded' according to the principal emotional element employed — morning activity — morning representing *joy*, activity *work*.

73. Weber's 'Oberon Overture.'

Disraeli's expression about 'amusement serving as a study' is a capital keynote for the proper appreciation of Weber's fanciful strains. Amusement is one of music's principal fields; and this amusement, looked at in the right way, does not make a man worse, but better; because it entertains him usefully. There are indeed educators to-day who hold that fairy-tales and such like lore, are injurious, especially to children. Practically everything in this world becomes injurious by excess, whereas moderation means utility. No one believes in the fairies; they are presented only as imaginary folk, whose preternatural delicacy and amusing ways furnish a pleasant relaxation from the intense and often scandalizing consideration of the natural. We see no real wickedness in the fairies, as we do in men; in this regard their acquaintance is almost elevating. Besides, they usually leave us with pleasant and joyful memories.

Our mood-story takes its ideas directly from the material of the opera for which this overture was written. Oberon is the king of the fairies. The details however of the story are only suggestive, built up on the chief idea, and aimed at enabling the hearer to enjoy the original mood-atmosphere of the music, as Weber conceived it.

74. Chopin's 'F-Sharp Major Nocturne.'

"The two can not be separated." We have chosen this principle as our keynote here, on the musical law of contrast, as well as on the natural one of daily life's necessary balance. Chopin's music contains the two laws or principles without doubt; our interpretation of course is authentic only in as far as the chief night-atmosphere is concerned — 'Nocturne' means 'a night song' — the details being purely suggestive.

Chopin was the prince of pianoforte composers. Even in his in-

tricate passages, above the flow of harmony can ever be heard the melody, unbroken, unhindered, still pursuing its course, even as the sparkling brooklet amid the maze of rocks, ferns, leaves, and moss that strew its passage. It will moreover be noticed that the melody throughout the piece is very flowery; that is, that it makes use of all sorts of intervals, time-values, trills, grace-notes, embellishments, etc. This was Chopin's style, as natural in his hands as a great actor's manner of speaking. Especially wonderful are his embellishments, those indescribable bits of lace-work inserted here and there, captivating us with their beauty, and filling their places with all the modesty of the humble snowflakes in a winter gale.

Worthy of particular notice here is the power of that half-tone repeated so often in the first part, referred to in the story at the end of the second paragraph. This persistent repetition of the half-tone has something in it that speaks of both the energy and poetry in man, of the former by reason of its heavy accent, of the latter by reason of the interval's tender appeal, the half-tone always possessing much poetry.

The pianist must above all keep the poetry, or interpretation, of this composition in mind, when playing it; the mere technique and rhythm are only secondary.

75. Gruber's 'Stille Nacht.'

"The perfect representation of God." These beautiful words give us the best keynote possible to this most beautiful of Christmas songs. For in Gruber's prayerful strains we have a clear reflection of God's beautiful attributes. They show Him as the heavenly Lover of our souls, the sweet Physician of our ills, the undying Friend of our weak and wayward hearts. They give Him a voice of tender charity, an eye of benign mercy, a hand full of unlimited blessings. They bring Him down to us, whether we will or no, and they lift us up to Him, despite all our weight of sin and misery. In one word, they join humanity and divinity, the Creator and the creature, heaven and earth, time and eternity. It is only in this manner that we can truly enter into the wonderful atmosphere of this masterpiece of song-writing. To the irreligious it is a closed paradise! Did not Christ Himself answer St. Philip the Apostle in this manner, when the latter, speaking thus "Lord, show us the Father, and it is enough for us," received the reply: "Philip, he that seeth me seeth the Father also"? (S. John, 14)

76. Gottschalk's 'Last Hope.'

The beginning of our story is according to the alleged facts, the young pianist being Gottschalk himself, who in his day was one of the world's greatest concert pianists. He was born in New Orleans, Louisiana.

The idea conveyed by the piece, i. e., 'The Last Hope,' as our story interprets it, is well reflected in Addison's keynote: 'Music wings the soul with sublime desires.'

The pianist, in order to bring out the true beauty of the piece, should study its atmosphere well, and remember that the flowing melody is the real heart of the whole idea; it should be very 'legato.' The embellishments in the upper treble should be handled with the most poetic delicacy, and not treated as a mere vehicle of technical brilliancy. It is said that Gottschalk himself was most clever in his rendering of these (with him original) treble embellishments.

77. Rubinstein's 'Kamennoi.'

South's expression, 'Truth makes the face shine,' is our keynote here. Just as a portrait-painter catches the true qualities of the soul in the lineaments of the face, so does Rubinstein here grasp the emotional interior by means of this auricular picture.

The details of our story are not Rubinstein's. All that is known is that he did intend to paint the lady's portrait in this composition. It was a daring innovation in his day. But he was careful to preserve beauty above all; so that the ear is pleased with the strains, even though the mind may be ignorant of the deeper meaning.

To render the piece properly, much *feeling* should be brought into play, especially in the melodies. Emotion is king when it comes to interpreting the modern masterpieces of suggestive description!

78. Poldini's 'Waltzing Doll.'

Trifles are often used in music to obtain the most delicate and novel effects. Thus in this fanciful little piece the composer has utilized a very imaginative subject — a dancing doll — as the source of his inspiration. Of course there is some reality present, as a doll in a puppet show is the real idea aimed at.

Our mood-story is worked out with the idea in mind suggested by Bulwer's quotation. The keynote is therefore, "He who esteems trifles for the advantage to which they can be put, is a philosopher." To mix utility with pleasure is always profitable. The story itself is only a fanciful fiction, nothing but the idea of the dancing doll being derived from the composer.

The piece requires very delicate and refined handling. Lightness and agility should mark the whole rendition. Humor should also come in here and there for a slight share of the expression.

79. Herbert's 'American Fantasie.'

Victor Herbert has in this fine arrangement of the principal American patriotic airs done a distinct service to his country. Because he has thus enlisted music's best powers — he made the piece for grand orchestra — in the cause of the love of country.

Gladstone's expression, 'a man's feelings concerning his country,' offers a pointed keynote to the proper appreciation of the composer's work. For it is only the breast that *feels* these grand old songs that really and fully enjoys the sound of their strains.

Our story is so constructed that the words of the songs may be

hummed along or even sung while the music is played; since they agree with the music. In this way a person may feel the moods not only objectively but also subjectively, that is, most intimately and personally. Patriotism is not only a national virtue, but also a private one.

80. Chaminade's 'Les Sylvains' (The Fauns).

"Fiction." Here we again draw our keynote from the realm of pure imagination. Mythology often furnishes the composers with highly interesting themes, which do not affect anyone to his detriment, for no one believes in those old myths. Such themes simply offer food for pleasant variety and profitable comparison.

81. Dukas' 'L'Apprenti Sorcier' (The Sorcerer's Apprentice).

This is one of the very modern French works. It is built on an old tale, a famous version of which may be found among Goethe's poems. Through the care of Theodore Thomas this Scherzo was played in America (Chicago, 1899), scarcely a year and a half after its Paris *premier*.

The strains are descriptive, delightfully tinged with humor and novelty, and permeated by a certain nervousness which impresses well the excitement caused by the forgetting of the second formula. The keynote is, "Troubles spring from idleness."

82. Smetana's 'Bohemian Fantasie' (Aus der Heimat).

Smetana was one of the pioneers of 'nationality' in music. His compositions partake very extensively of this characteristic, his own country of course enjoying the bulk of his preference. Those who are unacquainted with the term 'nationality' may not know just what we are talking about. To be brief, a composer is said to instil nationality into his music when he makes use of already well-known folk-melodies as his melodic basis.

The phrase — "No place like home" forms the keynote here. The original title of the piece means, "From the Homeland." Our story is therefore constructed from this idea, and gives the impressions which the music would have on a real Bohemian; for we, not being Bohemians, could scarcely be expected to enter into the mood of Bohemian strains fully. The most we can do is to sympathize with those who can; just as the most they can do, when there is question of our own national melodies, is to sympathize with us. St. Paul's principle of making oneself all to all, must also be carried out in music. To help the listener in this work of the imagination and to move him to sympathize with the Bohemian character of this number is the object of our mood-story.

83. Raff's 'Cavatina.'

The poetic parallel in our story is meant not only to help the listener to appreciate the mood of the music, but also to aid the performer in interpreting the strains. For both need the idea of "endless" flow,

This is the keynote; and this is undoubtedly the character of Raff's music, even though the figure of a river in all probability never even entered his mind.

84. Foster's 'My Old Kentucky Home.'

The "home" atmosphere is necessarily the keynote to this old favorite. Our story is founded on facts. Foster's melodies have something very haunting about them. This melodic 'sticking' quality is indeed something very mysterious. It can be explained only by the natural ability of the human ear as such to detect real beauty and symmetry when it hears it. For a beautiful melody captivates everyone. It may be of interest to give a short analysis of this song, adducing several reasons for the world-wide fame of its beauty.

1. The *form* of the song is very exact, consisting of three phrases of eight measures each. It is the form of the 'folk-song,' known for its simplicity of progression. Thus we see that the foundation of the song is simplicity, something which above everything else makes for widespread popularity.

2. The *rhythm* is perfect, that is, the accents always occur on the first and third beats of every measure; moreover the rhythm of the music is in absolute accord with that of the poem. This unbroken unity between words and music renders the song very easy of execution, so that practically anyone with a musical ear can sing it well. Men derive great pleasure from perfect rhythm, since it is the equivalent of perfect order.

3. The *melody* is one of very simple construction and easy progression, besides uncommon pathos. It has something very poetic in its dreamy cadences, and is excellently fitted to the human voice, avoiding large intervals and difficult phrasing as well as extended compass.

4. The *symmetry*, already pointed out above under 'form,' has its counterpart in the melody itself; for each of the three eight-measure phrases uses the principle of ascent and descent, which lends grace and balance to the whole, and increases both the ease and pleasure of singing the strains.

5. Though the melody itself, by reason of its dreaminess and grace, possesses much *poetic thought* even without the words, yet, combined with the words it increases this characteristic still more. Foster, while his verses are not classics in the sense of refinement, nevertheless gave them a touch of true poetry by utilizing ideas charged with deep sentiment. Thus, take note of the poetic sentiment in the expressions: "Sun shines bright" — "home" — "summer" — "birds make music" — "hard times come knocking" etc. These ideas are as common as the air we breathe, representing things that we meet with continually and universally.

6. Foster was very careful in his choice of names and ideas. Thus the musical name of Kentucky, with its amphibrach balance, immediately points out the *nationality* of the song, as Kentucky, situated right in the center of East, North, South, and West, represents as it were the very heart of America as such. Moreover by his introduction of the negro

element, he has given a very comprehensive phase of the region he is writing about; we must remember, of course, that the song was written previous to the Civil War, when slavery was still allowed. As a result of all this, the mood of the song takes on a twofold character — joy and sorrow. The joy is in the first part of the first verse, the sorrow in the following verses. These two moods represent the two principal movements of the human interior, and their conjunction here helps still more to widen the appreciation of the song. Who is there that does not sometimes feel joy, and again sorrow? This is the pith of Foster's 'Old Kentucky Home.' Need we wonder then that its fame has spread over all the world? Nor is it so surprising that he has been credited with having produced "composed folk-songs" equalling the best of any other country or people.

7. The original *harmony* of the song is of course very simple, as might be expected of a folk-song; and for this very reason, it has an appeal all its own; in fact, the harmony is so natural a conclusion of the melody, that anyone with a true ear can easily supply the harmony for a singer or player.

After considering this analysis, we must come to the conclusion that about the only point of musical value not contained in 'My Old Kentucky Home' is the principle of description; and yet, is not the American pre-Civil-War negro and his love of simple song described admirably? Thus, as far as simplicity and beauty are concerned, Foster's unpretentious masterpiece leaves nothing to be desired. It will live as long as music lives!

85. Sullivan's 'Lost Chord.'

"Heaven" is the keynote to this beautiful song. Sullivan is said to have written it at the bedside of his dying brother, in the dead of night. The climax of the song is on the word "heaven," and all the rest of the composition centers around this point.

There are two important points to watch in rendering the song. First, the melody must be delivered with a certain solemnity of purpose and breadth of expression, so that it holds the interest of the audience till the very last note has died away. Then, careful attention must be given to the accompaniment, which must be made to resemble the full, sustained character of the organ tones as much as possible. Therefore there should be little or no percussion, as this is a feature unknown to the organ. Whence also the rhythm must be very smooth and subdued.

Here indeed we have a remarkable conjunction of poetry and music. First the poet goes to music for her poetic inspiration; then the composer in turn goes to her finished poem for his musical inspiration. Hand in hand, arm in arm, heart in heart, — this is the proper phrasing to express the close union of poetry and music. They are like two lovers that seem unable to leave each other's company.

86. Gluck's 'Orpheus Ballet — Dance of the Spirits.'

Our mood-story presents the mythological facts. The details, however, concerning the emotions of Orpheus and the spirits are given as suggestive

aids to enter the more closely into the principal theme. The great point to bring out is Orpheus' affection; hence an emotional warmth must pervade the onward flow of the melody. "Every absence is an age" forms the keynote of the interpretation, and hints at the impatience of desire which is the natural outcome of this emotional warmth, and which must color the whole rendition like a deep but powerful undercurrent.

87. Liszt's 'Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2.'

The text of Pythagoras is indeed an excellent mirror for reflecting the erratic character of Hungarian music. Contrast is one of the greatest powers of music, as it is of every other art. Without it interest lags, and human attention grows impatient. The reason of this law of contrast in art is the earth itself, which is full of contrasts; but man was made to live his life on the earth; hence without this principle of contrast he feels out of place. All good music makes use of this principle, and Hungarian music has proved so popular precisely because it lays thereon a very special stress.

Our story endeavors to show the many strong contrasts that Liszt's 2nd Rhapsody contains. "Life and death" is the keynote, "death" representing Liszt's own expression — "depressing sadness"; "life" his other — "warlike enthusiasm." (See notes to story 28.)

As for the rest, our story aims only at furnishing some fanciful ideas that may help the ear better to distinguish the many shades of contrast scattered throughout the Rhapsody.

88. Beethoven's 'Coriolan Overture.'

This overture is not suggestive of Shakespeare's 'Coriolanus,' but represents the expression of Beethoven's idea as gathered from Collin's tragedy of the same name. It is not elaborate regarding variety of melodic material, but uses only two contrasted themes, from which everything else develops in a natural and simple fashion.

Our story presents the historic foundation. Beethoven's object was evidently to paint the soul of Coriolanus, not to describe a series of events or objects. The one theme, heard shortly after the beginning, is nervous and full of energy; it portrays the revenge and consequent guilty conscience of Coriolanus. The other theme is sweet and tender; it is easily discernible, and reflects in turn the filial affection of the weather-beaten soldier for his mother and dear ones as well as his nobler nature's ideals. The wrestling between these two forces is what makes Beethoven's Coriolan Overture a masterpiece; if we expect to enjoy the strains we must keep well in mind this 'one-against-the-other' character of the music. Notice how just before the end the second or tender theme is thrown for a moment into the minor — is this perhaps the 'swan-song' of the dying Coriolanus? The key-note is, "affection subdues."

89. Palestrina's 'Populo Meus.'

Palestrina is generally conceded to have been the greatest composer of pure church music. Here he takes his text from the Prophet Micheas' words, sung in Catholic churches on Good Friday, while the people advance to kiss the crucifix.

Palestrina's method rested on two principles: first, the elimination of such treatment of the thematic material as would suggest secular music; secondly, the avoidance of any features that might tend to obscure the meaning of the liturgical text.

He here uses the recitative form; but there is some pure polyphony on "Responde mihi" — "Aegypti" — "Salvatori tuo."

The keynote of the mood is to be found in Brooks' two words: "condescension" and "exaltation." For here Palestrina wishes to express Christ's love for us and our reinstatement through His sacrifice. Solemnity, sadness, deep religious fervor, gratitude, earnestness, and prayer, are all merged into one simple and refined whole.

When listening to this masterpiece, one must think that he is in church. Otherwise the proper atmosphere will be wanting.

90. Elgar's 'Pomp and Circumstance March.'

Since this march was composed expressly for the coronation ceremonies of King Edward VII of England, our story may be said to present an exteriorly authentic interpretation.

Montgomery's "Through every pulse the music stole," provides an excellent keynote, inasmuch as this music, written for an occasion, and therefore inspired by something actual and contemporary, proved an exterior expression of the interior 'pulse' of those immediately concerned. To enter therefore into the strains properly, the hearer must try at least by imagination to place himself in this atmosphere. This is the purpose of our story.

Music runs through life like a strong thread, which, while it is not the principal part of the fabric, still has more to say than many imagine; it not only furnishes much of the relieving beauty, but also helps not a little to keep the cloth from tearing! And undoubtedly this was the Creator's wise intention in making it so important a part of the universe.

91. Franck's 'Panis Angelicus.'

This is one of the most religiously beautiful of the modern masterpieces of song. The technical name of the continual repetition of the melodic phrase is 'imitation.'

The keynote here is Beecher's expression, "the helm." The story explains this character of the composition, the exact Latin words being given, with a literal translation. These words were composed by the eminent theologian, St. Thomas Aquinas. The 'little French village' is only a particular invention for the general fact, and the 'traveller' but a fiction to convey the poetic side of the words and music.

92. Thomas' 'Polonaise from Mignon.'

Our story to this well-known number is based on the opera text, as actually carried out on the stage. However, our presentation of Queen Titania herself and her subjects is only imaginary, and inserted for the sake of interpretation, since the whole piece is sung by one of the characters in the opera, Filina by name, who, elated over the praise which her admirers shower upon her, gives vent to her high-strung feelings by this poetic and fanciful coloratura song.

The keynote may therefore fittingly be taken from the opening words of Pope's quotation: "Music resembles poetry." For here we have beautiful melody, just as in poetry we have pleasing words; marked rhythm, as in poetry regular versification; and brilliant harmony, as in poetry deep and extraordinary thought. All these elements together —melody (language), rhythm (versification), harmony (thought), result here in an uncommon stirring of the emotions; which may thus be summarized: graceful vivacity, gladness, gayety, blitheness, elation, and admiration.

93. Ponchielli's 'Dance of the Hours.'

"Ignorance is the curse of God," forms a very natural keynote to this symbolic masterpiece. The number is one of the most beautiful of the modern orchestral pieces, and holds a place in the front rank of modern descriptive music. The ballet, as interpreted in our story, is authentic, that is, as actually danced and illustrated during the playing of the strains. It occurs between the acts of the opera — 'La Gioconda.' It is built on the principles of allegorical or symbolic poetic thought, and mystic description.

Hence, while the beauty of the music itself is very marked and quite sufficient to hold the listener's attention by its own powers of attraction, still, to be really enjoyed, the meaning is necessary, so that the imagination at least may see what is supposed to be going on while the music proceeds. Our mood-story endeavors in a general way to show this action, as it accords with the music.

The modern composers are greatly to be lauded for thus using music not only to furnish pleasure, but also for impressing some of the most important and practical truths of human existence.

94. Wolf-Ferrari's 'Intermezzo No. 2.'

"If the soul be happily disposed" is the keynote here. For all is spirit and dash, the general mood being activity, with the following particular moods (according to our story's sequence) gracefully interwoven: gayety, variety, humor, tender appeal, and laughter.

Our interpretation is of course only suggestive, and endeavors to place the mind in such a condition that the proper emotions will naturally arise. Such a piece of music, with its broad and sunny sympathy, can be made a powerful antidote against dejection. When a person feels

cast down, he generally thinks only of himself, and if he does think of the rest of the world, it takes on his own morbid coloring by force of subjective reflection. But if he stops to think that he is only a tiny cloud in the midst of a vast sunlit sky, then he more easily forgets his troubles and instead reflects the brightness which he sees, by reason of objective consideration. It is remarkable how slow we are at utilizing really beneficial things, just because they are new! And yet, can this use of music be called new? Did not David's harp-playing soothe the troubled soul of Saul, so that he "was refreshed and better"? (I Kings) This was more than a thousand years before Christ!

95. MacDowell's 'To a Wild Rose.'

MacDowell gave no hint as to the meaning of this piece other than its title. Hence our story is only an outgrowth of the general idea involved, and aims to show the fittingness of MacDowell's choice of title, as well as (in the last two paragraphs) to exhibit the intensely poetic character of the piece.

"The most delicate handling" must be the guiding keynote of the performer here; for unless it is, the listener's ear will be offended in the same manner as his eye would be were it to behold a wild rose treated roughly. The mere notes of this little gem are therefore only half its glory; interpretation is the other — and by far the better — half!

To obtain this delicacy of interpretation, the performer must keep before his mind's eye the atmosphere of the woodland dell, and steep his heart in the surrounding solitude and the exquisite beauty of the rare emotions hidden therein. For it is the native 'atmosphere' of the wild rose which makes the wild rose — it is wild, not cultivated, it grows in the woods, not in a city garden. For this reason our story lays stress on the fact that the little girl could not bring herself to pluck the rose; for that would have made its beauty somewhat artificial, and would have greatly deteriorated its effects. Had she brought the plucked rose to her brother, he would most probably not have been inspired; but it was her narration of the unhampered 'atmospheric' beauty which unlocked his genius.

It must not be thought of course that these are facts which our story gives; they are only fiction.

96. Puccini's 'Madame Butterfly.'

Puccini's opera contrasts a woman's fidelity with a man's ungracious desertion. Affection therefore — feminine affection — plays the important part in the mood delineation. Our story is founded on a Fantasie, constructed from five of the principal airs from the opera, in the following order: "Some day he'll come" — "Waiting-music" — "Indeed, my friend, you're fortunate" — "Duet" — "Oh, kindly heaven!"

"Our affections supply our warmth" — this is the keynote. The music must be made to glow with this quality.

97. German's 'Pastoral Dance from Nell Gwyn.'

This is a piece of incidental music, written for the play called 'Nell Gwyn.' "True contentment" gives us the proper keynote. Pastoral life is known for its even, peaceful flow, and genial surroundings. It is the best figure, we may say, of contentment. More about this will be found in story 209. The rest of Pope's poem may also be referred to.

98. Cherubini's 'Guide Thou my Steps.'

This is an example of the older style of opera, where everything was sacrificed more or less to simple beauty of sound, the mood remaining very general and limited.

Our story takes the facts from the opera itself, 'The Water-Carrier,' and strives to bring out the chief idea of the song — charity. The keynote is therefore Mann's expression, "to relieve distress." For mere well-wishing is easy virtue; actual deeds prove what stuff kindness is made of.

Some modern music-lovers may listen to this beautiful song and say: 'It is altogether out of date; no composer writes so tamely to-day!' However, the *subject* is not out of date. And this subject — benevolence, or charity — could not well be described by elaborate music; it needs a certain reserve and refinement. This is just the trouble with us; we are always too subjective in judging of real masterpieces. We are filled with our own desires and preferences, and immediately criticize everything that does not make an overwhelming impression on us. No one ever becomes a real appreciator of artistic beauty in this manner. Subjectivity always makes us narrow and hinders the progress of our judgment. When therefore we listen to this song, we must remember well that we are listening to Cherubini, not to Wagner; we are attending to one of the classic idealists, not to any of our modern realists. A mere "I do not like it" never lowers the beauty of any piece of music, though it often shows a want of sympathy in the one who utters it.

99. Mascagni's 'Intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana.'

Beethoven's saying that music is the 'mediator' between the visible and the invisible furnishes a very appropriate keynote for the proper understanding of our story. There is a wonderful coordination of principles in the fine arts. A poem, a picture, or a song, — each must follow practically the same laws, though each in a different way. For instance, take contrast. The poet makes the first verse of his poem brilliant, the second subdued, the third very brilliant. The painter does the same with his paintings; the composer with his compositions. Or again, take dynamics. The poet gives as it were shades of color to his emotions, some being moderate, others strong, some again very vehement. The painter has in his picture a dim horizon, a fairly clear background, but a sharp foreground. The composer sometimes makes his music so soft and gentle that it can hardly be heard; again just loud enough to be heard with ease; at other times very loud; and so on with shade on shade of

volume. The same comparison might be extended to many other points.

It is a pity that so few of our people ever make a study of the finer side of life with this broad, coordinated view. The consequence is, that we are to a great extent a nation of ruts and hobbies.

100. Cui's 'Orientale.'

The old classic composers seemed to consider music as rather a means to exhilarate the soul than to excite the more serious emotions in man. Thus Shakespeare makes one of his characters aver: "Preposterous ass! that never read so far as to know the cause why music was ordained! Was it not to refresh the mind of man, after his studies, or his usual pain?"

But the modern composers have almost gone to the other extreme, so that often they might seem to turn Shakespeare's dictum around, and say: "Was not music ordained to deject the mind of man, after his reading and usual pleasures?" Yet sadness itself, strange to say, as long as we ourselves are not the sufferers, and provided it is past, gives us a certain pleasure. Just what causes this pleasure is hard to say. Perhaps it is sympathy.

Our story is a purely fanciful one, designed to form a sort of aid, whereon the mind may lean. A thousand different conditions resembling this could indeed be broached. The music is general; though the coloring is oriental. The quotation is a long one, and gives the "cross" as the keynote as well as the solution of that strange pleasure we derive from sorrow's many emotions.

101. Bizet's 'Aragonaise, from Carmen.'

Bizet's 'Carmen' is Spanish to the core; and in this Aragonaise we have a most brilliant example of the 'Spanish' coloring which he gives his orchestra. The keynote is, "how much we enjoy." For the gypsies, though a roaming race, are still content with their poverty and seem to be happy with their simple lot in life.

102. Beethoven's 'Pastoral Sym. — At the Brook.'

"The harmonious voice of creation." These words are the most fitting keynote that could be found for this beautiful movement of the famous Pastoral Symphony. For here Beethoven takes the various features in nature and so combines them in a musical way, as to impress the mind very forcibly with the object he has in mind. He wished here to describe the atmosphere of a brooklet. His title — "Scene at the Brook" — suggests not only the brook itself but also its surroundings. Hence he uses three distinct features, 'building up' the piece thereupon with great care and measured tact.

These three features consist of (1) the 'slow and graceful triplets,' representing the water; (2) the 'sweet trills and embellishments,' representing the birds; (3) the 'entrancing, flowing melodies,' representing the waving boughs of the trees, etc. This plan of interpretation we have grounded on Grove's scholarly passage in his "Beethoven and his Nine

Symphonies," which runs thus: "The brook forms the background of the scene; but above and through the ceaseless murmur of the figures (scil., of the brook) are heard various *motifs*, none of them directly imitative, but all suggesting the delights of the life of Nature. And beside these Beethoven has managed, with the most extraordinary skill, to fill his score with an atmosphere of sound which conveys the glories of summer, and the busy 'noise of life' swarming on every sense."

A thoroughly tranquil and genial personal mood is required for the proper enjoyment of this masterpiece. It is a fresh and delicate flower that must be handled with the utmost care and refinement. To enter into the depths of such a gem requires not a little familiarity with the science of music appreciation — or rather with the science of natural values; for musical coloring is practically infinite in its shades, and unless we have the ear to 'value' them, they will remain for us a closed book. This is the reason why many people smile at the idea of music 'meaning' something. Unknown languages must always be learned, in order to be read truly; translations are only hazy mirrors. If correctly understood, the masters' works become more than music — they appear rather as *deep and profitable thought accompanied by music.* This is why they never grow stale. Oh! that music-lovers might always keep this ideal before them as their end and aim; they would then gradually see that music is nothing else than nature's own informal and primeval eloquence.

103. Tschaikowsky's 'Marche Slave.'

The modern composers naturally reflect the spirit of the times. Anyone that has acquainted himself with the modern Slav development, will understand our keynote here: "There is a spirit working in the world." The list of Slav nations given in our story is taken from an authoritative table published in one of the numbers of the Geographic Magazine.

The introductory part of our story intends only to suggest how Tschaikowsky was probably affected before he began to write this march. The second and third paragraphs are fashioned in their sequence on the quoted text of Hill. It will be noticed that Tschaikowsky here makes use of highly contrasted tempos and moods, beginning with a most dirgelike theme, continuing afterwards with energetic ones, and ending with that grand finale full of wild triumph.

These rugged and earnest masterpieces of the modern school, compared with the blithe creations of the old classicists, Haydn, Mozart, etc., show us plainly how music has developed in our day into a language not only of pleasurable emotions, but also of the most deep and expressive heart-movements.

104. Debussy's 'First Arabesque.'

'Arabesque,' in art, is a species of decorative drawing showing all sorts of delicate imitations of flowers, leaves, tendrils, birds, smaller animals, etc. Raphael was a master at it, as were many other of the old painters. The idea is derived from nature itself, where the most fantastic forms are found.

Our story, (the facts of which are of course imaginary), uses one of these natural forms — that of the leaf — to reflect Debussy's musical arabesque, and is built up thus: it shows how the emotions arising from the musical composition on the one hand, and those suggested by the leaf on the other, were the same; and how they led to the same thoughts. The form however was different in each, that of the leaf being adapted to the eye, that of Debussy's music to the ear. 'Crystallized emotion fixed 'in form' is therefore the keynote. Just as the leaf is a fantastic natural form, so is the arabesque a fantastic artificial form.

105. Beethoven's 'Minuet in G.'

This sweet and ever lovable gem of the immortal Beethoven never fails to rivet the hearer's attention. It is filled with that peculiar 'something,' which inebriates a man musically and makes him for the moment forget that he is a miserable human creature.

Just what this 'something' is, who could decide? Hence our story must be taken only as a help to enter more intimately into Beethoven's tender mood. A thousand situations could be invented, that would fit here just as well as the one we present, but that is not the question; the great point is, to enter into the atmosphere! There is no doubt that tenderness is this atmosphere. And since kindness is one of the most common and most beautiful expressions of tenderness, we have chosen it as our central idea. The keynote is in accordance — 'kindness binds society together' — pointing to the fact that an audience of the most motley make-up can, each and every one, feel the same when it comes to hearing so soulful a number.

In rendering the piece, the performer should literally be filled to overflowing with tender emotion; for tenderness is what the audience expects. Even in the Trio he must not lose sight of it.

106. Verdi's 'Miserere, from Il Trovatore.'

This old favorite is so melodious that there is no danger of it ever being forgotten. The fact is that many listen only to the beautiful melody of the composition, and never enter farther into the mood which Verdi here sought to delineate.

What is this mood? Without doubt — sadness. And a very intense sadness too. Wordsworth's words fit the mood very well. For he says that a "casual passenger," while generally passing by the sighs and heart-tragedies of others, when it comes to death, or, as he puts it, "the awfulness of life," cannot remain passive but becomes active, shedding tears with his fellows.

It is not very difficult to place oneself in this mood while listening to the 'Miserere,' for Verdi has left hardly anything to be desired. If we do not feel the tragic depth of the strains, it is not his fault, but ours.

Notice the many half-tones which run through the melody; they have not a little to say in bringing out the 'sadness.'

107. Haydn's 'Military Symphony — Allegro.'

This is the first movement of the Symphony. The name 'Military' was suggested principally by the fact that the second movement (next story) makes use of a trumpet call.

Our story (107) is developed on the general idea of eloquence, using the keynote, "must feel themselves." An imaginary speech of Napoleon furnishes the vehicle.

Symphonic music usually makes use of two contrasted themes, followed by their 'working out' or elaboration. This formal plan is copied in our story, where the word 'argument' is used for 'theme.' The sequence of the music can easily be followed in the thread of the story; the ideas, however, are offered only as suggestions to enter more readily into the eloquent flow of Haydn's strains.

108. Haydn's 'Military Symphony — Allegretto.'

"Some little fagot" gives the keynote to our story, which is a mere invention to reflect in some manner the reason of the bugle-call. For whenever soldiers hear the trumpet's signal, it always means something for them.

The ideas of the story are therefore presented with the same purpose in view as those in the foregoing story. The beauty of the strains is uppermost, and the meaning we propose is only a suggestion made for those who wish to add some imagination to the actual musical beauty.

109. Rubinstein's 'Romance.'

This piece was originally written by Rubinstein as a piano solo; it was afterwards arranged for violin, and in this dress seemed to fall into its proper element, since the violin is capable of such extraordinary expression. We have tried to reflect this 'expression' in the story, the keynote of which is, "desire."

The story must be read beforehand, and its emotion and pathos made one's own; it must not be used simultaneously with the playing of the piece. Even though the ideas are drawn from the changes in the music, still the beauty of the strains is the chief consideration to be kept in mind.

In order to feel music intensely, a performer should try to have some ideas, if possible; this prevents his interpretation from becoming vague and monotonous. If he merely strives to have feeling without ideas, the music may be there, but the man will be absent.. It is true, exceptions are not wanting, but they are few. (See story 250) And a performer may invent any story or set of ideas for himself, without even telling anyone a word about it; his mere having this interpretative strength, crystallized into some definite form, will improve the piece remarkably, because it will give contrast and variety to his feelings. For instance, take our story; the violinist, by playing the strains, which represent the children, with nervous pathos, and those representing the mother, with tranquil tenderness, can attain a very marked and beautiful contrast.

110. Brahms' 'Hungarian Dances Nos. 20 and 21.'

"A fine frenzy." In these words of the great poet we have a good mirror for Brahms' contrasted moods in the present dances.

Our story is of course but fancy, and has been built up from the fundamental moods contained in the thematic material. The story itself explains the gypsy character of the music. Gypsies are crude poets of tone; and not being educated, they have no extensive gamut to their musical ideas, but lavishly spend their efforts on extreme emotions — e. g., great sadness or great joy. (See story 28, and notes.)

The violinist, in order to render such music well, must by all means study the strains carefully beforehand. Expression will not easily come of itself, it must grow from a seed. And this seed is some tangible idea. We have therefore endeavored to present such a tangible idea in our story, that music-lovers as well as performers may be led to *study* the pieces they hear or play, using fanciful inventions to nourish the fundamental thought.

111. Handel's 'Messiah — And the Glory of the Lord.'

This and the following six numbers give an epitome of Handel's master oratorio, 'The Messiah,' which in its entirety comprises about fifty numbers.

Handel made three divisions in his work; but according to its logical sequence there are five, as given in the first paragraph of our story. 'The Prophecies' are represented by our present story (111); 'The Advent,' by stories 112 and 113; 'The Atonement,' by story 114; 'The Triumph,' by story 115; 'The Thanksgiving,' by stories 116 and 117.

The keynote to the present story is "Epochs of faith." Oratorios are always built on faith, since they are essentially a part of the Sacred Scriptures set to music, or at least some work drawn from the Sacred Scriptures. They began with a saint — St. Philip Neri, and were named by him after the society he established — 'The Oratorians,' which word means: 'Those who pray.' At first oratorios were performed only at church services; afterward through Handel they became rather concert works, losing however little of their religious character.

This oratorio is usually performed during the Christmas season, as it fits so well at that time. The numbers must therefore be listened to in this devout atmosphere, especially those belonging to 'The Prophecies,' 'The Advent,' and 'The Triumph.'

112. Handel's 'Messiah — Pastoral Symphony.'

In Handel's day a short orchestral number was called a 'Symphony.' This example is one of the few instrumental numbers that Handel wrote. The orchestra in his time was crude and undeveloped, and the human voice was the all-important factor. Hence the strains here are very simple, both musically and instrumentally. Yet for that very reason perhaps they are so beautiful. For certainly nothing could agree better with the mood of Christ's nativity than simplicity.

The simplicity is also the direct outcome of the mood dealt with; for a sweet silence and unobtrusive joy are the inalienable features of the manger of Bethlehem; without these its true character fades away. (Compare story 75, and notes.) This necessary quietness of mood we have expressed in the keynote — "The heart that is to be filled to the brim with holy joy must be *held still.*"

This little number, considered in this manner, furnishes a good test to tell how much we have progressed in adapting ourselves to the exact mood of any composition, especially regarding the more quiet and hence more difficult moods.

113. Handel's 'Messiah — Glory to God.'

This short chorus is full of exhilarating jubilation. The expression of Beecher, "joy is bread," seems to furnish the proper keynote. For music that is joyful feeds the soul with an elevating pleasure that drives away dejection. This was the very purpose of the angels' song, — it was intended to restore joy to the gloomy heart of fallen man by reminding him that salvation had arrived at last.

What a world of contrast is observable between this and the preceding selection; the mood is different; therefore the treatment is of quite another cast. The words given are those of the original text used by Handel.

114. Handel's 'Messiah — He Was Despised.'

"The medium of somebody's suffering." In this expression is had a perfect keynote for the present song. The object is to describe the passion of Christ, how much He suffered in order to redeem mankind. The mood is intensely sad. And indeed, in considering the Savior, could His sufferings be overlooked? They form one of His chief characteristics.

Now, in order thoroughly to enjoy a piece of vocal music, the hearer must be in some sort of sympathy with the words; as far as he is not, in so far will his appreciation be lacking. Regarding this present number, the hearer must sympathize with the suffering Savior. But how can he do this? Certainly only by gratitude. For it is not mere suffering with which we are here dealing, but the suffering of charity's sacrifice — the noblest thing possible on this earth.

115. Handel's 'Messiah — Alleluja Chorus.'

"A perennial fountain of joy." To hear this wonderful chorus sung, or even rendered in an instrumental dress, is to feel a certain buoyant and masculine strength pervade the soul, a strength that speaks in unmistakable accents of faith in the last resurrection and spurs a man on to renewed energy and ambition.

If we listen attentively to the different themes of this chorus, as they pass before us, we shall with ease experience the triumphant joy and high spiritual robustness with which they abound. It is this

'strengthening' quality of the music that has made the number so popular.

We should therefore listen to the strains as if we saw the heavens opened before us and heard the thrilling and innumerable voiees of the eleet resounding through spaee.

The episode at the end of the story about Handel's exelamation accords with the real facts.

116. Handel's 'Messiah — I Know that My Redeemer Liveth.'

"A heart replete with thankfulness." In these words of the great poet we have an excellent keynote for this master lyrie. The number introduees that section of the oratorio which deals with 'The Thanksgiving.' Hope is one of the best ways to show gratitude, for thereby proof is given of man's appreeiation of the Redeemer's gifts; he who eonfides in Christ's promises desires to reap the fruit of His saerifiee.

St. Paul said that if Christ had not risen, then all our faith in Him would be in vain; beeause He would then have failed to prove His divine mission. But sinee Christ rose, man has hope. This is the mood in whieh Handel's strains here wish to plaee us. If men would only lift their hearts more often by means of hope, they would be mueh more able to bear up with their many miseries. If we are not always religious enough to do this by actual prayer, we have another road open to us, that of pleasant and inspiring music, of which this song is a most exeellent example.

117. Handel's 'Messiah — The Trumpet Shall Sound.'

"Immortality" is the keynote to this stirring bass solo. Whenever we think of the last resurreetion we are plaeed out of ourselves, and feel our littleness and unimportanee eompared with the rest of the vast world. Miehael Angelo's picture of the Last Judgment might here be ealled to mind, in order to aid the soul to enter more intimately into the mood of solemn terror and salutary fear which fills Handel's strains.

This sublime work of Handel's (we refer to the whole oratorio) has always been eonsidered one of the greatest masterpieees of musie. Mozart even took the time to go over the orchestration and bring it up to date. Goethe, the great German poet, deeply appreeiated it. We quote from his 'Conversations with Eckermann,' where the latter thus narrates: "In the evening I had a musieal treat of a high order at Goethe's house, where some able singers . . . . performed part of Handel's 'Messiah.' Goethe, sitting at some distance, wholly absorbed in hearing, passed a happy evening, full of admiration at this noble work." (April 14, 1824)

We may here be allowed to quote some other timely words of Goethe from the same work ( Jan. 12, 1827), where he shows how musie should be replete with *mood* if it is to be eonsidered real musie. Speaking of a quartet of a new eomposer, he remarked: "Their produetions are no longer musie; they go beyond the level of human feelings, and one ean give them no response from the mind and heart. How do *you* feel? I hear with

my ears only . . . . Yet the Allegro had character; that ceaseless whirling and twirling brought before my mind the witches' dance on the Blocksberg, and thus I had a picture to illustrate this odd music."

We quote this passage to show how even so long ago (1827) a great mental genius, who himself was not a musician, foresaw by mere appreciation the possibilities of interpreting music by suggestive pictures. This to a great extent is the very principle we have endeavored to carry out in this volume, a principle indeed novel to many, but surely destined to influence if not pervade the whole realm of music in the end, and give it a conspicuous place not only in art's domain but also in that of sociology, psychology, and ethics. If we had not believed in this tendency, no other consideration would have moved us to devote so much time to the compiling of these pages.

118. Dvorak's 'Tyrolean Dance.'

"A merry meeting" is the keynote of this frolicsome number. It should be played rather loudly and with a certain boisterous freedom of tone and rhythm that may remind the listener of the jovial company of the Tyrolese. Our story is of course built up completely of imaginary persons and circumstances.

119. Tschaikowsky's 'Nutcracker Suite — Danse Chinois and Danse Mirlitons.'

This fanciful music is part of a delightful fairy ballet, taken from Hoffman's fairy-tale, "Nutcracker and the Mouse-king," in "Serapion Brethren." In the first scene children are seen gathered around a Christmas-tree, receiving their presents. One little girl receives a nutcracker. What follows thereupon may be found narrated in our mood-story. In the second scene occur the dances, performed by the different toys and dolls of the Christmas-tree. At the end all the dancers unite and dance the delightful 'Flower-waltz.'

It is interesting to note that Tschaikowsky in the Danse Chinois, has utilized a theme which is a melodic duplicate of that with which he begins his Finale to the Fourth Symphony. (Story 204) It sounds thus: do, si, la, sol. But how vastly different are the two effects produced! The example goes to show that melody is indeed like language. For instance, take the word 'prepare.' If it is used to invite guests to a banquet, it has an altogether different sound and meaning than when it is used to inform a sick person that his term of life is over, and that inevitable death awaits him.

Compare also Elgar's 'Carillon' (story 156), where we find still another use of the same simple theme, but utilized to suggest the chimes of Belgian churches, and furnishing the groundwork for some intensely poetic and dramatic effects. Melody is therefore not only wonderful in its indefinite power of note variation, but also in its endless sphere of expression. Hence we should always be very careful, when interpreting the melodies of the masters, first to examine well into the *mood*

according to which they worked when they wrote them. Much — we might say all — depends on this.

The Danse Mirlitons or Dance of the Toy-piper, (see the third paragraph of our story), is said to have been suggested to the composer by those peculiar toy instruments that sound much like a paper-covered comb.

"Relaxation" is the keynote to the proper appreciation of this delightful music. It has no depth, but simply "amuses us innocently." Such music fulfils a certain service toward humanity, a service that would be hard to supply by any other medium.

120. Tschaikowsky's 'Nutcracker Suite — Danse Arabe.'

"Novelty." The modern composers are very wise, and search the world for new effects. Even Arabia is here exploited. Note the sameness of the accompaniment. This feature is oriental to the core. The conversations narrated in our story are only fanciful ones, designed to show how anyone can enjoy whatsoever kind of music he hears, provided he once learns the art of immediately throwing himself into the mood it portrays.

121. Busch's 'Orpheus With His Lute.'

Our story gives the scene from Shakespeare's 'Henry VIII,' where this song occurs. The great poet was well aware of the intense power of music in conveying the emotion of tragic situations. But in this case he does not use it to excite the tragic emotion, but rather to allay it. The figure of Orpheus is therefore a very apt one; for, as mythology narrates, he was such a master of musical sound, that all things were charmed by his playing. Hence also Hunt's expression, "medicine of the breaking heart," here furnishes a fitting keynote.

122. Schubert's 'B-Minor Symphony — Allegro Mod.'

Symphonic music possesses a peculiar charm that speaks to us in unmistakable grandeur, yet leaves us wondering at the direct meaning of its words. Just such an effect is produced by this symphony, and indeed in an eminent degree; for it is without doubt on the one hand a grand assembly of tonal and instrumental combinations, and on the other, of the most mystic expressiveness. Take for instance that first beautiful strain of the basses. Is it not most ennobling? Yet who can understand it, and say it means this or that?

Our story is therefore only one of many suggestions that could be formulated, and is intended only as a slight aid to grasp the one evident feature in the strains — namely that spirit of energy forever breaking out in those very Schubertine gusts of tone. "Energetic" is indeed the true keynote to this first movement of the immortal 'Unfinished' Symphony.

123. Schubert's 'B-Minor Symphony — Andante con Moto.'

It is impossible to listen with appreciation to this beautiful second movement of the 'Unfinished' Symphony without entering into an

atmosphere of tranquillity and happy reverie. Its peaceful flow would not satisfy a soul full of excitement or desirous of bold effects. Our story is therefore intended to help the listener place his soul in this peaceful attitude. Beautiful and very exquisite shades of musical harmony and melody await him who studies Schubert's strains in this light. "Peace" is of course the keynote.

124. Bazzini's 'Dance of the Hobgoblins' (La Ronde des Lutins).

In the olden times they used to write violin 'show' pieces without a picture-pattern. But modern composers have seen into the possibility of describing something by this seemingly trivial phase of composition.

Thus the composer in this instance has laid down for us the general idea which his music is supposed to convey — that of the Hobgoblins. Nothing could be more fantastic than his strains; hence our story has been fashioned in accordance, the central idea of the 'Hobgoblins' being carried out by means of an imaginary dream. The kind of Hobgoblins we had in mind was that usually referred to as 'imps.' Hence we have given as the keynote to the story, Shakespeare's novel reference to the explosive qualities of 'fire and powder.'

125. Schubert's 'Marche Militaire.'

The march form is one of the most natural of all musical forms; for marching is an instinct in man which even the smallest children possess. It comes from the fact that man has but two legs, which furnish the regular 'one-two' step, from which the march is derived. No man could march to a waltz, because no man has three legs.

Marching has always been considered a sort of prerogative of military tactics, for the reason that it is the best means to preserve orderly movement among a body of soldiers. A military march is therefore very much a march, and possesses possibilities of effect which offer the composer extraordinary rhythmic opportunities. Schubert has here utilized his opportunity to the fullest extent; and it is this truthfulness to a naturally brilliant theme that makes his music so pleasing to the ear. He who wishes to perform the number well, must therefore pay the closest attention to the brisk rhythm that pervades the strains.

The keynote of our story is, "execution," drawn from the marked rhythmic swing of the strains. The story itself aims at depicting an occasion where this march might be proved perfectly true to its name, as the old proverb says: 'The proof of the pudding is in the eating.' It is a military march, nothing else.

126. Grainger's 'Shepherd's Hey.'

The composer took this melody from an original English folk-dance, and the introduction into our story of the 'bells' and 'fifes and tabors' is founded on real customs of the peasantry of England.

The keynote is, "society of joy," which points to the spirit evident in every note of the composition. A person can not listen to this happy inspiration and still frown. He must feel some lightness pervade his soul,

even if he cares not to examine into the music's meaning. But if he takes the pains to search into the real moods suggested by the title — which our story endeavors to do — he will surely be able to put himself into a pleasant frame of mind any time he listens to the little piece. Association of ideas is a great principle! It accomplishes effects that otherwise would never be realized. Why should not music be utilized to suggest profitable and interesting things? We refer the reader to the third and fourth paragraphs of the notes to story 117.

127. Rossini's 'Stabat Mater — Cujus Animam.'

This 'Stabat Mater' is for the concert-hall rather than for the church. For Rossini was preeminently an operatic composer, and his power is too dramatic and emotional to serve as a satisfactory vehicle for the simple and prayerful solemnity of church services. And then, his strains are so beautiful musically, that they are liable to distract from prayer. It is for these and other reasons that his 'Stabat Mater' is not considered real church music by the best critics. We therefore deal here with the present composition as a sacred concert piece.

"Inexpressible love and gentleness." In this happy phrase is had the keynote to Rossini's very emotional treatment of the 'Cujus Animam.' Our story gives the spirit of the song, not the direct words. The latter, translated, run thus: "Through her heart, His sorrow sharing, all His bitter anguish bearing, now at length the sword has passed."

Regarding the mood here described, it is given concisely in our story with the words: "What more tragic or intense love could be imagined than that of a mother standing for three long excruciating hours at the side of her only child innocently dying a most ignominious and cruel death?"

128. Wolf's 'Zur Ruh', zur Ruh'.'

The keynote is "light," referring to the words of the poem: 'Lead me to the light of the darkest night.' The music is pervaded with a most sweet sadness, which quality should be well brought out in the rendition. In fact, the song is written in a most scholarly fashion, not only regarding the technique of composition, but also regarding poetical interpretation. There are critics that hesitate not to proclaim Wolf the greatest song-writer that ever lived, not even excepting Schubert.

129. Sinding's 'Rustle of Spring,' and Grieg's 'Papillon' (Butterfly).

The first four paragraphs of our story refer to Sinding's 'Rustle of Spring,' the fifth to Grieg's 'Papillon.' "Nature is an æolian harp." In these words is had a very suggestive keynote for these little gems. For they are both filled with the luxuriant and fresh atmosphere of verdant nature, — the effect of observing closely and meditating on natural beauties.

Both pieces are very 'pianistic,' that is, they are adapted to the pianoforte in such a way that they could hardly be played on another instrument or set of instruments. Both require the greatest lightness and

delicacy of handling. Heaviness would spoil them completely. However, the melodies must be well brought out; for otherwise the wealth of embellishment will overwhelm the ear with a meaningless confusion of sound and thus the composers' ideas will be obscured.

Our mood-story endeavors to describe the changes in the music, and should be used to excite in the soul the emotions suggested; for there is much suggestive description in the strains.

130. Gabrielli's 'Filiae Jerusalem.'

"Who falls for the love of God." This is the evident keynote to this ecclesiastical masterpiece. The story is meant to show the probable workings of a composer's mind as he proceeds with his score.

Not satisfied with plain melody, that is, one series of notes sung in succession, (e. g., the Gregorian Chant), the composers of the later middle ages began experimenting with the simultaneous delivery of different melodies, thus gradually elaborating a school of music called polyphony. This term comes from a Greek word signifying "a variety of tones, or melodies." Gabrielli's 'Filiae Jerusalem' is an example of this style of writing.

131. Ivanow's 'March of the Caucasian Chief.'

The oriental element is very evident in this at once brilliant and boldly colored march. "Splendid murder" is the keynote.

132. Bellini's 'Norma Overture.'

Our story to this overture is built on the story of the opera itself, and is meant only to suggest some possible ideas that may have guided Bellini. "Prudence" is the keynote rather to the story than to the composition; for here we have effective music above all, meaning is very general.

133. Mozart's 'Marriage of Figaro — Non so piu.'

'To smile chivalry away' is the keynote to our rather free interpretation of this operatic gem. We have described the page's humor more than anything else, and have taken the liberty of enlarging somewhat on this phase of Mozart's original. We consider the number as a separate concert piece.

134. Handel's 'Dead March from Saul.'

Dead marches show the most serious aspect of life; and as tragedy in poetry moves the soul to experience the deepest feelings, so death suggested in music is capable of stirring the emotions to an extraordinary degree.

"All flesh is grass" is the keynote, and our story explains at length the beautiful and well-mooded construction of the music. When it comes to dealing with such a solemn theme as death, music grows very deep, necessarily so, and in order to listen to it with the proper disposition, it

is imperative that the music-lover consent to meditate seriously for a few moments. We willingly do this in poetry, why not in music? Even the clown will die at last. But in a case like this, where there is question of a great tragedy, namely that of Saul, the soul has extraordinary food for serious contemplation.

135. Drdla's 'Souvenir.'

Our story is by all means to be understood in a merely suggestive light. The little piece abounds in beauty and emotion, and we have utilized the double character of the violin and the piano to strongly impress this feature. The thread of the story follows the moods of the strains very exactly, but should be used only to give the mind an idea of the two-fold feature already mentioned — beauty and emotion. "A woman's heart" represents the keynote to our story.

136. Saint-Saens' 'Danse Macabre' (Dance of Death).

'Every grave preaches a sermon.' This expression, paraphrased from Hawthorne's text, seems to furnish the fitting keynote here. For the composer has taken the idea of a grave, as laid down in the old mediæval poem referred to in our story, and built thereon a most pleasing musical narration, at once full of interesting fantasy and further not lacking in truthful suggestion.

Our mood-story is not authentic in its details, that is, not each and every particular idea is founded on a declaration of the composer. However, we have tried to follow the natural flow of the strains as closely as possible, seeking above all to be objective. A tone-poem, we must remember, is not merely a descriptive piece, but a high-class symphonic work aiming to 'suggest' intimately certain phases of the natural, preternatural, or supernatural life.

Our story should be used while the music is heard, as it can be followed very closely and easily, and will be found to illustrate in order the different moods as they pass before us.

This music, if judged by pure beauty's norm, may furnish little pleasure to some; but, if judged by its meaning, as it should be, it will be found to take on a most rare power of appeal.

137. Haydn's 'The Heavens Are Telling.'

This is a number for full chorus, taken from Haydn's master oratorio — 'The Creation.' The music is a setting of the Scriptural text given at the end of the first paragraph of our story.

Emerson's happy designation of the stars as the "envoys of beauty" gives us the keynote. For Haydn, as one of the principal founders and brightest lights of the classic school, believed above all in beauty, and no matter what text he illustrated, sought to appeal to the heart mostly through the ear. A modern composer would set this text to much more solemn and earnest music perhaps, but the beauty of his strains would

probably be far below that of Haydn's. The mood therefore of this number is general rather than particular, and our story is not made for simultaneous use with the rendering of the music.

138. Wolf-Ferrari's 'Jewels of Madonna — Intermezzo No. 1.'

This intermezzo, or nocturne, as we may justly style it, occurs between the first and second acts of 'The Jewels of the Madonna.' It must not be confounded with the other occurring in the same opera. (See story 94.) The interpretation is founded on authentic ideas. Our story aims at placing the listener in the evening mood, and follows in order the moods of the music.

"In her sober livery." These words of Milton give us a keynote to the gentle strains. Evening is sober, that is, there is no excessive activity in it, for it is the natural time of rest and pleasant quiet, labor having ceased for the day.

Such pieces soothe the soul delightfully, especially if the imagination carries us away in spirit to the scene described. In this regard the present Intermezzo is a companion piece to Offenbach's Barcarolle. (See story 26, and notes.)

139. Saint-Saens' 'Marche Heroique.'

"Strength — boldness of purpose — energy." These combined expressions give the keynote here. Our story is very explicit and endeavors to show how a composer's mind builds as it proceeds, so that there is a logical sequence in his strains, just as there is in language. Saint-Saens set out to write a 'heroic' march, and he certainly left no opportunity of attaining this effect untouched, utilizing the three contrasts, as indicated in our story — courage, strength, action.

A piece such as this is very invigorating, and ought to be used for stirring the soul's energies. For anyone can use this idea of a marching soldier as a mirror for himself, since life is indeed a continual going forward to the fray. We all need the soldierly spirit — courage, strength, action, will-power, perseverance! The great composers are not merely musicians, they are also teachers! (Compare story 292.)

140. Hawthorne's 'Whispering Hope.'

This old favorite is well known. The poetry it presents is of that simple, sweet kind that, on account of its very unpretentiousness, appeals mightily to the human heart. Our story, while fanciful, still inculcates the general mood, as a person feels when he enters into the words with depth of attention and quietly drinks in the gentle beauty of the strains. It is a very smooth song, and therefore thoroughly lyric. Campbell's expression, "a charm for every woe," gives us the proper keynote; for the little song might be used for any occasion whatsoever where the heart is downcast and discouraged. . . . 'Alice Hawthorne' was a pen name of Septimus Winner. (See notes to story 51.)

141. Balfe's 'I Dreamt I Dwelt.'

Balfe was not a great opera composer in the sense that Wagner and Verdi were. But he did know how to write very appealing and beautiful melodies. There is a sweet sentiment in the words of this, one of his best songs, that fits the music, in general, though not in particular, since his songs are not art-songs but merely delightful melodies filled with sentiment and pathos. "Fidelity" is the keynote. Our story is but fiction, designed to impress the moods of the song.

142. Wagner's 'Album Leaf.'

This is one of the few piano pieces that Wagner wrote. It is a delicate little number, and could be interpreted of course in many different ways. Our story is only a fanciful one, and aims at bringing out the 'reverie' character. "The distant regions" forms the keynote; since the reverie of the old man is a retrospect ending in an earnest viewing of what the future has in store for him. For when a man reaches eighty or thereabouts, he usually makes no more plans for this life, but thinks of the next.

The desire-theme is heard in the very beginning, sounding thus: mi-re-do-si. The fate-theme, heard shortly after, sounds thus: fa-mi-re-do. These two themes are like a question and an answer; this feature will impress itself immediately if we hum them together, thus: mi-re-do-si, fa-mi-re-do.

Wagner liked to write thematically, that is, suggest something by means of a theme, as in his later operas. Here he has given no clue. We might therefore associate the double theme here utilized with anything close to our heart or affections; in which case we should find that the idea thus impressed on our mind, would be inclined to recur every time the theme occurs; indeed if such impressions are very strong, we find difficulty in not being reminded of them upon hearing their associated musical idea.

Impressions are the true influences behind everything. The orator or writer who can leave a strong impression on the minds of his audience, is assured of success: for he has a message of human interest, a living seed that finds its proper soil. Or again, the parent that can leave upon the mind of his little child a good impression that time will not efface, has fortified the soul of that child for life. Or what else do we mean by a good memory but the habit of being well impressed? Therefore this idea of 'impression,' which we find developing so strongly in modern music, deserves to be studied by men in every walk of life; for it holds a deep and practical truth.

143. Schumann's 'Quartet in A-Minor — Scherzo.'

It was the highly nervous and emotional character of this Scherzo which suggested the Macbeth interpretation. There is a marked contrast in the piece, namely that between the Scherzo proper, with its nervous staccato, and the Trio, with its emotional legato. In our story the Trio begins in the middle of the second paragraph where it is said: "She was

a woman of very strong emotion," and continues to the end of that paragraph. The sharp notes (repeated thrice), with which the Scherzo begins, are the 'drum-beat.'

"Conscience" is the keynote to our story. In the tragedy of 'Macbeth' Shakespeare wished to delineate conscience in all its terrible insistence; and it is this mood of the great dramatist which we have correlated with Schumann's music. Our story follows both the drama and the music in the natural sequence.

Should anyone object to thus 'finding' meanings in the absolute works of the masters, which without doubt they themselves never thought of, we answer that there is a difference between the interpreting of music and music interpreting itself. Suggestion is music's real power; and while Schumann in all probability never for once reverted to the idea of Macbeth in connection with this Scherzo, still his mood shows the same depths of atmosphere as Shakespeare's, and without parallels or figures it is not easy to explain deep matters. Pictures elucidate the most abstract ideas. A flag for instance is only the figure of our patriotism; but it speaks louder than words.

144. Wagner's 'Tannhaeuser Overture.'

Wagner was the giant of expressiveness in music. He believed in music as a language, and therefore used it for far nobler and deeper purposes than mere pleasure. So noticeable was this tendency in his creations that the musical public, accustomed to the mere ear-music of older writers of opera, could hardly be convinced that he was to be taken seriously. However, his depth was gradually appreciated, and people began to admire him as much as they before criticized him, until to-day his commanding position in the modern world of music is unquestioned. It is true, he leaned to opera more than to instrumental music; in fact practically all the instrumental music he wrote was connected with operatic ventures. But when he did use the pure orchestral combination, without the voice, he always told a story or suggested a great truth.

The great truth inculcated by this overture is purity. The story we offer is built on the composer's own explanation of his work, and is therefore authentic; hence also its ideas must be in the mind during the hearing of the strains, if the latter are to be appreciated rightly. "An alliance of friendship and animalism," is the keynote.

145. Wagner's 'Tannhaeuser — Shepherd Scene.'

This beautiful scene is a masterpiece of pastoral simplicity mixed with emotional prayer. To enjoy it we must use as much imagination as possible, trying to picture the scene as if it were really before our eyes. Our story presents it exactly as it is given in the opera itself. The story should be read while one is listening to the music.

The keynote is, "let us work for it," drawn from the fact that the pilgrims, desiring pardon for their sins, go to the trouble of making a long pilgrimage for that purpose. The spirit of prayer, engendered by

the pilgrims' song, goes over into Tannhaeuser himself, who takes up their chant and makes their mood his own personal mood, so that we have here an example of music's power pictured by music itself.

146. Wagner's 'Tannhaeuser — Pilgrims' Chorus.'

In the foregoing number we had the pilgrims' song, before they had reached the end of their pilgrimage, and therefore before their sins had been forgiven. In this number we have their song, as they return with their sins forgiven and "heaven's peace within their breast."

"Gratitude is the language of the heart." This is the keynote. Wagner's beautiful strains have been so admired by the whole world that this chorus has become well nigh hackneyed. Yet, perhaps many who have heard it so often have never learned just its true significance. Hence if viewed in this light it will take on quite a new interest, and shine with a lustre that will prove as lasting as it is novel. We never appreciate another's friendship until we know him truly.

147. Wagner's 'Tannhaeuser — Evening Star Song.'

The opera 'Tannhaeuser' is full of spirituality; and in this song to the evening star hope is given a prominent place, inasmuch as Wolfram ends with the prayer that Elizabeth be reimbursed in the next world for her sufferings in this. This hope also throws a reflection on Tannhaeuser himself, who, at the conclusion of the opera, is saved from his sin and reinstated in divine favor. "Hope" is therefore the keynote, and while many know this melody by heart, still they may find ever new beauties in its sweet flow and delicious accompaniment by entering into this artistically spiritual mood.

Our story describes the scene exactly; wherefore when listening to the music we must try to imagine the dim evening effect — all nature covered with a bluish hue as it were — and to see the star shining and the romantic Wolfram gracefully playing his harp as he lifts his eyes and voice aloft.

148. Coleridge-Taylor's 'Deep River.'

"Religion . . . . warms the soul." These words of Addison give us the true keynote to Coleridge-Taylor's emotional arrangement of this old negro spiritual. Our story endeavors to describe both the music as well as its original source — the negro's interior — so that the ideas may be assimilated and thus the true spirit of the piece thoroughly enjoyed.

If Coleridge-Taylor ever worked with heart and soul, it was here; for he was a negro himself. The emotional element in the strains therefore shows a very intimate sympathy with the religious side of the negro temperament.

149. Meyerbeer's 'Fackeltanz — Torchlight Dance.'

"Lights" and "shades" — this is the keynote here, our story being built on the principle of contrast which is here so cleverly handled by

Meyerbeer. The story itself is only fiction, designed to offer a pleasant conceit as a vehicle for the chief moods contained in the strains.

To perform the piece well, its sharp and bold rhythm must be brought out very decisively; then also the two contrasts — the dramatic and the lyric elements — must be studied carefully and made to impress themselves very perceptibly.

150. Sarasate's 'Caprice Basque.'

"Every man" is the keynote here. For just as in human nature there are any amount of various temperaments and characters, so in music there are countless moods and tone-values ready to be studied and enjoyed by the lover of nature. We read Shakespeare's plays with avidity, because we find there human nature in all its many-sidedness. Music holds the same things in a different way. In Shakespeare we think, and then feel; in music we feel, and then think.

Our story suggests eight varieties of characters, which correspond to the following eight qualities of violin virtuosity: (1) detached and legato effects mixed, (2) the same, but faster, and embellished with glissando, (3) fast legato, (4) slow legato and slow pizzicato combined, (5) double-stopping, (6) fast pizzicato, (7) harmonics, (8) fast staccato.

151. Achron's 'Hebrew Melody.'

In order to give a sympathetic interpretation to this melody, which is filled with the Hebrew element, we have used one of the ancient Hebrew psalms as a parallel. Our reference to the composer is only suggestive.

"Home" is the keynote, that is, home understood in a spiritual and supernatural sense; for the ancient Hebrew nation, among all the primeval peoples, clung to the idea of heaven's reward most tenaciously, and no one could think of understanding their polity and influence upon history without intimately appreciating this feature of their social make-up. They were pre-eminently a spiritual people; their writings were spiritual, their laws, their principal men. We may say that practically all the religion we have in the world to-day came from them. To interpret their chants well means therefore to feel spiritually, with that intensity of emotion which is so characteristic of their temperament, and with that poetry of expression which distinguishes them from all other classes of ancient peoples.

152. Portugal's 'Adeste Fideles.'

"This mystery meets the wants of man." In these words we have the keynote to this so widely-known Christmas-hymn. For why is it so widely-known? Precisely because it fits right into the human heart, answering a need, a desire which besets every mortal breast. It expresses perfectly that gratitude which fallen and miserable humanity instinctively feels toward the most perfect and most merciful Divinity.

The words of our story are a literal translation of the original Latin

text. The characters and actions were suggested by the facts narrated in the Gospel concerning the shepherds on the night of the Nativity.

153. Mozart's 'Cradle Song.'

Our story gives the words of the song, not directly, but indirectly, by narrating their meaning and mood character. Simplicity is here evident in all its wealth of expression, and it took a Mozart to create so rare an example of pure melodic beauty.

"Repose" is the keynote. The strains should therefore be sung with the utmost tenderness and smoothness, especially toward the end of the song, to give the idea of the little babe's gentle and gradual entrance into the sweet and undisturbed bowers of sleep.

154. Handel's 'Angels Ever Bright and Fair.'

This is truly one of the most beautiful lyric songs ever composed. What pleases the ear so much in the strains is a certain character, in perfect accord with the subject, and foreign to every idea of passion or excitement.

Handel uses some surprisingly simple expedients here. The accompaniment opens with the descending scale. It is the nucleus of the whole song. It is echoed again on "ever bright," again on "angels ever bright and fair," repeated soon after in the accompaniment. Then when we come to the change in mood (see paragraph three of our story) we find the same simple scale, but just reversed, that is, ascending. Finally on the second intonation of "clad in robes of virgin white" we have the same phrase in the original descending form but now thrown in the minor mode.

"Fly so high" is the keynote; that is, the song's interpretation must give the idea of the Guardian Angels as pure spirits high up in the sky of spirituality, though near to us always and watching over us with a gentleness supreme. The four qualities given at the end of the first paragraph of our story will guide the singer in properly rendering the song.

It is strange that in our day men are so taken up with the idea of human spirits, seeking to converse with them and believing all sorts of unproved assertions, yet neglecting the old and much more ennobling belief in the guardianship of the pure angelic spirits.

155. Haydn's 'Minuet in D, No. 2.'

This story is constructed in such a manner that it may illustrate clearly the two fundamental truths of music interpretation — i. e., the *feeling* of the music going over into the soul of the hearers, and the mental *suggestion* arising therefrom as a natural consequence. The music itself is absolute, and offers no concrete ideas; our story is therefore purely suggestive. However, this suggestiveness is built on an objective quality in the music — that of the general moods — first, vigor (first paragraph), secondly, tenderness (second paragraph), thirdly, rest (third paragraph).

"Million fathoms deep" is the keynote. For such little gems, if studied carefully, reveal untold possibilities of interpretation. It is not for a moment to be thought that musical numbers like this should have a certain and definite interpretation, but each player should work out his own. This causes competition, and competition effects variety as well as the eventual attainment of the best.

There are teachers of music who, in their teaching activities, make practical use of the recorded interpretations of great artists; they therefore purchase not only one record of a piece, but as many as there are recording artists.

156. Elgar's 'Carillon.'

"Sacrifice" is the keynote here. The moods are described very exactly in our story. The rendition of the whole piece demands attention to the emotion above all. Music and dramatic declamation fit together very well, provided the meaning keeps the predominance. Therefore Elgar's music, while describing very accurately the spirit of the poem's words, is rather general in mood than particular; if it were not so, the strains would distract instead of rivet the attention.

In listening to this poem thus doubly 'mooded' by music, we must endeavor to feel intensely not only the words, but also the music's illustration of those words.

157. Dittersdorf's 'Quartet in G-Major — Andante.'

"The musical composition is poetry acting." This keynote we have chosen as the groundwork of our illustration. Ruskin says this, because music compels us to feel, poetry only offers us the opportunity of feeling; music pours itself into our soul like a flood, poetry is a cup ready to be quaffed if we take it up and put it to our lips.

Anyone who listens to this composition can take the place of the story's imaginary young lady, and hum or sing along as she did. The words fit perfectly.

Dittersdorf of course had no idea of these words; he was a contemporary of Haydn, and, belonging to the classic school, wrote purely absolute music. Our story is therefore only a suggestion to show how poets and composers use the same emotions to attain like ends.

158. Dittersdorf's 'Quartet in E-Flat — Finale.'

"If we studied nature more in natural things." This is the keynote of our story. The last paragraph of the notes to the foregoing story may here be referred to. Nature has many qualities, an infinite number, practically speaking, and the principal one which is here exploited is rhythm. Southey took the same natural quality as Dittersdorf; both fashioned masterpieces in their way. The object of our story is therefore to give another illustration of this sameness in regard to the material which is used in the fashioning of both poetry and music.

In our story we use the terms 'solidity' and 'pliability.' By

solidity we mean the rhythmic percussion, and utilize the figure of rocks to illustrate what we desire to impress; for in a stream, the rocks remain in their places, strewn here and there, sometimes in regular succession (as in our piece), while the water, striking upon them, leaps forward by steps as it were from one to another, (as the melodic flow in our present number), illustrating the very opposite of solidity, — pliability, adapting itself at every turn to the points of the rocks (the accents), and thus increasing the variety of its movements.

To listen to the music with close attention to these features, imagining we see the water rushing over the rocks, splashing and foaming, will give us an excellent idea of the rhythm and melody which are hidden in nature as such and which are in the power of music to suggest. For just as the artist paints a picture, selecting from nature different points of beauty, one here, another there, uniting them all in one fitting whole on his canvas, so also the composer selects (even though he may often do it unawares) various little details of tonal beauty corresponding to something in nature, and combines them all in one condensed idea. It is just this 'creative' ability that makes the master, who, if he uses the brush, is called an artist or painter; if the musical staff, a composer; if versification, a poet.

Poetry then, as a general term for the creations of the fine arts, is nothing other than the beauties of nature gathered by a master-hand, and not only gathered, but above all arranged; for the greatest works have the greatest unity of purpose.

159. Balfe's 'Excelsior.'

"That we may go higher." These words of Beecher indicate the keynote to Longfellow's poem. Balfe's setting, while not of the highest class, is filled with true musical values, especially in certain passages, as for instance in the fifth paragraph, where he describes the nervous fear connected with watching a person climbing a great height.

160. Wagner's 'Parsifal — Good-Friday Spell.'

Wagner's 'Parsifal' is one of the most solemn and religious operas ever composed, and exhibits the genius of its creator at its best. The words of our story are a literal prose translation of the original poetic lines in German. From the ideas used it may be seen how true and great a poet Wagner was. What for instance could be more poetic than the idea of the little flowers and blades of grass feeling immunity from harm as a result of the Savior's sweet charity? It was this natural gift for writing his own poetic librettos that gave Wagner such a power of musical expression. For when he wrote the music of his operas, he was not only acquainted with the moods of the words, but was thoroughly permeated with them, for they had come from his own soul in the first place. Other opera composers must first assimilate the ideas of their librettist.

When therefore we listen to Wagner, we are listening to a *rara avis*

— a man in whom the gifts of poetry and music were uncommonly combined, and who knew how to use both with consummate skill. In this light he was the prince of music.

"A cheerful and happy turn." This is the keynote. When attending to the song, we should endeavor to place ourselves in this blithe and happy mood.

161. Wagner's 'Parsifal — Amfortas' Prayer — My Father.'

"His heart." This is the keynote. For the song is a burning prayer delivered in melodic dress. Dramatic emotion is here freely exploited, and the singer must feel this deep sympathy of earthly sorrow and heavenly confidence in his inmost soul. How solemn is the music and how heartrending when Amfortas sings: "Death! To die!" Wagner was indeed a master at weaving beautiful poetry and exquisite music into one inimitable whole, and this prayer is one of his finest masterpieces.

162. Mozart's 'Menuett in D-Major, No. 1.'

"Forgiveness" is the keynote to our story. We say, 'to our story'; for the music is absolute, and our narrative is purely a suggestive one, made to show the similarity of musical feelings and social feelings. We ask the reader to compare the second and third paragraphs of our notes to story 155.

163. Schumann's 'Prophet Bird (Vogel als Prophet).'

This is a remarkable composition in as far as it not only suggests, but even describes and imitates the singing of the little bird. Hence the playing must be something very delicate, and the rhythm must yield altogether to the feeling and caprice of the melodic sequence. Our story strives to describe a situation where this bird-singing might actually be enacted; hence it is designed to place us in the correct mood of the forest.

While this is one of the most exquisite miniatures ever carved in music, it finds too few admirers; for few are able to detach themselves enough from the noise and bustle of life to enter for the moment into its delicate and rare atmosphere. "The sharing of happiness" is the keynote.

164. Liszt's 'Caprice Poetic.'

This piano piece is, as its name indicates, very capricious. A caprice can mean anything and everything. Therefore we have made a suggestion founded principally on the idea of the "billows on the heaving ocean," reflected in Liszt's music by those wildly gliding chromatic runs. This feature of the piece is its chief characteristic, and no matter what interpretation might be made, these gliding runs would have to be taken into consideration first of all.

With an atmosphere, as our story suggests, such a piece can be made much more than mere 'show' music; its very technique can be inter-

preted. And indeed, if one has ideas to aim at, technique as a consequence will greatly improve; for the ultimate purpose of technique in any art is not empty display, but the achievement of some higher purpose. Who knows or cares much just how Raphael handled his brushes? But the whole world knows and admires his masterpieces!

The narrative about the old man and his pianist friend is only fiction.

165. Delibes' 'Czardas.'

"War." This keynote is in accord with our interpretation, which is founded principally on Liszt's expression — "warlike enthusiasm." Our story, which is purely suggestive, follows the music exactly, and can be used with advantage while listening to the strains. It endeavors by pictures to show the changes of mood as they succeed one another.

166. Massenet's 'Twilight.'

"The sensible image of the infinite." This definition of beauty by Bancroft gives us the proper keynote to our story. For it will be noticed that we have drawn one mood from another mood, until we arrived at an almost confusing mass of mood-words. This we intended, as our picture — the ever-changing colors of the evening sky — suggested it as the natural course to be followed.

The lounging musician in our story is but an invention.

167. Kahn's 'Ave Maria.'

The words of the Ave Maria, as here given in our story, are the same as in other Ave Maria's, except Schubert's. The story however is fashioned according to the pattern of Kahn's setting.

"Prayer" is the keynote. But the piece is rather a concert piece than one fit for church, since it is too dramatic and emotional for the simple atmosphere of actual prayer.

The great artist is Raphael, the renowned singer Caruso, the violinist Elman, and the great scientist Edison.

168. Chopin's 'Funeral March.'

"Passing through a dark entry." This keynote fits Chopin's dead march well, considering the lyric beauty of the Trio. For the contrast is here evident; on the one hand death's depressing heaviness, (the funeral march proper), on the other, hope's elevating lightness, (Trio). The performer must therefore be very careful to bring out this contrast well, as it will prevent both the music from growing monotonous, and the sadness from growing excessive.

169. Sibelius' 'Finlandia.'

"Men determined to be free." This sentiment must be taken as the keynote to Sibelius' national tone-poem, since it would be difficult to imagine a native of Finland writing a poem about Finland without feeling an intense patriotism. Our story makes use of real facts; but

the moods are very general, the music being only broadly suggestive, not descriptive as in many other tone-poems. (Compare for instance Saint-Saens' tone-poem, Dance of Death, — story 136.)

170. Tschaikowsky's 'Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt.'

This little poem of Goethe is charged with the warmest emotion. "Suffering" is the keynote. It has always been the ambition of great composers to give these lines the proper setting. Beethoven tried three times; but Tschaikowsky seems to have reflected the mood most satisfactorily. To impress this mood, the performer must *feel* intensely.

Tschaikowsky had indeed a true musical instinct. He always took the greatest care to hit on the proper mood, no matter what subject he was working on. Take for instance the great variety of the nine selections we have listed; each one is perfectly mooded; they are not merely as it were different positions of the same model (as is the case with the works of many composers) but definite results of an objective delineation in each and every case. This will easily be seen by glancing at the titles of our respective stories: 43 — A Merry Sleigh-Ride in Russia; 103—A Dirge of Many Peoples; 119—The Wonderful Dancers; 120 — In the Orient; 170 — The Sufferer's Pangs; 204 — The Folk-Gathering; 208 — The Tears of Repentance; 280 — The Lilliputians; 292 — The March of Life.

171. Arne's 'Under the Greenwood Tree.'

This is a buoyantly fresh little song from "As you like it," one of Shakespeare's brightest plays. The story gives the exact woodland scene, with the dialogue of the original. "Merry" is the keynote, and should permeate the whole rendition of the strains.

172. Cherubini's 'Requiem Mass.'

"He must die." Our story is built on this keynote, showing how death is no respecter of persons. The mood trend of Cherubini's music is carefully marked out in our story, a literal translation of the original Latin words being furnished.

Nearly all the great composers wrote Masses, for they recognized that in this form they possessed an uncommon opportunity of expressing the deepest sentiments and emotions of the human interior. Religion feeds feelings; for it excites the interior emotions of fear, love, joy, desire, etc. Hence it will always remain one of the principal supports of the composer.

173. Dvorak's 'Slavonic Dance, No. 1.'

"There might be a worse" is the keynote to our story, which is but a fanciful invention, designed to reflect the contrasted moods in the music. Sadness and good cheer are the two precious heirlooms of man; the first prevents him from growing frivolous, the second from growing melancholy. Mixed in the right proportions they form a good tonic for his sick soul.

Psychology is continually trying to arrive at means which may help man over his difficulties and trials. Music is undoubtedly one of these means, for it possesses the power of exciting feelings. Feelings are the great hope of the psychologist; if he can once get his patient to feel as he himself feels about a certain trouble or fear, ah — right then and there he has surmounted one of the principal hindrances in the road! But it is surprising how slow men are to hold to the one bird in the hand, and how fast to chase after the two in the bush! Music is often treated as a dunce in affairs of the soul, while vain theories, which have no other foundation than supposition, are exploited with infinite pains.

174. Dvorak's 'Slavonic Dance, No. 2.'

Our mood-story aims at exciting very strong emotions connected with memories of "home," which is the keynote. When a person is far away from home, he may come in contact with nature in the same manner as he did in his native land, but all things that his senses perceive remind him of the same or similar experiences at home, and so every sight and every sound takes on that peculiar coloring which results in what we call "homesickness." Hardly an affection of the human breast is so fraught with emotion as precisely this "homesickness." Its movements are overwhelming.

175. Berlioz's 'Damnation of Faust — Marche Hongroise.'

"Enthusiasm" is the undoubted keynote to this fine national march. The story was suggested by the actual trend of the opera's meaning, and explains the march in conjunction with Faust's incipient emotions.

A remarkable example of modern harmony is had in that wonderfully deep, mysterious passage, where the kettle-drum is heard so prominently. (See third paragraph of our story.)

Speaking of the effect this passage had the first time the march was played — before a Hungarian audience and directed by Berlioz himself — the composer says: "A strange motion of unrest was beginning to make itself apparent among them." Regarding the climax — the "tremendous chord" (see third paragraph of story) he adds: "They could no longer withhold their feelings; their electrified souls broke forth with a tremendous flood of emotion, like an awful explosion, so that my very hair stood upright from sudden terror!"

176. Haydn's 'Creation — With Verdure Clad.'

Haydn's genius was well fitted for such a blithe and flowery subject. It was therefore perfectly natural that his treatment of the theme proved to be so pleasing a masterpiece.

The keynote to our story is, "never separated." And we may adapt this keynote to the idea of music itself, inasmuch as beauty and utility are the two arms with which all good music accomplishes its purposes and triumphs over its hearers' emotions. If music is not beautiful, in some way or other, people will not like it; if it is not useful, that is, if it

teaches nothing by reflection or suggestion, it will serve only the senses, not the soul or mind. However, it is very difficult to make truly beautiful music that is not at the same time also useful; for its very beauty means something to the soul, just as the very beauty of flowers means something more to the interior of a man than he would care to forfeit.

177. Berlioz's 'Damnation of Faust — Serenade.'

"Falsehood under saintly show." We must not forget here that the singer is Satan; hence we should expect voice, expression, and all to be in accordance. . . . Another number of this Faust theme (by another composer) may be found in story 263.

178. Paderewski's 'Nocturne in B-Flat.'

A truly beautiful composition is this. It must be rendered with the most sympathetic appreciation of the 'night' atmosphere — in accordance with its 'Nocturne' character. The keynote of our story is, "immortal." The three paragraphs of the poem agree with the three parts of the Nocturne.

The connection between poetry and music is so intimate that passages from the poets may with great advantage, as far as interpretation is concerned, be correlated with passages from the composers; for both poetry and music rest on impressions created by some mood, or emotional atmosphere.

179. Mendelssohn's 'Midsummer Night's Dream — Overture.'

"Fiction." This is the best keynote to Shakespeare's strange comedy. Without it the drama is a mixture of unintelligible characters and deeds. Therefore the fact must be kept in mind that Shakespeare's idea was to dramatize a *dream,* not actual life. Especially must this be remembered when dealing with the fairies and the tradesmen. Mendelssohn's music must be judged according to the same fundamental principle — he is interpreting a dream, not a reality.

In this overture the general features of the play are suggested, as given in our story.

180. Mendelssohn's 'Mids. Night's Dream — Scherzo.'

This and the next four numbers, together with the foregoing, give a complete idea of Mendelssohn's incidental music for Shakespeare's drama.

'That monstrous *ego* struck out.' These words of Stevenson we have chosen as our keynote here. For Mendelssohn, following Shakespeare's lead, shows us not ourselves, but rather something outside ourselves, that is, the troupes of fairies with their ever busily buzzing wings, rushing hither and thither, now up, now down, one while with loud and boisterous outcries, another with almost inaudible whispers, but always preserving their wonderful agility.

Our story gives the features of the Shakespeare scenes which follow the playing of this Scherzo. The music of the Scherzo is therefore not descriptive of the given ideas, as our story presents them, but only describes

the general fairy atmosphere and prepares the mind for what is coming in the real dramatic sequel.

To be effective, this Scherzo ought to be played with great lightness and delicacy of volume, to give the idea of the diminutive character of the fairy-folk, as well as of their inimitable agility and grace.

181. Mendelssohn's 'Mids. Night's Dream — You Spotted Snakes.'

"Born under green hedge-rows." This is the keynote which must guide us here. For we are supposed to be in the depth of the wood and to be listening to the tiny fairies singing their queen to sleep. Our story presents the exact words of Shakespeare.

182. Mendelssohn's 'Mids. Night's Dream — Intermezzo.'

This intermezzo has two parts. The first is given in the second paragraph of our story, and represents the affections and conflicting emotions of the confused lovers; the second is given in the third paragraph, and depicts the entrance of the boisterous and awkward tradesmen. There are therefore two moods to the strains. "Pathos" is the keynote to the first; "humor" to the second.

183. Mendelssohn's 'Mids. Night's Dream — Nocturne.'

"Night" is the keynote here. The music is not descriptive of details, but only gives the general night mood. Our story refers therefore more to the scenes which follow the playing of this Nocturne; however, it must be remembered that all these things are done under the cover of *night*. This is the principal mood.

184. Mendelssohn's 'Mids. Night's Dream — Wedding March.'

This wedding march is known to everyone. But in its real connection with Shakespeare's comedy it is little understood. Our story does not intend to say that the ideas presented are contained in the march, but only describes the play as it proceeds during and after the real playing of the march. The atmosphere of the march pervades the dramatic action, and therefore our story may be said in a manner to describe the music in general. "Dream in courtship" is the keynote.

185. Bach's '3d Suite — Overture.'

Strictly absolute music, such as this and the following fifteen selections, can not be interpreted definitely. All that can be done is to show the similarity between the moods they present and other things in nature. Thus symphonic numbers may be light or heavy, superficial or deep, according to the reflections which they cause in the thinking mind. Bach's Third Suite is rather light and superficial, with the exception of the first movement, which our story explains as a reflection of human energy. The keynote is "the powerful, the great."

What is said in the second paragraph of our story concerning the four elements of human activity must be well digested, for it has much to do with the proper understanding not only of the following numbers up to 200, but also of those forming the lecture — from 207 to 218.

186. Bach's '3d Suite — Air.'

Gems of such quiet, unobtrusive suggestiveness are at first rather unsuccessful in exciting a person's artistic appreciative abilities and in holding his attention; but they will conquer him in the end! It is impossible to listen often to the more tranquil of the masters' works, without succumbing sooner or later to their influence. For they are filled with that quality of musical power which makes us think, or better — meditate. This 'Air' both requires and gives peace.

187. Bach's '3d Suite — Gavottes.'

Rhythm has always been one of the most powerful means of expression in music. Many people, even of musical pretensions, do not know exactly what rhythm is; their idea of it is very vague. Here is a very simple definition: Rhythm is the effect noticeable when proper accentuation is observed.

All rhythm has a swing of some sort, just as the pendulum of the clock. The more pronounced the rhythm is, the more observable will be this swing. This is the reason why many people like nothing but dance or march music — they are only far enough advanced to appreciate bold, unmistakable rhythms. And thus it may happen that, of the five movements of this suite, the Gavottes will find the largest audience. They are filled with rhythm, and this rhythm imparts a life and motion to the strains that is not only invigorating but also joy-provoking. Yet this motion is not overdone; it is moderate. Wherefore our keynote here is: 'True joy is serene and sober.'

188. Bach's '3d Suite — Bouree and Gigue.'

Our story aims at reflecting the rhythmic qualities of the strains by parallels from the poets, showing how as in literature the most beautiful ideas can be expressed by the mere accentuation of measured wording, so in music the most pleasing effects can be attained by arranging the sequence of the strains in regular gusts, as it were, thus creating a rare rhythmic beauty of tone. "The rush of life" is the keynote.

189 to 192. Haydn's 'Surprise Symphony.'

Our stories to this symphony are suggestive correlations, based on Longfellow's 'Evangeline.' They explain themselves clearly enough. We merely add here the keynotes. 1st movement (189): "Pleasure that is harmless and pure." 2nd movement (190): "Conversation." 3d movement (191): "It is meant to invigorate as well as to gratify." 4th movement (192): "A cheerful temper joined with innocence."

193 to 196. Mozart's 'G-Minor Symphony.'

Here again we could not add anything to our stories, except to remind the reader that what we have written only proposes to *reflect* the general moods in the music by means of human conditions. The stories should of course not be used simultaneously with the hearing of the music, though they exactly follow the musical sequence as to the correlated ideas. They

may however be referred to, so as to understand the music more easily and feel it more intimately. But above all the *beauty* of Mozart's strains must be kept in mind. For it would be a shame to spoil such exquisite music by stiff words. Our explanations are therefore only meant to help *dispose* the soul for the proper enjoyment and appreciation of the symphony.

The keynotes are the following: 1st movement (193): "The study of his nature." 2nd movement (194): "The soul of man." 3d movement (195): "The best bred man." 4th movement (196): "Excitement in the higher realm of thought and feeling."

197 to 200. Beethoven's 'Fifth Symphony.'

Our stories illustrating this symphony follow the same plan as those offered for Mozart's G-Minor Symphony. Hence the notes to that symphony should be referred to here. Of course, the consideration of human nature goes deeper and spreads itself much further in this symphony of Beethoven. Beethoven *would* never have written Mozart's G-Minor Symphony — he was too deep a thinker and feeler; Mozart *could* never have written Beethoven's Fifth Symphony — he was too light a thinker and feeler.

The keynotes are as follows: 1st movement (197): "Earth — stars." 2nd movement (198): "Hope." 3d movement (199): "Free interchange of sentiments." 4th movement (200): "Enthusiasm."

201. Wagner's 'Meistersinger Overture.'

"Too much gravity" is the keynote to this serio-comic production of the great master. Wagner purposely made this overture bombastic and in parts almost ridiculous, in order to put to open show the absurdities of those who wish to hold unmitigatingly to the rules which are usually formulated for any art in the course of time and custom. He himself was accused by many of being a mere melodist, without knowledge of the more intricate realms of harmony and counterpoint; this opera was his answer, wherein he not only ridiculed his opponents for their stiffness, but also showed that he himself, if he wished, knew how to use the intricacies of counterpoint quite as dexterously as the most talented among his critics! (See notes to story 39.) Our present story is gathered from the authentic sources of the opera itself.

202. Beethoven's '4th Symphony — Adagio.'

The quotation from Grove in the second paragraph of our story will be found in his book, "Beethoven and his Nine Symphonies," under the 4th Symphony. Our interpretation is fashioned on this passage.

Our story tries to show how a composition is often 'built up,' and how the composer carefully chooses his material before he goes to work, so that variety and depth may result.

This symphonic number is considered one of the most beautifully embellished of all Beethoven's works. Therein he leaves his more serious and heavy moods and grows cheerful and affectionate, though the 'throbbing'

of life still pervades his strains. It is a selection which needs much listening to in order to be appreciated at its best.

"Loving emotion" — "tempestuous atmosphere." This is the keynote. The loving emotion is in the melody, the tempestuous atmosphere in the harmony; we must not give too much of our attention to the harmony — it will take care of itself — it is the melody which should get the lion's share!

203. Moszkowski's 'Serenade.'

The story we present is founded on real facts, the "stranger from America" having himself related the incident to the author.

"Gentleness" — "strength," is the keynote, in accordance with the twofold contrast in the strains.

204. Tschaikowsky's '4th Symphony — Finale.'

The story here presented rests on the words of Tschaikowsky himself, as quoted. But the introduction of the old man and the little girl is only a fanciful vehicle for illustrating the composer's general idea.

"Go to the people" is the keynote. In our modern times the "people" are governing the world more and more. They conquer all customs and change the face of things just as they see fit; their will rolls on like some overwhelming avalanche, to which all things must bend. One blessing is this — the "people" never give up joyfulness. They are a "merry" set, even though they are full of other undesirable traits.

205. Foster's 'Old Folks at Home.'

Our story is pure fiction, designed to furnish the real ante-Civil-War negro atmosphere. For this atmosphere was the original soil from which the song sprang.

"Human feeling" is the keynote; for, while the sentiments in the song are drawn from negro manners and customs, still they are so "human," that we can easily make them our own. To sing the song well, much pathos should be used; however, this pathos should be gentle and tinged with resigned sadness.

This song is also dealt with in story 79 — Herbert's 'American Fantasie.' It is there made to serve a patriotic purpose.

206. Chopin's 'Fantasie Impromptu.'

"Leisure — business," is the keynote to the fanciful story we here offer. The story should not be read during the hearing of the music, but beforehand; for Chopin's music is very beautiful and merits our undivided admiration; the ideas in our story are meant only to illustrate the sharp contrast between the two different characters of the music.

207. Moszkowski's 'Spanish Dance in G-Minor.'

This and the following eleven numbers form an imaginary lecture, having as its aim to show how music is constructed of the four successive stages of human activity — thought, motion, energy, and excitement. The 'moving picture' is utilized as a help in explaining the words.

"Different studies" is the keynote to this first number of the lecture, which gives all four stages in a concise and evident manner. Hence contrast abounds in the strains.

208. Tschaikowsky's 'Andante Cantabile.'

This is the second number of the lecture. It illustrates the first musical principle — thought. It requires therefore a quiet, undisturbed mood and an undistracted attention.

"Soul-felt penitence" is the keynote to our story. There is an undoubted character of sorrow about the strains, and we have specified penitence, especially on account of the sombre passage dealt with in the fourth paragraph of our story.

209. Scarlatti's 'Pastorale.'

This is the third number of the lecture. It illustrates the first version of the second principle — motion. Cowper's clever and far-reaching expression, "restore the tone of languid nature," fits very well here. For pastoral music somehow renews a man's spirit. The country is fresh and green, full of sturdy, though patient labor, natural activity and peaceful enjoyment of well-earned leisure. It is this pleasing spirit which is reflected in pastoral music and which goes over into the soul of him who listens intelligently to it. It should therefore be found useful, as Cowper says, for 'restoring the tone of languid nature.' Continual noise and strenuous activity wear out the human machinery, and cause languor of soul and body; a trip to the countryside and a short sojourn there often restores a man to his better self. But if pastoral surroundings are so useful in this particular, music which serves to place us for a few moments in such surroundings, ought also to be useful. People are often grossly ignorant of the practical blessings they possess in the masterpieces of art. However, nothing is practical unless it is used!

210. Mozart's 'Quartet in D-Minor — Menuet.'

The keynote to this, the fourth number of the lecture, is "exercise and motion." The selection is made to represent another version of the second principle, motion. The interpretation given by our story is only suggestive, as here again we are dealing with purely absolute music.

211. Beethoven's 'Quartet in C-Minor — Menuet.'

The fifth number of the lecture has as its keynote — 'I will try.' It illustrates another phase of the second principle, motion, and seeks to show how the same progress which is noticeable in human activity, can also be traced in music. However, this 'meaning' is only secondary, and should be considered only as a means to enter more easily into the real mood and beauty of the music as such. Such music, if felt with the whole soul, invigorates and encourages, and is quite capable of inspiring a man with renewed purpose. Hence it is something more than pure beauty; it can also influence practically, which is not a little thing in life!

212. Kreisler's 'Rondino.'

"Joy in the form of strength" is the keynote to this, the sixth number of the lecture. The little piece illustrates still another phase of the second principle — motion.

213. Paderewski's 'Minuet in G.'

This is the seventh number of the lecture. The keynote is, 'Thinks, feels, acts.' The piece is used as an illustration of the third principle — energy.

The story we represent is only meant to show the many varieties of mood which the strains contain; it is not to be thought that these ideas are laid down as an authentic interpretation. The beauty, form, and exquisite grace of the piece must hold the preeminence.

It must not be forgotten that in the stories which comprise this lecture (207-218) our purpose was not to interpret the music (at least objectively) so much as to interpret other things by means of the music; so that the music itself is thus interpreted by a sort of reciprocal process.

214. Chopin's 'Nocturne in F-Major.'

This is the eighth number of the lecture. It illustrates another form of the third principle — energy. The keynote is, 'thought, theory, action.'

215. Wieniawski's 'Legende.'

This ninth number of the lecture has as its keynote, "yield their treasure up," using the spirit of patriotic sacrifice to illustrate the three principles combined — thought, motion, energy. Our interpretation is only suggestive.

216. Wieniawski's '2nd Concerto — Finale.'

The tenth number of the lecture offers the first illustration of the fourth principle — excitement. Its keynote is, "the passions."

217. Wieniawski's 'Scherzo-Tarantelle.'

The lecture's eleventh number illustrates a second phase of the fourth principle — excitement. Its keynote is 'wit, flavor, lightness, laughter.'

218. Suppè's 'Pique Dame Overture.'

This is the twelfth and concluding number of the lecture; and our merry, capricious story is written with unbounded freedom of imagination. We have taken this liberty because Suppè's music is only for the ear — light and superficial; hence our novel ideas can not harm it. The selection gives a clever combination of all four principles — thought, motion, energy, excitement. Children will greatly enjoy this overture thus interpreted. The story may be used while the music is heard, in fact it should be, since it follows the mood-changes exactly. The keynote is, "enjoyment."

219 to 230. Instrumental Lecture.

Our stories to this second lecture are sufficiently thorough and clear; we merely add the keynotes.

Story 219 — "Polished and set."
" 220 — "The older it is, the greater its effect."
" 221 — "Love refines the thoughts, and heart enlarges."
" 222 — "Perfect union."
" 223 — "Gracefulness."
" 224 — "My country."
" 225 — "Each is a mirror to each."
" 226 — "Trustfulness."
" 227 — "Feel truly."
" 228 — "Wedding — funeral."
" 229 — "Faith — hope — love."
" 230 — "Variety gives pleasure."

231. Wagner's 'Forest Murmurs, from Siegfried.'

This most artistic description of a rustling forest, with its singing birds, is one of the foremost among the masterpieces of modern orchestral tone-poetry. It must be listened to several times, and that carefully, before it can truly be appreciated; but once loved, always loved, as is the case with all the highest works of art!

The keynote is, "because it is nature." Here Wagner enters nature's most hallowed temple — the 'forest primeval,' and paints for us its beauties as no one else ever did before. And at the same time, true to his custom, he colors the whole with the noblest work of nature — man's soul — as represented by Siegfried and his emotional musings.

Our story follows the sequence of the opera exactly. However, it must be remembered that this, as a concert-piece for orchestra alone, has been arranged from scattered passages of the original.

232. Wagner's 'Siegfried's Funeral March.'

"Dust to dust' is the keynote. This funeral march is not of the usual kind. It is more gloomy and depressing than the others we have considered. It belongs to the world of mythology, not to our Christian world. It is primitive, that is, it makes extensive use of the drum — one of the first means of music ever conceived by man.

The first paragraph of our story tells the circumstances of the operatic action. The march itself is described in the second paragraph. The expressions, 'songs of the hero's sword,' and 'themes of his forest wildness,' refer to the *motifs* which Wagner made use of in his operas. These *motifs* are certain short melodies by means of which the composer brings to mind a particular quality of one of his characters or the character simply. Every time such a melody occurs it places the hearer in that special mood. Wagner advanced further in this new art, or science, if you will, than even his most enthusiastic followers. For he was not only

a composer, but also a great poet and dramatist. He laid down principles that will never die, but that will grow stronger and stronger with the progress of music. Music was in his eyes a means rather than an end!

233. Wagner's 'Ride of the Valkyries.'

Our story is built faithfully on mythological foundations. The keynote is, "burning as it flies." We add a number of the more important mood-words. Warlike — always ready — spirited horses — leaping wildly — flickering light — impatient horses — breathing fire — galloping — eagles screamed — lightning hissed — excitement — battle-cry. This last expression refers to the theme which continually recurs and from which the whole piece is fashioned; it is known as the 'Valkyrie' motive.

234. Gottschalk's 'Dying Poet.'

People in general understand little what is meant by poetry, because they are not poetic, having little imagination and still less appreciation for the universality of nature. Their clearest explanation of poetry is Shakespeare; in him they at least see the effect of poetic power, and are thus forced to admire the greatness of what he stands for, although they may understand it but poorly in itself.

According to Cardinal Newman (who founds his deductions on the doctrine of Aristotle and Bacon) poetry is essentially creative, using dignified, emotional, refined, metaphorical, and rhythmic language as its vehicle of expression. Our story seeks to picture a true and noble poet's interior, especially when he has run his course and is ready to enter the next world. He has *created* many characters and scenes, lives and places, in fact a little world of his own; he has spoken with superior *dignity*, not with the flippant language of the streets; he has shown man his *emotions*, exhorting to the good ones and warning against the evil ones; he has addressed the world in the most *polished* phrases and beauty of diction; he has spoken in *figures*, thus leaving to posterity a picture gallery as it were, where every canvas tells a human tale; he has not only spoken, he has sung, since what he uttered came forth clothed in the beauteous dress of *rhythm* or metre.

"The world is full of poetry." We have chosen this keynote, and enlarged somewhat on the term 'poetry,' in order to aid the mind in grasping better the full significance of its idea, that is, of the keynote's idea.

If Gottschalk had been one of the greater composers, he would probably have given us a wonderful composition here; for the central idea is certainly an exceedingly broad and deep one. His strains are beautiful, but not deep enough. This is greatly due to the commonplace harmony in some passages.

235. Lumbye's 'Dream Pictures.'

"Dreaming" is the keynote to our very fanciful story. Pleasant dreams always refresh, and it is such dreaming which Lumbye's strains depict.

236. Beethoven's '8th Symphony — Allegretto Scherzando.'

'A jest that *will* bear a serious examination.' This is an excellent keynote to this novel but very beautiful symphonic number by the Prince of Symphonists. The original theme was written, or rather jotted down at a supper party, as a friendly joke on Maelzl, the inventor of the metronome. Our story has this suggesting factor as its basis, though the story itself is only imaginary. Without this humorous and cheerful interpretation, many may be disturbed by the continual thumping of the accompanying chords.

Grove tells us that 'Schopenhauer, prince of pessimists," once conceded that this movement "was sufficient to make one forget that the world is full of nothing but misery."

237. Nicolai's 'Merry Wives of Windsor Overture.'

This overture is not descriptive, except in a very general way. Hence our story does not give the moods of the music so much as point to the action of the opera that follows, and which is foreshadowed in a vague manner in the overture. The narration is built on Shakespeare's original comedy. The reply of Falstaff at the end is a direct quotation from the play.

"Laughter" is the keynote; for while the music paints no definite picture, still it is of such a character that we are placed thereby in a cheerful, even jovial state of soul.

238. Wagner's 'Wotan's Farewell.'

"That sad word, 'farewell.'" This is the keynote that points out the all-important mood of this scene from 'Die Walkuere.' Our story follows the ideas and text of the opera exactly. Wagner said of this music, that he had never written sadder strains.

239. Paganini's 'Dans les Bois.'

This little piece has been arranged by different composers. Liszt has made an arrangement of it for piano. Our version uses a fanciful description of the woods and the birds as a suggestive picture. "Pure and useful thoughts" is the keynote.

240. Brahms' 'Lullaby.'

"Simplicity and truth" is the keynote here. The explanation of the keynote is given at the end of the first paragraph of our story. Simplicity is one of the most beautiful things in nature; because it eliminates as far as possible all intricacy, difficulty, and doubtful embellishments. Truth is its companion; for truth shows a thing just as it is. Thus Brahms' 'Lullaby' is *really* a lullaby, and can be used as such; it fits right into any mother's mouth and heart. Our story endeavors to show the effect of the song on the listener, by its power of recalling personal history.

241. Verdi's 'Stride la Vampa — Il Trovatore.'

"Grief" is the keynote to this story. The music is very beautiful, and the number is often merely listened to with the ear; perhaps its tragic character is often even unsuspected! However, this spirit of intense and wild grief should be well studied by the singer, as it ought to be reflected in the rendition of the song. Our story gives the operatic situation and the text in prose.

242. Brahms' 'Hungarian Dance No. 7.'

Mood is something very important. For as we feel, so we usually act. As this quality of the soul is found in nature itself, so is its reflection ever present in the fine arts, especially in music. We speak about reading men's characters; and in the same way we might speak of reading musical compositions. For music is but a copy of the soul, be it in this manner, or in that. Or, to be brief, music is the portrait of humanity. Thus in the present dance a portrait of the Hungarian temperament is undoubtedly visible, and in so far the composition is capable of exhibiting in its own peculiar way a part of the world at large. Hence the keynote of our story — "instruction." The story itself is but fiction.

243. Rimsky-Korsakow's 'Song of the Shepherd Lehl.'

"Sorrow" is the keynote here. However, this sorrow is not of a deep kind, but rather of a passing character. Indeed, it is so mixed with joyful feelings that in itself it is hardly noticeable. The little song is very beautiful. Our story gives the words of the text done into a prose narration.

244. Bizet's 'Adagietto.'

"Pathos" is the keynote to this delicate composition. The story uses fanciful circumstances, and aims at a deeper appreciation of the more gentle qualities of music, such as 'soft,' 'slow,' 'tender,' etc.

245. Moore's 'Last Rose of Summer.'

This purely imaginative story may seem strange to some, whose only idea of the 'Last Rose of Summer' has been of an extremely beautiful and pleasing melody. However, if they attend well to the words, which are given literally in our story, they will see that the song's meaning is deep. Certainly Moore's poetry is of the highest order; it will bear the test of Newman's idea of poetry as laid down in the notes to story 234. The keynote is, "the dropping of the flower."

246. Mendelssohn's 'Consolation.'

The story which is here presented is founded on a true incident, related to the author by the 'apostle' to whom it happened. It intends to give a fitting atmosphere to Mendelssohn's strains. "Quiet and sincere sympathy" is the keynote.

It must be remarked that this title — 'Consolation' — was given to the piece by musicians, not because it describes this phase of human feëlings very exactly, but because the feeling is easily suggested thereby.

247. Verdi's 'Piangi Fanciulla — Rigoletto.'

This is truly one of the most touching scenes in all opera. Our story gives the situation exactly as it is presented on the stage. "Infinite pity — infinite pathos" is the keynote.

Generally we think of a mother's love for her wayward child; but here Verdi shows how a father's heart is also able to feel compassion. Indeed, we may say that here is one of the most 'human' songs ever written. And yet it is just as 'divine'; for precisely thus does the heavenly Father treat His own sinful children!

248. Mendelssohn's 'Canzonetta.'

This is absolute music in the strictest sense of the word. Our story must be understood on this basis; it is written in such a manner that the idea of 'planning' a piece is impressed. The facts are only invented.

This principle of 'planning' is not appreciated as it should be. We in America often talk of matters, and even attempt matters, the first principles of which we understand but badly. If you are a good manager, and wish to have a good house built, will you not first go to a good architect and have a good plan made? But it is ridiculous how many attempt to compose music without ever having made even a partial study of composition as a science or art.

Why should not level-headed men (who themselves may be no musicians at all) make plans for compositions, which those that have the melodic gift and the knowledge of harmony could then carry out? Two heads are often better than one. Raphael first gathered suggestive plans from doctors of theology before attempting to design his greatest religious paintings. Handel was once accused of stealing a melody from another composer; he answered: "That fellow didn't know what to do with it!"

"Disposition" is therefore the keynote to our story. What makes a truly great composer, is the ability not only to *compose* music, but to *dispose* the component parts thereof beforehand, or at least to have them disposed by some expert.

249. Mendelssohn's 'E-Minor Concerto — Finale.'

This story is fashioned according to the keynote, "the sensible image of the infinite." For it uses the fantastic figure of a thousand-faceted diamond as a parallel of Mendelssohn's resourceful details of construction here. The piece is rightly played at a very fast tempo, and thus there is a continual and almost bewildering change observable — a variety that seems endless. This is the real beauty of this masterpiece.

250. Brahms' '3d Symphony — Allegretto.'

"Which no picture can express" is the keynote to our story. The term 'contemplation,' as we use it here, is distantly derived from the definition given by spiritual writers. We give the expressions of several among the principal authorities in the matter. Richard of St. Victor calls contemplation, 'a fixed gaze of the soul on the things of God'; St. Augustine, 'a

light let in upon the soul, drawing it with a wholesome sweetness toward the unseen things of God'; Hugh of St. Victor, 'a clear light of the understanding.' Now if we replace the 'divine' things here by the pure, unadulterated beauty of music, we may appreciate the better what our story aims to accomplish. For 'a fixed gaze' let us supply 'an undistracted listening'; for 'a light let in upon the soul'—'a tonal message let in upon the feelings'; for 'a clear light of the understanding'—'a pronounced emotion of the heart.'

It will be noticed that in music the intellect is replaced by the feelings, so that contemplation musically understood refers to the emotions, not to the understanding. The reason of this is, that the usual mode of understanding is from the mind to the feelings; whereas music first excites the feelings, then suggests mental pictures. In other words, we have in all the other stories of our book begun with the feelings and ended with mental suggestions of some sort; in this story (250) we began with the feelings and went no further.

251. Dvorak-Kreisler's 'Indian Lament.'

This story, with its title, was suggested by a picture of the statue, exhibited at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, called by the same title. Here is a case of one composer taking a piece of absolute music of another composer, and rearranging it with a suggestive title. "The paths of glory lead but to the grave," is the keynote.

252. Bishop's 'Lo, Here the Gentle Lark.'

This is what is called a 'coloratura' solo, because the voice must display very flowery and ingenious vocal talent. Such pieces, while they have no depth, are nevertheless full of poetic and spontaneous beauty. "The fountain of content" is the keynote, comparing the spirit of joy and contentment to a gushing fountain.

253. Debussy's 'Golliwog's Cakewalk.'

"Much pretension." We have chosen this expression as the keynote to this novelty, because of the bombastic importance of negro humor. The story (which of course is fiction) may seem a little overdone to some, but to those that have had experience in the matter, it will, we dare say, be found rather true to life! We may add that the 'cakewalk' flourished in the 'nineties' of the last century.

254. Strauss's 'Salome's Dance.'

This is one of the most modern of the greater orchestral works. Without studying the atmosphere which it represents, and which our story endeavors to describe, the ear will be bewildered at the peculiarity of effect. "Sensual pleasure" is the keynote, and furnishes the true mood for the understanding of the dance. Herod — his oriental court — Salome — these and other circumstances must be kept in mind. Our story follows the Scripture narrative.

255. Grainger's 'Irish Tune from County Derry.'

"Feeling hearts" is the keynote to this very warm and melodious number.

256. Massenet's 'Fete Boheme.'

This number belongs to a set of pieces called 'Picturesque Scenes.' Another of the set is 'The Angelus.' (Story 55.) Nationality has appealed strongly to the modern composers, and it is remarkable that those of one nation often go to the folk-melodies of another nation for inspiration. Massenet was a Frenchman, but here he becomes a Bohemian. However, the Bohemian element in this piece refers also to that quarter of Paris called: The Bohemian. In any case, the Bohemian mood of good cheer is here evident, and our story is built on these lines. "Sunny spots in the heart" is the keynote.

257. Moszkowski's 'Malaguena.'

"Amusement" is the keynote. The point at which our story principally aims is the attainment of the 'Spanish' atmosphere. The story was inspired by an old woodcut, elaborately made, representing the Royal Park at Madrid. The story follows the mood-changes in the music.

258. Delibes' 'Coppelia — Festival Dance and Waltz.'

Our story is a fantastic one, using the fundamental idea of the old magic toymaker (as exploited by Hoffman and writers of fairy-lore), and adapting the ideas to the changes and moods of the music.

"Art" is the keynote. For Delibes worked here as a true artist, the music presenting two numbers from the 'Coppelia Ballet' — another number will be found interpreted in story 165 — a work of great beauty, where many pictures are strung together by one delicate thread, forming as it were a garland of the most exquisite flowers.

259. Mendelssohn's 'Elijah — If With All Your Hearts.'

Our story seeks to create a general atmosphere suitable for the proper understanding of the strains. Such music elevates man, reminding him of the benignant Creator, who is always waiting for His wayward children to return to Him. It is taken from an oratorio (see explanation of this term in notes to story 111) and is therefore of a religious character and well adapted to a prayerful mood full of confidence and personal interest. "Conversion" is the keynote.

260. Saint-Saens' 'Samson and Delilah — Bacchanale.'

"Deceit." This keynote hints at the voluptuousness — with its final catastrophe — which is characteristic of the scene described. Our story is founded on the narrative of the Scriptures, and seeks to suggest the atmosphere of that Philistine gathering, with all its pagan sentiment and quest of sensual pleasure. The piece is played in the opera for the scene which is here depicted.

261. Sousa's 'Stars and Stripes Forever.'

A national school of music never forms quickly, that is, in its preparation. The folk-songs and melodies from which Tschaikowsky, Smetana, Dvorak, and the other great nationalist composers elaborated such magnificent works of art, took many years in the making and accumulating. And thus has our American school been slowly developing. Foster's songs, the old Indian themes and negro chants, syncopation, the war-melodies, and Sousa's marches, will prove the chief nucleus out of which our future American school will be formed.

'Music has influence over the passions.' These words of Napoleon form the keynote here, and are amply exemplified in this stirring and thoroughly American march. Our story points out the effect of the march, in as far as it has gradually been taking a firmer and firmer hold of the American public since its creation.

There is much in a title. Here the title fits the music, and the music the title; both are American to the core, the title — because it recalls all that is dearest to Americans as children of the Stars and Stripes, the music — because it is saturated with the American rhythm.

262. Sousa's 'Golden Star.'

"National enthusiasm." This keynote is suggestive of two kinds of patriotic enthusiasm, that of the youths who gave their lives for their country, and that of those citizens who feel sincere appreciation for that sacrifice. Dead marches are loved because of their power to recall heroic prowess of some sort. And thus ought this dead march be loved by the American people. In this way America's own music will not only play an important part in our national connections, but will also give us a status with other nations that we have never before enjoyed. Money and might are not everything; art is also a feature in the making of great states!

263. Moussorgsky's 'Song of the Flea.'

This is a modern Russian composer's setting of Goethe's novel song in 'Faust.' In order to appreciate it we must remember that it is Satan who is supposed to be singing. (See remarks in notes to story 177.) The keynote here is "smile, and be a villain."

264. Haydn's 'Toy Symphony.'

We find little depth of human passion or feeling in Haydn's pieces; but we do find a sympathy with human nature that knows how to smile and be friendly toward everyone. Thus this great composer did not deem it beneath him to compose this symphony especially for the little ones. By means of brilliant and light melodies, as well as the introduction of common toys, he puts us in such a delightful mood that we almost think ourselves young again. Cicero's beautiful expression, "so dear to him as his children," furnishes us with the keynote.

The principle upon which Haydn here builds is form, the composition

using a modification of the symphony form, there being only three movements instead of four, while the whole treatment is made shorter. The omission here of the second or slow movement of the symphonic form shows Haydn's tact, since slowness supposes thought, and children are not patient enough to think.

The general mood is innocent mirth. The particular moods are: children's frolic, social delight, excited play. The interpretation is authentic in a broad sense.

265. Verdi's 'March from Aida.'

This march is well known. It is a very marked example of contrast, with its beautiful and melodious middle portion. The keynote of our story is, "Commendation." The story itself follows the opera.

266. Gregorian Chant — 'Gloria,' or Mozart's 'Gloria from 12th Mass.'

"Masculine and grand" is the keynote. The Latin words of the original text, used in both the Gregorian Chant melody and in Mozart's 12th Mass, are translated literally in our story. These words are still used in Catholic services, as in olden times. The Gregorian Chant offers the pure ecclesiastical manner of interpreting the text; Mozart's version represents the florid concert conception of the same.

To those unaccustomed to the character of the Gregorian Chant, its peculiar flow may appear very monotonous and insipid. Such must consider its purpose; it was not made as mere music, but as a means of delivering the words of the liturgy in a more than recitative manner. It was made exclusively for the church, not for the concert-hall. Its purpose is to help prayer, not to tickle the ear and thus rather distract the soul from prayer. In one word, it is prayer, but sung, not said.

Mozart's version, while sometimes used in church, is more fitted to the concert-hall, inasmuch as it is so beautiful, from a purely musical standpoint, that, if used in church, it is inclined to turn the church-atmosphere into that of the concert-hall and thus hinder instead of help the spirit of prayer, which, according to the holy Writ, is proper to a church edifice. "My house shall be called the house of prayer."

(S. Matth. 21:13.)

267 and 268. Two Christmas Hymns.

These two numbers are not interpreted in the usual way, since their meaning is very clear, and the mood of the music does not call for any special explanation. Our stories are made with the direct end in view, to call to mind the important principle so often overlooked — early education. As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined! The very reason why many older people are not capable of appreciating the beautiful things of art is because their parents either neglected teaching them, or had no opportunity of having them taught. But to-day at least the opportunity is not lacking. Every family can have good music in the home

by means of the phonograph, player-piano, etc. Schools should by all means make use of this opportunity.

We add the keynotes:

Story 267 — "Our children also educate us."
" 268 — "The best school is the home."

269. Glazounow's 'Meditation.'

This story is founded on an actual happening narrated to the author by an elderly acquaintance. The exposition was the World's Fair held at Chicago in the early 'nineties' of the last century; the artist was Deschwanden, the Swiss painter; the gentleman and his neighbor, while actual personages, were not designated.

The keynote here is: "There is a sweet pleasure in contemplation." This term 'contemplation' is here to be understood in a broad sense — rather in the meaning of very recollected and supernatural thought. The composer's title — 'Meditation' — hints at this.

270. Wagner's 'Tristan and Isolde — Prelude.'

Our story gives the thread of the opera, especially the affections and passions of the actors concerned. The music is not descriptive in detail, but only broadly suggests the operatic sequence. The overture is written on the principle of 'crescendo — decrescendo,' the strains increasing to a grand central climax, then decreasing. The keynote is: "The mind by passion driven."

271. Wagner's 'Tristan and Isolde — Love-death.'

This is the conclusion of the opera, and it abounds in passionate feeling. Our story gives a prose version of the original words, and describes the action exactly. The keynote is: "If they wake, we are lost."

In these two numbers we see Wagner at his best. His talent for 'weaving' instrumental tones with one another as well as combining them with vocal beauty is something indeed wonderful. Smooth progression marks these scores to an extraordinary degree. The strains keep on breathing as it were, full of that human life and emotion which rivet the interest of every live listener.

272. Massenet's 'Elegie.'

"When he puts his hand upon one we love," is the keynote here. A certain intensity of sweet sadness pervades these strains and moves the heart-strings. Our story is only imaginary, but the words of the story are taken from the original.

273. Goldmark's 'Rustic Wedding Symphony — Bridal Song.'

Our story is a fantasy, and uses Moore's poem on "Music" as a parallel. One can sing these words along with the music very easily. Some lines must of course be repeated. "Gentle, peace-breathing music" is the keynote. Another number of this same symphony is interpreted in story 12.

274. German's 'Merrymakers' Dance.'

"The cheerful man is a king." A man may be as rich as Croesus, but if he is not cheerful, he is an abject slave. Whereas poverty with cheerfulness makes the soul master of this world with all its trials and troubles. Such little pieces can serve to cheer us at any time; they give us better, brighter thoughts. . . . Our story describes the scene as we have supposed it to take place on the stage. For the composer made the dance for the played called 'Nell Gwyn.'

275. Strauss's 'Beautiful Blue Danube Waltz.'

"It increases on examination" is the keynote of our story, which seeks to show not only the trend of the music but also the lasting quality of true melodic worth.

276 to 279. Four Songs With a Moral.

These four songs are all interpreted in a higher sense, and our stories inculcate the principles of conscience and faith in the divine promises. The first (276) agrees with the opera both in text and action. The second (277) is written with reference to the original local atmosphere. The third (278) and the fourth (279) are both fiction. The keynotes follow:

Story 276 — "Punishment . . . . comes."
" 277 — "The principle of faith."
" 278 — "The kingdom of God."
" 279 — "Temptations."

280 and 281. Two Novelties.

This subject (The Lilliputians) has been chosen here because of the light, delicate character of the music dealt with. The keynote of the first story (280) is: "Novelty," that of the second (281): "True delicacy."

282. Shalitt's 'Eili, Eili.'

"A crown of thorns" is the keynote. Our story is taken entirely from the writings of that remarkable mystic, Catherine Emmerich. It gives only the general mood of the song, not the words or details, and must be read separately from the hearing of the strains. It is meant to put one into the real atmosphere of the song — Calvary.

283. Beethoven's 'Quartet in F-Major — Scherzo.'

When we seek to interpret Beethoven's works we find ourselves — before we know it — thinking deeply; for his music is generally suggestive of the more serious things of life. If we look at his portrait, we see immediately that his was a soul that took life most earnestly. He was therefore a blessing for mankind. Our story is built on the basis of these reflections. The keynote is, "an entertainment." For the explanation of this keynote see the last paragraph of the story itself, especially the concluding sentence.

284. Weil's 'Spring Song.'

Such delightful and sunny songs should be heard often by those inclined to moroseness or melancholy. They have the effect of placing the soul of the hearer in other circumstances and making him see his own darkness as others see it. They therefore help to form that wonderful 'power' longed for by Burns when he exclaimed: "O would some power the gift give to us, to see ourselves as others see us! It would from many a blunder free us, and foolish notion."

The keynote to our story is, "nature calls us with a thousand songs to share her general feast.

285. Haydn's 'She Never Told Her Love.'

This little song is merely a setting of some lines of Shakespeare (his regular pentameter text), not a musical delineation of one of his mooded songs. The lines occur in 'Twelfth Night.' The keynote refers to the sentiment of the song: "The grief which does not speak."

286. Earl-Kreisler's 'Beautiful Ohio.'

This story was inspired by Kreisler's exquisite violin arrangement of Earl's original waltz. Fern Grove is a real place on the Ohio, some miles from Louisville, and was formerly (and, for all the author knows, is still) used for summer excursion parties. Thus the chief circumstances of the story are real ones. The keynote is "memories," referring to the suggestive force of such pieces, where the mere title turns all the general beauty and otherwise indistinct meaning of the music into a certain well-defined channel of emotion.

287. Rimsky-Korsakow's 'Young Prince and Young Princess.'

This is one of the most beautiful numbers of the modern symphonic suite founded on the theme of the Arabian tales, 'A Thousand and One Nights.' (See notes to story 9.) The descriptive element is not so detailed here (287) as in the selection considered there (9). Simplicity rules here; only the contrast between the Prince and the Princess is brought out strongly. The music itself is very beautiful.

In the original literary work there are many young princes and princesses. We have chosen those designated, using their names as given. The story is founded on the real narrative of the original, dispute and all. However, the introduction of the 'wise old man' and his reflections is ours. "In their place" is the keynote.

288. Faure's 'Palms.'

Our story to this well-known song does not give the words of the original, but simply uses the Gospel narrative, to place one in the general mood. The keynote — "measure not men by Sundays" — refers to the fact that Christ was honored thus on Sunday, and nevertheless crucified on Friday.

289. Stevenson's 'Tell Me Where is Fancy Bred?'

This is a delightful song from Shakespeare. Our story gives the dramatic circumstances of the scene exactly, and seeks to bring out the real purpose and meaning of the song. "Fancy rules" is the keynote.

290. Massenet's 'Meditation from Thais.'

Perhaps few — otherwise so well acquainted with this beautiful piece — are aware of its real meaning. Our story gives this meaning faithfully, drawing its narrative from the facts of the opera itself. This atmosphere of tender spirituality should guide every violinist that wishes to give the strains their proper interpretation. The keynote is: "Blest tears of soul-felt penitence."

291. Payne's 'Home, Sweet Home.'

This story is founded on an actual assertion of the composer, that similar things had really happened to him in Europe in connection with this song. It is, of course, overdrawn and the sentiments are stretched, in order to impress the chief mood — 'home.' The keynote is "comforts and virtues never known beyond its hallowed limits." These old songs should not be neglected. First, they hold very important truths; and then, their beauty is of that simple, perfect kind that always has much to say in furnishing the nourishment for true artistic development.

The following was told by Mrs. Payne in after life to one of her friends. "One winter he was without money or credit, and in London had not where to lay his head. He tried to quiet the pain of hunger and homelessness by looking in at windows and from the areas scenting the good cheer. It was Christmas eve, the snow fell fast, the wind was sharp and keen. At one luxurious house the hungry man stopped and watched the lighting of a Christmas-tree. Its candles streamed brightly on the pavement, and among the evergreens he could see the red berries of holly, the toys and garlands, and the pretty heads of children. They danced and clapped their hands while the presents were distributed, and the air rang with shouts, laughter, and screams of delight. When the merriment had spent itself a little, one young girl went to the piano and struck up 'Home, Sweet Home,' when the family joined in a rousing chorus. Was ever contrast so bitter?"

292. Tschaikowsky's 'Symphony Pathetique, March-Scherzo.'

The two elements — that of the nervous embellishment (the Scherzo), and that of the steady march theme (the march), are easily distinguished in the music.

The whole number shows that Tschaikowsky was not only a giant of musical creation, but also a master of philosophical depths. Undoubtedly his mind was working intensely while composing this piece, and while it may have worked only vaguely, since music affects principally the feelings, still the general idea of something deep and soulful cannot be belittled here; there is something present more than mere music! The

keynote to our story is "a preparation for life," reflected especially in the expression used, "that life may be perfected in suffering."

293. Balfe's 'Heart Bowed Down.'

The keynote to our story here is, "remembrance of the dead," — the last word understood in the general sense of something lost and therefore as it were dead. The general idea of the story is taken from the operatic sequence (Bohemian Girl), where this song occurs. The music is beautiful, but only describes the mood in a very broad manner.

294. Rubinstein's 'Molto Lento' (Music of the Spheres).

"Such harmony is in immortal souls." This is the keynote to our fanciful story. The story itself aims at a fuller appreication of the fundamental principle of music, vibration, as well as at a keener sense of the hidden beauties of finer music.

295 and 296. Primitive Negro Chants.

These are real chants of the old-time negro camp-meetings, where one soloist improvised the melody and the others joined in with the harmony, singing not from written notes but according to their ear and feelings. This manner of folk-singing has an advantage: each individual sings with much more heart-character, for he feels what he sings. In European countries this method of singing is often found among the peasantry.

297. Wagner's 'Rienzi Overture.'

Our story gives the principal ideas from the opera, as embodied in the overture, thus furnishing a sort of epitome of the whole plan of the opera itself. Wagner took his theme from historical sources. Rienzi flourished in the fourteenth century. "Discontent" is the keynote to our story.

298 and 299. Two Songs of Sentiment.

Sentiment is much liked in music. To be truly artistic, it must deal with simple, heartfelt themes, and the music must be of such a character as to reflect these qualities naturally. Both these songs accomplish all this excellently. The first story is derived freely from the operatic circumstances. The second is an invention, made to impress the real mood very strongly. The keynote to the first (298) is "sleep," that to the second (299) is "from hope to hope."

300. Borodin's 'Nocturne.'

Here is a truly beautiful piece of work from the pen of one of the modern Russian masters. Our story is derived from the 'Nocturne' idea, hence the 'night' atmosphere is made to prevail. The keynote is, "without injury to their moral or religious feeling."

THE END

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| U. t. Gr. wood | 171 | 17623 |
| H. Sweet Home | 291 | 16195 |

## XI. CHORUSES, ETC.

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| Gloria (Mozart) | 266 | 35678 |
| Gregorian Chant | 266 | 71002 |
| It Came Upon | 268 | 35412 |
| Loh. Brid. Ch. | 34 | 35494 |
| Lucia, Sext. | 64, | 55066 |
| Mess. Gl. to G. | 113 | 35499 |
| Mess. And the | 111 | 35499 |
| Mess. All. Ch. | 115 | 35678 |
| Popule Meus | 89 | 17548 |
| Requiem Mass. | 172 | 55075 |
| While Shep's | 267 | 35412 |
| Anvil Chorus | 72 | 17563 |
| Tann. Phil. Ch. | 146 | 17563 |
| Mid. N. D. You S. S. | 181 | 55060 |
| Spinn. Song | 44 | 35494 |

2. QUARTETS, ETC.

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| Tann. Sh. Scene | 145 | 68352 |
| Filiae Jerus. | 130 | 71023 |
| Steal Away | 296 | 17890 |
| Swing Low | 295 | 17890 |

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